Robt. Phillipps.

FOUR

SELECT PLAYS.

VIZ.

The Silent Woman.
Volpone, *or the Fox.*
Cataline's *Conſpiracy.*
The Alchemiſt.

By *BEN. JOHNSON.*

To which is Added,

Timon *of* Athens,

OR,

The Man-Hater.

By Mr. *Shadwell.*

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Baker*, at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* MDCCXV.

EPICOENE,
OR, THE
Silent Woman.
A
COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1609.

By the Children of

Her MAJESTY'S Revels.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

By *BEN. JOHNSON.*

Ut si tu simulis Coeli, Byrrhique latrones,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Suilii. Cur metuam me? Horat.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near the *Water-side*.

The Persons of the PLAY.

MOrose, *a Gentleman that loves not noise.*
Dawp Eugene, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
Clerimont, *a Gent. his Friend.*
True-Wit, *Another Friend.*
Epicœne, *A young Gent. suppos'd the Sil. Wom.*
Joh. Daw, *A Knight, her Servant.*
Amarous La-Fool, *A Knight also.*
Thom. Otter, *A Land and Sea-Captain.*
Cutbeard, *a Barber.*
Mute, *One of* Morose *his Servants.*
Mad. Haughty, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
Mad. Centaure, }
Mad. Mavis, }
Mrs. Mavis, *the Lady* Haughties *Woman.*
Mrs. Otter, *the Captains Wife.*
Pretenders.
Parson. Pages. Servants.

The SCENE *LONDON.*

The Principal Comœdians were,

Nat. Field.
Gil. Carie.
Hug. Attwell.
John Smith.

Will. Barkſted.
Will. Pen.
Ric. Allin.
Joh. Blaney.

PRO

PROLOGUE,

Truth says, of old, the Art of making Plays
Was to content the People; and their praise
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.
With such we mingle neither Brains nor Breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make publick Feasts,
Are not to please the Cooks taste, but the Guests.
Yet, if those cunning Palates hither come,
They shall find Guests entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,
That, when they leave their Seats, shall make 'em say,
Who wrot that Piece, could so have wrot a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all Custard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or to want Bread, and Salt, were but coarse Art.
The Poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be some far-fet, there will dear bought
Be fit for Ladies: some for Lords, Knights, Squires;
Some for your waiting Wits, and City-wires;
Some for your Men, and Daughters of White-Fryers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
Here, that his Feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at Ordinaries, on his broken Meat:
If his Muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another.

THE ends of all, who for the Scene do write,
Are, or should be, to Profit, and Delight.
And still 't hath been the praise of all best times,
So Persons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we present to Night,
And make the Object of your Ear, and Sight,
On forfeit of your selves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd,
By writing Truths, but things (like Truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet, will (with particular slight
Of application) wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a Libel, which he made a Play.

EPICOENE,

OR, THE

Silent Woman.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Clerement, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect I ga' you, Boy? [*He comes out making himself ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, Sir; but i' faith let no body else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a Poet in Town, Sir; besides, me a perfect deal of ill will at the Mansion you wot of, whole Lady is the argument of it, where now I am the welcom'st thing under a Man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a Man too, if the truth were rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confess before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed; and carry me into my Lady; and she kisses me with her oil'd Face; and puts a Perruke o' my Head; and asks me an' I will wear her Gown? and I say, no: and then she hits me a blow o'the Ear, and calls me Innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel, if the Door be kept ſhut againſt your Maſter, when the entrance is ſo eaſie to you —— well, Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſeek your Voice in my Ladies Ruſhes, a fortnight hence. Sing, Sir. [*Boy ſings.*

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! what, between his Miſtriſs abroad, and his Eagle at home, high Fare, ſoft Lodging, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hours ha' no Wings, or the Day no Poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the Plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital Puniſhment to morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your time, eſteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why what ſhould a Man do?

Tru Why, nothing: or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horſe-race, or Hunting-match; lay Wagers, praiſe Puppy, or Pepper corn, White-foot, Franklin; ſwear upon Whitemains party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; viſit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Better o' the Green. Theſe be the things, wherein your faſhionable Men exerciſe themſelves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are conſiderations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moiſt Eyes, and ſhrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then wee'l Pray, and Faſt.

Tru. I, and deſtine only that time of age to goodneſs, which our want of Ability will not let us employ an evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes; as if a Man ſhould ſleep all the term, and think to effect his buſineſs the laſt day, O, *Clerimont*, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal thing, and not ſubject to Senſe, we mock our ſelves the ſubtleſt out of it, with vanity, and miſery indeed: not ſeeking an end of wretchedneſs, but only changing the matter ſtill.

Cler.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now ——

Tru. See but our common Diſeaſe! with what Juſtice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at leiſure to give our Affairs ſuch diſpatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our ſelves: not hear, nor regard our ſelves.

Cler. Foh, thou haſt read *Plutarchs* Morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'Fore God' 'twill ſpoil thy wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Ruſhes, and ſuch things: and leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'ſt Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; If it will not take, I have learn'd to looſe as little of my kindneſs, as I can. I'll do good to no Man againſt his will, certainly. When were you at the Colledge?

Cler. What Colledge?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from Court yeſterday.

Tru. Why, if it not arriv'd there yet, the news? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town of Ladies, that call themſelves the Collegiates, an order between Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Huſbands; and give entertainment to all the Wits, and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: cry down, or up, what they like, or diſlike in a Play or a Faſhion, with moſt *Maſculine*, or rather *Hermaphroditical* Authority: and every day gain to their knowledge ſome new Probationer.

Cler. Who is the Preſident?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughty*.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal Face, her pein'd Beauty: there's no Man can be admitted 'till ſhe be ready, now adays, 'till ſhe has painted, and perfum'd, and waſht, and waſh'd, but the Boy here; and him ſhe wipes her oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have made a Song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the ſubject.

SONG.

STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt ;
Still to be powd'red, ſtill perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace ;
Robes looſely flowing, Hair as free :
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' Adulteries of Art ;
They ſtrike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other ſide : I love a good Dreſſing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a Woman is then like a delicate Garden ; nor is there one kind of it : ſhe may vary every hour ; take often counſel of her Glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good Ears, ſhow 'em ; good Hair, lay it out ; good Legs, wear ſhort Cloathes ; a good Hand, diſcover it often ; practiſe any Art to mend Breath, cleanſe Teeth, repair Eye-brows, paint, and profeſs it.

Cler. How ? publickly ?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner : that muſt be private. Many things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A Lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her Face, when we think ſhe ſleeps : nor, when the Doors are ſhut, ſhould Men be inquiring ; all is ſacred within, then. Is it for us to ſee their Perrukes put on, their falſe Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails ? you ſee Guilders will not work, but incloſed. They muſt not diſcover, how little ſerves, with the help of Art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Aldgate* ? were the People ſuffer'd to ſee the Cities Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were painted and burniſh'd ?

no

no: No more should Servants approach their Mistrisses but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my *True-wit.*

Tru. And a wise Lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her Perruke, to cover her baldness: and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigie!

Tru. And the unconscionable Knave held her in complement an Hour with that reverst Face, when I still look'd when she should talk from the tother side.

Cler. Why? thou shouldst ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you *Dauphine Eugene?*

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this Morning? he is very melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his Uncle, yesterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, Man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the Disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? they say he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fish-wives, and Orange-women; and Articles propounded between them: marry, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the Broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a Collard monger, he swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any Hammer-man. A Bratley is not suffer'd to dwell in the Parish, nor an Armourer. He would have hang'd a Pewterers 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tuesdays* Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the rest were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his Senſes. The Waights of the City have a Penſion on him not to come near that Ward. This youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword: and there left him flourriſhing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? he hath choſen a Street to lie in, ſo narrow at both ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of theſe common noiſes: And therefore, we that love him, deviſe to bring him ſuch as we may, now and then, for his exerciſe, to breathe him. He would grow reſty elſe in his eaſe: his Vertue would ruſt without action. I entreated a Baroward, one day, to come down with the Dogs of four Pariſhes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his Games under Maſter *Morose*'s Window: till he was ſent crying away, with his Head made a most Bleeding Spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum moſt tragically run through, for taking that Street in his way, at my requeſt.

Tru. A good wag. How does he for the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queens time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on Holy-day Eves. But now, by reaſon of the Sickneſs, the perpetuity of Ringing has made him deviſe a Room with double Walls, and treble Ceilings; the Windows cloſe ſhut and calk'd: and there he lives by Candlelight. He turn'd away a Man, laſt Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And the Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, and Slippers lined with Wooll: and they talk each to other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

HOw now! what ail you Sir? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almoſt, I am

with Tales o' thine Uncle! There was never such a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once lose this Subject, my Masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will dis-inherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: It gives the Law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the Noise of the Ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Sisters Son?

Dau. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no Noise, and will venture on a Wife?

Cle. Yes, why thou art a Stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has imploy'd a Fellow this half year, all over *England*, to hearken him out a dumb Woman; be she of any Form, or any Quality, so she be able to bear Children: her silence is Dowry enough, he says.

Tru. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has hopes of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly lost spoken; thrifty of her Speech; that spends but six words a Day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible? who is his Agent i' the business?

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honest Fellow, one that trells *Dauphine* all news.

Tru. Why you oppress me with wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no noise?

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him finely, and has not the knack with his Shears at his Fingers, and that continency in a Barber he thinks so rare a Vertue, as it has made him chief of his Council.

Tru.

Tru. Is the Barber to be seen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee *Dauphine*, let's go thither.

Dau. I have some business now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if she will not, we can give out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in Conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never ha' that Plea against me, that I oppos'd the least Phant'sie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, Innocent: when some Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himself cannot. Innocent. I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cle. Why right over against the Barbers; in the House where Sir *John Daw* lyes.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cle I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw*! And he teach her not to speak, God b' w' you. I have some business too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cle. They say, he is a very good Scholler.

Tru. I, and he says it still. A Pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing else of Books in him

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru.

Tru. I am sorry, the World should so conspire to belye him.

Cle. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b' w' you Gentlemen.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

ACT I. SCENE III.

Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

COme, you are a strange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wit's* a very honest Fellow.

Dau. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are mistaken *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not, *Ned*; but, with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Last night: and such a *Decameron* of sport fell out, *Boccace* never thought of the like. *Daw* does nothing but court her: and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praises her modesty; dotes that she would talk, and be free, and commends her silence in Verses; which he reads, and they are the best that ever Man made. Then calls at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutters, as if he had not made a Counsellor, and call'd to affairs of State.

Cle. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, *Boy*.

Dau. We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole*.

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too, if e're he saw y but once, though you should meet him at Church the midst of Prayers. He is one of the *Fraterni* though he be none o' the *Wits*. He will salute a Jud upon the Bench, and a Bishop in the Pulpit, a L when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when is dancing in a Masque, and put her out. He do give Plays, and Suppers, and invites his Guests to 'e aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coach He has a Lodging in the Strand for the Purpose: to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* Hou or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chan and give 'em Presents, some Two or three hundr Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is ne without a spare Banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Cha ber, their Women to alight at, and come up to fo Bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine Youth last night, now he is much finer! what is his Christen Name! ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-foole*.

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I h my Life.

Dau. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Cle. *Boy*, marshal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinn and who are his Guests; and, the whole course of Fortunes with a breath.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

SAve dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Master *Clerimon*

Cle. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honested Lodging, with your presence.

La-F

La-F. Good faith, it is fine Lodging! almoſt, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not ſo, Sir.

La-F. Excuſe me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I aſſure you. I am come, Maſter *Clermont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever ſee me carry Diſhes?

La-F. No, Sir, diſpence with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulneſs o' your Phraſe believe it, Sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible Boys, if you ſhould keep 'em fellowſhip a Day.

La-F. It ſhould be extremely againſt my Will, Sir, if I conteſted with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feaſt?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otter? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gameſter, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the Courtiers viſited ſo often; that gave the rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle. Then, ſhe is Captain *Otter*.

La-F. You ſay very well, Sir; ſhe is my Kinſwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-ſide, and will invite any great Ladies, for my ſake.

Dau. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Eſſex*?

La-F. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London*.

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our Houſe, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the Weſt, the *La-Fooles* of the Eaſt and South — we are as ancient a Family as any is in Europe — but I my ſelf am deſcended immediately of the *French La-Fooles* — and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and ſome three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, ſometimes, been ſolemnly worn by divers

divers Nobility of our House—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now—I had a Brace of fat Does sent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheasants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and some other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company—there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Mistris *Dol Mavis* ——and they come a' purpose, to see the silent Gentlewoman Mistris *Epicene*, that honest Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither—— and then, Mistris *Trusty*, my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your self Master *Clerimont* —— and we'll be very merry, and have Fidlers, and dance—— I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have spent some Crowns since I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and after, my Ladies Gentleman Usher, who got me knighted in *Ireland*, since it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye—— I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Island-Voyage, or at *Cadiz*, none disprais'd, and I came over in it hither, show'd my self to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Country, and survey'd my Lands, let new Leases, took their Money, spent it in the Eye o' the Land here upon Ladies—— and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O let him breath, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your Tailt, in that commodity.

Cle. No, Sir, excuse me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Card, or two, to invite, and lay as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—— Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*; but he shall, that your Ladies come to: if I have credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear such a Wind-fucker, as this?

Dau. Or such a Rook as the other! that will betray his Master to be seen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

ACT II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Morose, Mute.

CAn not I, yet find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to save my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the discord of sounds? Let me see: all Discourses but mine own afflict me, they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? speak not though I question you. You have taken the Ring off from the Street Door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise (—) very good. And, you have fastened on a thick Quilt, or Flockbed, on the out-side of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no noise? but with your Leg, you answer, unless it be otherwise (——) very good. This is not only fit modesty in a Servant, but good state and discretion in a Master. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come presently? answer me not but with your Leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your Head, or shrug. (——) So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wise in this! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? Say, if an hour, hold up your whole Hand; if half an hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And, is the Lock oyl'd, and the Hinges to day? (—) good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare? (—) very good. I see by much Doctrine, and Inquisition, it may be effected: stand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; still waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands to executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his marches,

At the benches still the Fellow makes Legs or Signs.

Marches, moſt of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with Silence: an exquiſite Art! and I am heartily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Chriſtendom* ſhould ſuffer a Barbarian to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a point of Felicity. I will practice it hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Divel can this be? [*One winds a Horn without again.*

Mut. It is a Poſt from the Court ———

Mor. Out Rogue, and muſt thou blow thy Horn too?

Mut. Alas, it is a Poſt from the Court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of Death ———

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be ſilent.

ACT II. SCENE II.

True-wit, Moroſe, Cutberd.

BY your leave, Sir, I am a Stranger here: is your Name Maſter *Moroſe*? is your Name Maſter *Moroſe*? Fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all? this is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his Club, among you? well Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court Comaend 'em to you, Sir ——

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! was there ever ſuch an impudence?)

Tru. And are extreamly ſollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe Knave are you!

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword ——

Tru. You ſhall take the one half of my Dagger, if you do (Groom) and you the other, if you dare, Sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the King's Name, and hear me without Inſurrection. They ſay, you are to marry? to marry! do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder, Sir, the *Thames*

being so near, wherein you may drown, so handsomly; or *London-Bridge*, at a low fall, with a fine Leap, to hurry you down the Stream; or, such a delicate Steeple i' the Town, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a braver Height, as *Paul's*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent Garret Window into the Street; or, a Beam, in the said Garret, with this Halter, which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your Grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Noose, or take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World, like a Rat; or, a Fly (as one said) with a Straw i' your Arse: any way rather than to follow this Goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaste Wife in these times? now? when there are so many Masques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other strange sights to be seen, daily, private and publick? if you had liv'd in King *Ethelred*'s time, Sir, or *Edward* the Confessor's, you might, perhaps, have found in some cold Countrey Hamlet, then, a dull frotty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: Now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a Wife.

He shews him a Halter.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Possessions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? beg'd a Reversion from you? bastarded their Issue? what have I done, that may deserve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an assassinate upon your Father; vitiated your Mother: ravished your Sisters ——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a Vengeance scruple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do ——

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Messenger: I but will you

you, what you must hear. It seems, your Friends a
careful after your Soul's Health, Sir, and would hav
you know the danger (but you may do your Pleasure
for all them; I persuade not, Sir) if, after you a
married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter,
the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him th
dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his Skill at his We
pon; why it is not their Fault; they have discharge
their Consciences: when you know what may happe
Nay, suffer valiantly, Sir, for I must tell you, all t
Perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young
and vegetous, no Sweet-meats ever drew more Flies
all the yellow Doublets, and great Roses i' the Tow
will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be wit
them, and buy those Doublets and Roses, Sir.
rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; she'
reign in your House, as imperious as a Widow.
noble, all her Kindred will be your Tyrants. If fruit
ful, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; she mu
have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurses, h
Longings every Hour; though it be for the dear
Morsel of Man. If learned, there was never such
Parrat; all your Patrimony will be too little for th
Gueſts that must be invited, to hear her speak *Lat*
and *Greek*; and you must lye with her in those La
guages too, if you will please her. If precise, yo
must feast all the sisterly Brethren, once in three Days
salute the Sisters; entertain the whole Family,
Wood of 'em; and hear long-winded Exercises, Sin
ings, and Catechisings, which you are not given t
and yet must give for; to please the zealous Matr
your Wife, who, for the Holy Cause, will coozen yo
over and above. You begin to sweat, Sir? but th
is not hair, i' faith: you may do your Pleasure not
withstanding, as I said before, I come not to perswa
you. Upon my faith, Master Serving man, if you
sir, I will beat you. (*The Mute is stealing away*

Mor. O, What is my Sin! what is my Sin!

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather, co
on her, Sir; O, how she'll torture you! and take Pl
sure i' your Torments! you shall lye with her but w
fi

the lists; she will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it must be for that Jewel, or that Pearl, when she does; every half Hours Pleasure must be bought anew; and with the same Pain and Charge you woo'd her at first. Then, you must keep what Servants she please; what Company she will; that Friend must not visit you without her License; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your Jealousie; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-Friend, or Cousin at the Colledge, that can instruct her in all the Mysteries of writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies; where she must have that rich Gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with a succession of Grooms, Footmen, Ushers, and other Messengers; besides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tire-women, Semsters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while she feels not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt; nor foresees the Change, when the Mercer has your Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Side costs, Sir: so she may kiss a Page, or a smooth Chin, that has the despair of a Beard; be a Stateswoman, know all the News, what was done at *Hamptoncourt*, what at the *Bath*, what at Court, what in Progress; or, so she may confure *Poets*, and Authors, and Stiles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnson* with that t'other Youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in Controversies, or the very Knots of Divinity; and have often in her Mouth, the State of the Question; and then skip to the *Mathematicks*, and Demonstration and Answer, in Religion to one; in State to another; in Faudry to a Third.

Mor. O, O.

Jon. All this is very true, Sir. And then her going in disguise to that Conjurer, and this cunning Woman; here the first Question is, how soon you shall Dye? next, if her present Servant love her? Next, that if she shall have a new Servant? and how many? which of her Family would make the best Bawd, Male, or Female? What Precedence she shall have by her next match?

match? and sets down the Answers, and believes 'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your Pleasure o' me? I'll think of these things.

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of Vapour and Sweat, with going a foot, and lies in a Mum of a new Face, all Oyl, and Birdlime; and rises in Asses Milk, and is clens'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more, (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her Virginity afore hand, as your wise Widows do of their States, before they marry, in trust to some Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the Wedding day, or the night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave the Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute*.

The Horn again.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my Chamber: but first shut the Door. O, shut the Door, shut the Door: Is he come again?

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cuthbert*, *Cuthbert*, *Cuthbert*! here has been Cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed, and give me Physick with thy Counsel.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicœne.

NAY, an' she will, let her refuse, at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like Feasts or Guests every day.

They dissuade her privately.

Cle. O, by no means, she may not refuse to stay at home, if you love your Reputation: 'Sligs, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laught at by the Ladies of the Colledge, and her Shadows. The Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Daw

Dau. You ſhall not go; let him be laught at in your ſtead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfie the Company.

Cle. He will ſuſpect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Miſtriſs *Epicœne*, let's ſee your Verſes, we have Sir *John Daw*'s leave: do not conceal your Servants Merit, and your own Glories

Epi. They'll prove my Servants Glories, if you have his leave ſo ſoon

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, ſhew 'em, Miſtriſs, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my ſelf, too: an Author muſt recite his own works. It is a *madrigal* of modeſty.

Modeſt, and fair, for fair and good are neer
Neighbours, how ere. —

Dau. Very good.

Cle. I, Is't not?

Daw. *No noble vertue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir *John.*

Dau. It has ſomething in't like rare Wit and Senſe.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. *No noble Vertue ever was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praiſe ſweet modeſty, I praiſe
Bright Beauties Rais:
And having praiſ'd both Beauty and Modeſtie,
I have praiſ'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and cryes tink i' the cloſe, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca.*

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch.*

Daw. The Dor on *Plutarch* and *Seneca* I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that light. I wonder thoſe Fellows have ſuch credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw.

Daw. Grave Asses! meer *Essayists*! a few loose Sentences, and that's all. A Man would talk so, whole Age! I do utter as good things every Ho if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em

Dau. Indeed! Sir *John*?

Cle. He must needs, living among the *Wits* and *B* veries too.

Dau. I, and being President of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Aristotle*, a meer Common-place F low; *Plato*, a discourser; *Thucidides*, and *Livie*, te out and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire knot: sometimes wo the untying, very seldom.

Cle. What do you think of the *Poets*, Sir *John*?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Ho* an old tedious prolix Ass, talks of Curriers, and Chi of Beef. *Virgil*, of Dunging of Land, and Bees. *H* vace, of I know not what.

Cle. I think so.

Daw. And so *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catull* *Seneca* the Tragœdian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *M* *tial*, *Juvenal*, *Ausonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius F* cus, and the rest ———

Cle. What a Sack full of their names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! *Politian* with *H* *lerius Flaccus*!

Cle. Was not the Character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And *Persius*, a crabbed Cockscoom, not to endur'd.

Dau. Why? whom do you account for Authors, S *John Daw*?

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *C* *pus Juris canonici*, the King of *Spains* Bible.

Dau. Is the King of *Spains* Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Dau. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a *Spaniard*.

Daw. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch* man.

Cle. I, both the *Corpuses*, I know 'em: they were s very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symmachus*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a Scholar.

Dau. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Councellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to ſay truth, the State wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muſe a Miſtriſs can be ſo ſilent to the dotes of ſuch a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her ſilence too.

Dau. In Verſe, Sir *John*?

Cle. What elſe?

Dau. Why? how can you juſtifie your own being of Poet, that ſo ſlight all the old *Poets*?

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verſe, is not Poet; you have of the Wits that write Verſes, and it are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verſes, Sir *John*?

Cle. No, 'twere pity he ſhould. A Knight live by his Verſes! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dau. And yet the Noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the Noble Family not aſham'd.

Cle. I, he profeſt himſelf; but Sir *John Daw* has more diſcretion: He'll not hinder his own riſing i' the State ſo much! Do you think he will? Your Verſes, good Sir *John*, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man;*
Deny't who can.

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reaſon, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,*
That Female Vice ſhould be a Vertue Male,
Or Maſculine Vice a Female Vertue be:
You ſhall it ſee
Prov'd with mereaſe;

I knew to ſpeak, and ſhe to hold her peace.
Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with increaſe, Sir *John*?

Daw. Why, with increaſe is, when I court her for the Common Cauſe of Mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videmur*; and in time is *gravida*.

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?

Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you miſtake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my Verſes again, Servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you ſhall.

Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Clermont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutbeard, Daw, Epicene.

WHere haſt thou been, in the name of Madneſs, thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your Senſes with Gladneſs, had you been in Ear-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall down and worſhip me; I have ſo bid the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy vertuous Uncle, and have broke the Match.

Dau. You lie, not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhould repent me: This Horn got me entrance; kiſs'd I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a Poſt; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Poſt, or a Stone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundring into him the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miſeries of Marriage. Never *Gorgon* were ſeen in the ſhape of a Woman, as he hath ſeen her in my Deſcription. I have put him out of that ſcent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? why ſtand you mute? Are you ſtupid? You are not worthy of the benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief! ——

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit ſomewhere elſe.

Tru. Why ſo?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the moſt inconſiderate, raſh, weak thing, that ever Man did to his Friend.

Dau. Friend! If the moſt malicious Enemy I have, had ſtudied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for God's-ſake? Gentlemen, come to your ſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my Lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Maſters, do not put on this ſtrange Face to pay my Courteſie: off with this Vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four Months, you have blaſted in a Minute: Now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate Silence for my ſake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the requital of ſuch Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miſcarried, by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch poſſeſt you! You never did a ſtranger Part i' your life, nor a greater Treſpaſs to Friendſhip or Humanity.

Dau. Faith, you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your Cauſe principally.

Cle. If I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutbeard*? what News?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this morning, (I think this be the Gentleman) that has almoſt frighted him out of his Wits, with threatning him from marriage ——

Dau. Oh, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will ſee the Party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and

that she be so inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to day, instantly, and no defer it a minute longer.

Daw. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Daw. Nay, sweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent this was the absurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou ascribe that to Merit now, was no Fortune?

Tru. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had n a Finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in Nature f out so: My *Genius* is never false to me in these thing Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Daw. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, a rash, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou strange Justifier of thy self, to wiser than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou shalt never persw me, but I foresaw it, as well as the Stars themselve

Daw. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you t entertain Sir *John Daw* with Discourse, while I s her away with Instructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favo

Cle. Master *True-wit*, Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, La to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Da* Madrigals.

Tru. *Jack Daw*, God save you; when saw you *Fool*?

Daw. Not since last night, Master *True-wit*.

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you two had b inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Guests.

Tru. Gods so! 'tis true! What a false Memory h I towards that Man! I am one: I met him ev'n n upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horle,

into a Foam, with posting from place to place, and Person to Person, to give 'em the *Cue*——

Cle. Lest they should forget?

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muster to shew Men, than he, at this Meal, to shew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feast, Sir.

Cle. What! do you say so, Sir *John?*

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the best Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: Where's his Mistriss, to hear and applaud him? Is she gone?

Daw. Is Mistriss *Epicene* gone?

Cle. Gone afore, with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifest Injury, a Disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a Festival-time as this, being a Bravery, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll swallow it like Cream: He's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to esteem any thing a Disgrace is offer'd him from a Mistriss.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: Does she refuse me.

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it so to heart: she does not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *Truewit*, you were to blame, to put it into his Head, that she does refuse him.

Tru. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An, I were as he, I would swear to speak never a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body else, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-louse: I would roll my self up for this day in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, so I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you muſt walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir *John.*

Tou. Yes Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever ſuch a two Yards of Knighthood meaſur'd out by Time, to be ſold to Laughter?

Tou. A meer talking Mole! hang him: No Muſhroom was ever ſo freſh. A Fellow ſo utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: but firſt, let's go to *Dauphine*, he's hovering about the Houſe, to hear what News.

Tou. Content.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Morose, Epicene, Cutbeard, Mute.

WElcome *Cutbeard*; draw near with your ſad Charge: and in her Ear, ſoftly intreat her to unmask (——) So. Is the Door ſhut? (——) Enough. Now, *Cutbeard*, with the ſame Diſcipline I uſe to my Family, I will queſtion you. As I conceive *Cutbeard*, this Gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought in hope ſhe will fit me in the Place and Perſon of a Wife? Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: (——) Very well done, *Cutbeard*. I conceive beſides, *Cutbeard*, you have been pre-acquainted with her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weight Conſequence of Marriage, (——) This I conceive, *Cutbeard*. Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (——) Very well done, *Cutbeard*. Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examine her condition and aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good Favour; a ſweet Compoſition, Harmony of Limbs; her temper of Beauty has the right height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well

He goes about her, and views her.

fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange. (——) Nay, Lady, *She curtſies.* you may ſpeak, though *Cuthbert* and my Man might not; for of all Sounds, only the ſweet Voice of a fair Lady has the juſt length of mine Ears. I beſeech you, Lay, Lady, out of the firſt Fire of meeting Eyes (they ſay) Love is ſtricken: Do you feel any ſuch Motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any Part you ſee in *Curtſie.* me? ha, Lady? (——) Alas, Lady, theſe Anſwers by ſilent Curtſies from you, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and ſhe that ſhall be my Wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Speak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth.

Mor. O' my Judgment, a Divine Softneſs! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin theſe by Doctrine and Induſtry, refer your ſelf to the ſearch of my Judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your Tongue, which is a Womans chiefeſt Pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent Geſtures, ſo long as my Speeches *Curtſie.* jump right with what you conceive? (——) Excellent! Divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace *Cuthbert*, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this Felicity have laſting: but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt have mine Ears Banquetted with pleaſant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuſe for my Bedfellow. The Ladies in Court think it a moſt deſperate Impair to their quickneſs of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occaſion for a Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter good Matter to continue it, as hinde it: and do you alone ſo much differ from all them, that what they (with ſo much circumſtance) affect and toil for, to learn

learn'd, to ſeem judicious, to ſeem ſharp and conceited, [lieſ as
you can bury in your ſelf with ſilence, and rather tru[ſt yo
your Graces to the fair Conſcience of Vertue, than [Miſtriſs.
the Worlds or your own Proclamation. [mine inſ
Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe. [marrying
Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Good Lady, ſpeak ou[t him out
Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe. [Knighte
Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladneſs. [reign ov
Morose! thou art happy above Mankind! Pray th[ee will now
thou maiſt contain thy ſelf. I will only put her to [fifteenth
once more, and it ſhall be with the utmoſt Touch a[nd good,
Teſt of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do a[ll come on
love to ſee her whom I ſhall chuſe for my Heifer, [dued for
be the firſt and principal in all Faſhions, precede [it ſhall c
the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Counc[il hood, f
of Taylors, Linneners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, a[nd for it in
ſit with 'em ſometimes twice a day upon *French* [hood ſha
telligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, [chil. It
other than ſhe, and better, by the help of Art, [Letters;
emulous Servant. This do I affect: And how will [yo Knigh
be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to gi[ve the C
the manifold (but neceſſary) Inſtructions, for that [fear;
dies, theſe Sleeves, thoſe Skirts, this Cut, that Stitc[h-Red
this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, thoſe Knot[s Knighth
that Ruff, thoſe Roſes, this Girdle, that Fan, t[he Knigath
tother Scarf, theſe Gloves? Ha! what ſay you, Lady[? take u
Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir. [and the p
Mor. How, Lady? pray you riſe a Note. [with for
Epi. I leave it to Wiſdom, and you, Sir. [Bakers W
Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you [no] a Stal
more: I will not ſin againſt ſo ſweet a Simplicity. [Let us'd,
me now be bold to print on thoſe divine Lips the [Seal] do
of being mine. *Cutbeard*, I give thee the Leaſe of thy Ho[uſe] taken:
free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. (——) I kn[ow] it, to
what thou would'ſt ſay, She's poor, and her Friends [deſpair] it ſo
ceaſed; ſhe has brought a wealthy Dowry in her Silen[ce] but a
Cutbeard; and in reſpect of her Poverty, *Cutbeard*, I [will] take *Dol*
have her more loving and obedient, *Cutbeard*. Go thy way [Knightho
and get me a Miniſter preſently, with a ſoft low Voice, [to]
marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, [for]
[bri]

lief as he can; away: softly, *Cuthert.* Sirrah, conduct your Mistris into the Dining-room, your now Mistris. O my Felicity! How shall I be reveng'd on mine insolent Kinsman, and his Plots, to fright me from marrying! This Night I will get an Heir, and thrust him out of my Blood, like a Stranger. He would be Knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his Title must do it: No, Kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth Lords, and the fifteenth Ladies Letter, Kinsman; and it shall do you no good, Kinsman. Your Knighthood it self shall come on its Knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be fined for its Fees to Execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the Twelve-penny Ordinary, it Knighthood, for its Diet all the Term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the Hostess; or it Knighthood shall do worse, take Sanctuary in *Colchester*, and turn. It shall fright all it Friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought Knighthood Ten shillings, it Knighthood shall go to the *Crane*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridgefoot*, and be drunk for fear; it shall not have Money to discharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it Knighthood. It shall be the tenth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity of Pipkins and Stone-Jugs; and the part thereof shall not furnish it Knighthood forth for the attempting of a Bakers Widow, a Brown Bakers Widow. It shall give it Knighthoods Name, a Stallion, to all gamesom Citizens Wives, and be cuckolded, when the Master of a Dancing-School, or (as the Scholar do you call him) the worst Reveller in the Town is taken: It shall want Clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to Lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair it self by *Constantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the best and last Fortune to it Knighthood shall be, to make *Doll Tear-sheet* or *Kate Common* a Lady, and so it Knighthood may eat.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd.

ARe you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the Shop ever ſince.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the Lane.

Dau No, I told him I would be here at this end: appointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian is it to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle And his Charge left behind him, which is very good Sign, *Dauphine.*

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*, ſucceeds it, or no?

Cut. Paſt imagination, Sir, *omnia ſecunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it ſo well: *Saltat fenestra*, as it is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admires the Party! He has given me the Leaſe of the Houſe too! and I am now going for a ſilent Miniſter to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the Silenc'd Miniſters: my zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder now: When 'tis done and finiſhed, I am for you, for any Device of vexation.

Cut And that ſhall be within this half-hour, upon my dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can the mean time, *bonis avibus.*

Cle How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jeſt to Poſterity, Sirs, all days Mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beſhrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To tranſlate all *La Foole*'s Company, and the Feaſt hither, to day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the La guests thither, and then the Meat muſt follow.

Cle. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent Comedy of Affliction, so many several Noises.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the College-honours: one of their Faces has not the Priming Colour laid on yet, nor the other her Smock sleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a Feast.

Tru. Best go see, and assure our selves.

Cle. Who knows the House?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter*!

Cle. No: For God's sake, what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La-Fool*, if not transcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your Barber: He is his Wifes Subject, he calls her Princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the House like a Page, with his Hat off, partly for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horse.

Dau. What be those, in the Name of *Sphinx*?

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle Sport has tane the witty Denomination of his chief carowsing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear, another his Horse. And then he has his lesser Glasses, that he calls his Dogs and his Apes; and several Degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till they be brought out, and set o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's love! we should miss this, if we should not go.

Tru. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will make him all day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain common Places, behind her back; and to her Face ——

Dau. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Otter, Mrs. *Otter*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphin*

NAy, good Princeſs, hear me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. Ott. By that Light, I'll ha' you chain up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you not civil the ſooner. I'll ſend you to Kennel, i' fai You were beſt bait me with your Bull, Bear, and Horſ Never a time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come the Houſe, but you make it a *Shrove-tueſday*! I wou have you get your *Whitſontide*-Velvet-Cap, and yo Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em: yes in troth, d

Ott. Not ſo, Princeſs, neither; but, under correc on, ſweet Princeſs, gi' me leave —— Theſe thing are known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to th for my Humour, and they receive it ſo, and do exp it. *Tom Otter*'s Bull, Bear, and Horſe, is known over *England*, *in rerum naturâ*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Pa garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronou 'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beaſt, or a Bull, to mix ſociety with great Ladies? Think 'i your Diſcreti in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horſe then, good Princeſs.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the Hor they love to be well hors'd I know: I love it my ſ

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horſe, this *Poeta Pegaſus*. Under correction, Princeſs, *Jupiter* did t himſelf into a —— *Taurus*, or Bull, under correcti good Princeſs.

Mrs. Ott. By my Integrity, I'll ſend you over the Bank ſide, I'll commit you to the Maſter of Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Muſt Houſe or my Roof be polluted with the ſcent of Be and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? this according to the Inſtrument, when I married yo That I would be Princeſs, and reign in mine o Houſe; and you would be my Subject, and obey m

What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your Gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horse-meat and Mans-meat? your three Sutes of Apparel a Year? your four pair of Stockins, one Silk, three Worsted? your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis marle you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Personages, to speak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your House? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a Lord, or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Easter* or *Whitson* holy-days? and then out at the Banquetting-house Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tin. (For God's sake, let's go save her off him.)

Mrs. Otr. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasie Buff Doublet, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tin. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. Otr. O, here are some o' the Gallants! Go to behave your self distinctly, and with good Morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your Exhibition.

ACT III. SCENE II.

True-wit, Mrs. *Otter*, Cap. *Otter*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphine*, *Cutbeard*.

BY your leave, fair Mistris *Otter*, I'll be bold to enter these Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs. Otr. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficil, Sir.

Tin. How does my Noble Captain? Is the Bull, Bear, and Horse in *rerum natura* still?

Otr. Sir, *sic vefum fuperis.*

Mrs. Otr. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get Tolls and Butter made

made for the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province f you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow ma ried to!

Tru. O, but the ſport will be anon, when we ge him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

Tru. No *Anabaptiſt* ever rail'd with the like Licenſe but mark her Language in the mean time, I beſeec you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen you are very aptly come. M Couſin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Da* here, to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot aſſure you, Mr. *True-wit.* Her was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that demand ed my Subject for ſome body, a Gentleman, I think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed ſtreight, I can reſolve yo

Dau. What an excellent choice Phraſe this Lady ex preſſes in!

Tru. O, Sir! ſhe is the only authentical Courtier that is not naturally bred one, in the City.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon truſt Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I aſſure you, the Court governs it ſo, Lady in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the Servant of the Court and Cour tiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cuthert*? Any Croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene.* 'Twas never better o the Hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a Curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the delight he hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can ſcarce be heard ſix Inches off; as if he ſpoke out of a Bul ruſh that were not pickt, or his Throat were full of Patch

Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they fay) be ready with your Vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt *Cuthbert*; be thereabouts with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.*

Tin. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll ſend *Daw* to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. *Tine wit* gone?

Dau. Yes, Lady, there is ſome unfortunate Buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judg'd, by the Phiſiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream laſt Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome *China* Stuffs; and ſhe expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It ſtain'd me a Damask Table-cloth, coſt me eighteen Pound, at one time; and burnt me a black Satten Gown, as I ſtood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure*'s Chamber, in the College, another time. A third time, at the Lord's Maſque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax-candle, that I could not go up to the Banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Whit*, to meet a Friend, it daſh'd me a new Suit all over (a Crimſon Satten Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewers Horſe, that I was fain to go in and ſhift me, and kept my Chamber a Leaſh of Days for the anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire Miſchances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Miſtreſs *Otter*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Otr. Will it please you to enter the House further, Gentlemen?

Daw. And your Favour, Lady: But we stay to speak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We shall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. Otr. At your own time, Sir. It is my Cousin Sir *Amorous* his Feast ——

Daw. I know it, Lady.

Mrs. Otr. And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Daw. You are a bounteous Kinswoman.

Mrs. Otr. Your Servant, Sir.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Fool, Dauphine, Otter.

Why, do you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rock if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; she's married by this Time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that she was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the noblest, honestest Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole Plot, and made your Mistris acknowledging, and indeed, so ashamed of her Injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your Presence to day —— She is to be married to a very good Fortune, she says, to Uncle old *Morose*: and she will come in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more Favours, and with more Security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John*? asks Sir *Dauphine*.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine*, did she desire me to forgive her?

Cle. I assure you, Sir *John*, she did.

Daw

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my Heart, and I'll be *jovial*.

Cle. Yes, for look you Sir, this was the Injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feast to honour her Bridal day, and made you the property to invite the College Ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time she would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Do*. Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of Satisfaction, that you shall bring all the Ladies to the place where she is, and be very *jovial*; and there she will have a Dinner, which shall be in your Name: and so disappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good again, and (as it were) a saver i' the Man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then presently. *True wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Joyn with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be very *jovial*.

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw*, and your Mistris? Sir *Dauphine*! you are exceeding welcom, and honest Master *Clerimont*. Where's my Cousin? did you see no Collegiates, Gentlemen?

Dau. Collegiates! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you speak so kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you such an Affront.

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a Suter to you to know, I beseech you!

Cle. Why Sir, his Mistris is married to day to Sir *Dauphin*'s Uncle, your Cousin's Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to frustrate your Provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have inveigl'd us away from you too: but we told him his own mind.

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Dau. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, most maliciously and

and treacherously: but if you'll be rul'd by us, y
shall quit him i'faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe
How I pray?

Dau. Marry Sir, get me your Pheasants, and yo
Godwits, and your best Meat, and dish it in Silv
Dishes of your Cousins presently, and say nothing, b
clap me a clean Towel about you, like a Sewer; a
bare-headed, march afore it with a good Confiden
('tis but over the way, hard by) and we'll second yo
where you shall set it o' the Board, and bid 'em w
com to't which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace
Preparation utterly: and for your Cousin, whereas
should be troubled here at home with care of maki
and giving welcom, she shall transfer all that Labo
thither, and be a principal Guest her self, sit rank
with the Colledge Honors, and be honour'd, and ha
her Health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as t
best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be do
that's resolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twou
take him.

Dau. Well, there be Guests, and Meat now, h
shall we do for Musick?

Cle. The smell of the Venison, going through t
Street, will invite one noise of Fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thith

Cle. Faith, there is hope, they have intelligence
all Feasts. There's good Correspondence betwixt th
and the *London* Cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he ha
'em.

Dau. 'Twill be a most solemn Day for my Uncle, a
an excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the Emulation betwi
Fools and *Daw*, and never bring them to expostulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* says) a
you may take their Understandings in a Purse-n
They'll believe themselves to be just such Men as t
make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothi
not the use of their Senses, but by Tradition.

Cle. See
Have you p
La-F. Ye
says, rat
Dau. She
t'ling D
emies Pra
own M
La-F. Na
Cle. Put
bise, and
Ott. Gen
Silver D
re a little
Cle. And
Dau. By
Ott. Yes
Cousin S
rs to my
ar, as we
Cle. That
La-F. M
Dau. She
La-F. W
adies.
Ott. But
Cle. I, s
ho was a
e Mother
ar, Mini
Ott. O G
ve these
Meramon
Dau. Wh
rader.
Ott. That
Cle. Mak

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you perſwaded your Couſin?

[*He enters like a Sewer.*

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feaſible: ſhe'll do any thing, ſays, rather than the *La-Foles* ſhall be diſgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinſwoman. It 'will be ſuch a ſt'ling Device, Sir *Amorous!* It will pound all your emies Practices to Powder, and blow him up with own Mine, his own Train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give Fire I warrant you.

Cle. Put you muſt carry it privately, without any oiſe, and take no notice by any means ——

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princeſs ſays you ſhall have all Silver Diſhes, *feſtinate:* and ſhe's gone to alter her re a little, and go with you ——

Cle. And your ſelf too, Captain *Otter.*

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat Couſin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be ſuors to my Princeſs, that I may carry my Bull and my ar, as well as my Horſe.

Cle. That you ſhall do, Captain *Otter.*

La-F. My Couſin will never conſent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She muſt conſent, Sir *Amorous*, to reaſon.

La-F. Why, ſhe ſays they are no *decorum* among adies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, ſhe muſt hear Argument. Did not *Piſiphae*, ho was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Caliſto*, e Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a ar, Miniſs *Urſula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will ve theſe Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovi-i Metamorphoſi.*

Dau. Where is your Princeſs, Captain? pray be our rader.

Ott. That I ſhall, Sir.

Cle. Make haſte, good Sir *Amorous.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Morose, Epicœne, Parson, Cutberd.

Sir, there's an Angel for your self, and a brace Angels for your Cold. Muse not at this ma of my Bounty. It is fit we should thank Fortu double to Nature, for any Benefit she confers upon besides, it is your Imperfection but my Solace.

[*The Parson speaks as having a C*

Par. I thank your Worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, *Cutberd*?

Cut. He says, *praste*, Sir, whensoever your Wor needs him he can be ready with the like. He got Cold with sitting up late, and singing Catches w Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worship, and give you a Joy with your fair Spouse. (Umh, umh). [*He co*

Mor. O, O, stay *Cutberd*! let him give me Shillings of my Money back. As it is bounty to ward Benefits, so is it Equity to mulct Injuries. I have it. What says he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, Sir.

Par. (Umh, umh, umh.) [*A*

Mor. Away, away with him, stop his Mouth, way, I forgive it. ——

Epi. Fye, Master *Morose*, that you will use this V dience to a Man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breedi (as you pretend in Court) to have offer'd this outr on a Water-man, or any more boistrous Creat much less on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I Sir, Why, did you think you had married a Statue? or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets, with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or some Innocent out of the Hospital, that would stand with her Hands thus, and a Plaise Mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O Immodesty! a manifest Woman! what *Cutbeard*?

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutbeard*, Sir, it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the Modesty I had, when I writ simply Maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the Estate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impostor, *Cutbeard*?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him. I'll have one of this coacted, unnatural Dumbness in my House, in a Family where I govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Lucrece*, a *Semiramis*, sold my Liberty to a Distaff?

ACT III. SCENE V.

True-wit, Morose, Epicene.

WHere's Master *Morose*?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wish you all Joy, Mistress *Epicene*, with your brave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the Thanks, Master *True-wit*, so friendly a Wish deserves.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God save you, Sir, and give you all Contentment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was the Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am the Messenger of Peace, a Dove, and bring you the glad Wishes

of

of many Friends to the Celebration of this g
Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your Marriage Hour, Sir. I commend your
folution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I la
fore you, in the voice of a Night-crow) would
go on, and be your self. It shews you are a Man c
stant to your own Ends, and upright to your Purpo
that would not be put off with Left-handed Cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the Knowledge
so much?

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing
secrecy of it to a Barber, that less than the whole To
should know it? you might as well ha' told it
Conduit, or the Bake-house, or the Infantry that
low the Court, and with more Security. Could y
Gravety forget so old and noted a Remnant, as *Ig*
& tonforibus natum? Well Sir, forgive it your
now, the Fault, and be communicable with your Frie
Here will be three or four fashionable Ladies from
College to visit you presently, and their Train
Minions and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are
my Eaters? my Mouthes now? bar up my Doors, y
Varlets.

Ego. He is a Varlet that fits to such an Office.
'em stand open. I would fee him that dare move
Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *Barricado* made a
my Friends, to be barr'd of any Pleasure they can
in to me with honourable Visitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* Impudence!

Tru. Nay, faith, in time, Sir, he speaks but reas
and methinks is more competent than you. Would y
go to Bed so presently. Sir, afore Noon? a Man
your Head and Hair should owe more to that Reven
Ceremony, and not mean the Marriage-bed, like
Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but lay the
Season; and shoot it then with Religion and
Those Delights are to be reap'd in the Horrors, and
fence of the Night? and give the Day to other
Pleasures, and jollities of Feasting, or Musick, of

ls, of Discourse: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, Sir, so idiously, and with this irksomness; what Comfort, or ope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to her self reafter, in the consideration of so many Years as are come——

Mor. Of my Affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir.

Mor. That curst Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a curled Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to Men. Some Plague, above the Plague ——

Tru. (All *Ægypts* Ten Plagues)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a Curse or wo more I'll assure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he ay get the Pox with seeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that hile he is curling another Mans Hair, his own may rop off? Or, for burning some Male-baud's Lock, he ay have his Brain beat out with the Curling-iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he et the Itch, and his Shop so loutie, as no Man dare ome at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would swallow all his Balls for ills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru (A perpetual Frost underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to see Fire again.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Sciffars rust, and his Combs mould in their Cases.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he lose the invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper.)

Mor. Let there be no Baud casted that year, to employ a Baton of his: but let him be glad to eat his Sponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of Bread——

Tru.

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir. I'll help you. Or, dr
his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-ſtring.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and m
Bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make Meal o' the Mill-ſtones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he
cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'em in him
Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd
his Linnen into Lint for't, and have not a Rag
him for to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the G
in his hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that laſt was too high ſet! you might
leſs with him i'faith, and be reveng'd enough:
that he be never able to New-paint his Pole ——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my ſelf.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a Comb-
ker ——

Mor. No more Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glaſs in a former deſp
fall now into a much greater, of ever getting a
ther ——

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be truſted with triming of
ny but Chimney-Sweepers ——

Mor. Sir ——

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his
for, by *Clance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any m
I beſeech you, Sir.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Daw, Moroſe, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Tr

THIS way, Madam.

Mor. O, the Sea breaks in upon me! anot
Flood! an Inundation! I ſhall be overwhelm'd w
noiſe. It beats already at my Shores. I feel an Ear
quake in my ſelf, for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, Mistriss.

Mor. Has she Servants too!

Daw. I have brought some Ladies here to see, and know you. My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Mistriss *Mavis*, Mistriss *Trusty* my Lady *Lightlies* Woman. Where's your Husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

She kisses them severally as he presents them.

Mor. What *nomenclator* is this!

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wives Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' she have such Servants.

Tru. Nay Sir, you must kiss the Ladies, you must not look away, now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Haugh. I' faith, Master *Morose*, would you steal a Marriage thus, in the midst of so many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the malice of my Quarrel: you shall give me leave, Mistriss, to use a becoming familiarity with your Husband.

Epi. Your Ladiship do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as, you have honour'd both him and me grace, to visit so unprepar'd a house to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Haugh. It shall not need, Mistriss *Morose*; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, when she is to learn it.

Haugh. Is this the silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her Tongue since she was married, Master *True-wit* says.

Haugh. O, Master *True-wit*! 'Save you. What kind of creature is your Bride here? me thinks she speaks not like a Mute.

Cen. Yes Madam, believe it, she is a Gentlewoman of very absolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Haugh. And *Jack Daw* told us, she could not speak.

Cen. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, one of two more of us: but she is a Woman of an excel-

excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy W
and Tongue. You shall see her make rare sport wi
Daw ere night.

Haw. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thin
himself the Master-wit, is the Master-Fool. I assu
your Ladiship ye cannot laugh at her.

Haw. No, we'll have her to the Colledge: an' h
have Wit, she shall be one of us! shall she not *Centaur*
we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, Madam, and *Mavis*, and she will
up a side.

Tru. Believe it Madam, and Mistriss *Mavis*, she w
sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd w
her, and try'd her.

Haw. Use her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper t
ever!

Tru. In the mean time, Madam, would but your L
diship help to vex him a little: you know his Dis
talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or
for your Gloves, or ———

Haw. Let me alone. *Centaur* help me. Master Br
groom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Haw. We see no Ensigns of a Wedding here
Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarv
our Gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know
Brides Colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none

Mor. Had I known your Ladiships Pleasure I w

Haw. He has given it you, *Centaur*, i' faith. b
you hear, M. *Morose*, a Jest will not absolve y
this manner. You that have suck'd the Milk of
Court, and from thence have been brought up t
very strong Meats and Wine of it; been a Cou
from the Biggen to the Night-cap; (as we may
and you to offend in such a high Point of Ceremo
this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of So

ity! How much Plate have you loſt to day (if you d but regarded your Profit,) what Gifts, what riends, through your meer ruſticity?

Mor. Madam ——

Hon. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your Errours you, No, Gloves? no Garters? no Skarves? no *Epi-alamium*? no Maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I pro-ſe my Miſtriſs, I have begun it already: will your adyſhip hear it?

Hon. I, good *Jack Daw*.

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip command a Cham-r, and be private with your Friend? you ſhall have ur choice of Rooms to retire to after: my whole uſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyſhips and into the City at other times, however now you e been unhappily diverted upon me: but I ſhall be to break any honourable Cuſtom of your Lady-s. And therefore, good Madam ——

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain ies of Honour in this faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed.

Hon. By that light you deſerve to be grafted, and have Horns reach from one ſide of the Iſland to the er. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give Ladies leave heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Brave* Ladies?

Hon. As God help me, if you utter ſuch another word, take Miſtriſs Bride in, and begin to you in a very Cup; do you ſee? Go too, know your Friends and as love you.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Mor., Morose, Truewit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Miſtriſs Otter, &c.

Y your leave Ladies. Do you want any Muſick? I have brought you variety of noyſes. Play, Sir, you.

[Muſick of Inſtr.

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me! Th
day I shall be their Anvile to work on, they will gra
me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Rosin, and Guts. I can gi
you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I say.

Tru. Peace, Rascals. You see who's your Friend no
Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyrs resolution. Mo
down all their attemptings with patience. 'Tis bu
day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an Ass e
ceed me in Fortitude? No. You betray your Infirm
with your hanging dull Ears, and make them insul
bear up bravely, and constantly. Look you here, S
what honour is done you unexpected, by your Nephe
a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight fewer bef
it, for the more Reputation: and fine Mrs. *Otter*, y
Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it.

[*La-Foole passes over sewing the M*

Mor. Is that *Gorgon*, that *Meduſa* come? Hide
hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, she will not transform y
Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you en
tain her, and conduct your Guests in. No, Mistris H
will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom i
shame-fac'd, here ———

Epi. Will it please your Ladyship, Madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your Company, Mistr

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Mistris.

Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis*?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

M. Ot. 'Tis my Place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistris *Otter*.

M. Ot. Why I am a Collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

M. Ot. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within.

Cle. Would this had lasted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had sent for the Heralds. Ce
Otter, what News?

Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horſe, in rivate, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and e Drum, Gentlemen.

Mor. O, O, O. [*The Drum and Trumpets ſound.*

Ot. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, r bold *Britons* i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

WAS there ever poor Bridegroom ſo tormented? or Man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Chronicles* the Land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to place of reſt, after this Purgatory.

Cle. He may preſume it I think.

Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the eſing, the Farting, Dancing, noiſe of the Muſick, her maſculine and loud Commanding, and urging whole Family, makes him think he has married a y.

Cle. And ſhe carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, ſhe takes any occaſion to ſpeak: that's the ght on't.

Cle. And how ſoberly *Dauphine* labours to ſatisfie , that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almoſt brought him to the faith, i' Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? at's become of him *Dauphine*?

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I ſhall go away i' the elſe. He has got on his whole neſt of Night-caps, lock'd himſelf up i' the top o' the Houſe, as high ever he can climb from the noiſe. I peep'd in at a y, and ſaw him ſitting over a croſs Beam o' the , like him o' the Sadlers Horſe in *Fleetſtreet*, up- ht: and he will ſleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the College Grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows their secrets instantly.

Cle. Methinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to day for all my dispraise of her i' the Morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, *True-wit.*

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have made i' their Features, with dressings. And an intelligent Woman if she know by her self the least defect will be most curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill Foot, let her wear a Gown the longer, and her Shooe the thinner. If a fat Hand, and scald Nails, let her carve the less, and ever Gloves. If a sowre Breath let her never discourse fasting; and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you shall have some Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is so rude and ——

Tru. I, and others, that will stalk i' their Gate like an *Estrich*, and take huge strides. I cannot endure to see a sight. I love measure i' the Feet, and modesty i' the Voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw more less than the Face.

Dau. How can'st thou to study these Creatures exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a Protocol.

Tru. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your Cloister then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tilt-yards, public Shows, and Feasts, to Plays, and Church sometimes, whither they come to shew their new Tyres too, to see and to be seen. In these Places a Man shall find wit to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety attires his Judgment. A Wench to please a man comes not down dropping [illegible]

the Ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a Tobacco-
pe. He must go where she is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neer,

Tru. Out Heretick. That difference makes thee wor-
y it should be so.

Cle. He says true to you, *Dauphine.*

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man should not doubt to over-come any Wo-
an. Think he can vanquish 'em, and he shall: for
ough they deny, their desire is to be tempted. *Pene-*
e her self cannot hold out long. *Offend*, you saw,
s taken at last. You must persevere, and hold to your
rpose. They would sollicite us, but that they are
raid. Howsoever, they wish in their Hearts we should
llicite them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall ne-
r want Eloquence or Truth: even the chastest delight
feel themselves that way rub'd. With Praises you
ust mix Kisses too. If they take them, they'll take
ore. Though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man must beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has
t-times the place of the greatest Courtesie. She that
ight have been forc'd, and you let her go free with-
t touching, though then she seem to thank you, will
er hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is assuredly
d at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fishes.
you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund
a lad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins
mistrust her self. You must apprehend them i' their
n Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes
ny that fear to commit themselves to Noble and
unty Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Rascal.
e love Wit, give Valor, though you borrow 'em
a Friend, or buy 'em, to use prest. If Valour,
k of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of
uels, though you be staunch in fighting. If Activ-
y, be seen o' your Barbary often, in leaping over
ools, for the credit of your Back. If the love good
ttles or Dancing, have your Learned Council about

you every morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linner, &c. Let your Powder, your Glass, and your Co be your dearest Acquaintance. Take more care for t Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and w the Commonwealth rather troubled, than a Hair ab you. That will take her. Then if she be covet and craving, do you promise any thing, and perfo sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Se as you would give, but be like a barren Field, t yields little; or unlucky Dice to foolish and hopi Gamesters. Let your Gifts be slight and dainty, rat than precious. Let Cunning be above Cost. Give Ch ries at time of Year, or Apricots; and say, they w sent you out o' the Country, tho' you bought 'em *Cheapside*. Admire her Tires; like her in all Fashion compare her in every Habit to some Deity; invent e cellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if she a Great one, perform always the Second Parts to he like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail n to make the Houshold and Servants yours, yea the wh Family, and salute 'em by their Names, ('tis but lig Cost, if you can purchase 'em so) and make her Phy cian your Pensioner, and her chief Woman. Nor w st be out of your gain to make Love to her too, so follow, not usher her Ladies Pleasure. All Blabbing taken away, when she comes to be a part of the Cri

Dau. On what Courtly Lap hast thou late slept, come forth so sudden and absolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I should rather question you. t are so hearkning after these Mysteries. I begin to h pect your Diligence, *Dauphine*. Speak, art thou in l in earnest?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill dissembl before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, belie it, i' the Stable, an' you be such a Stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men should love wife and all Women; some one for the Face, and let please the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her pl

Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her pleaſe Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senſes ſo o. Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make all in love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt *Philtre* i' the orld, and couldſt do no more than Madam *Medea*, or octor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my eat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I ſay.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Moroſe, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. *Otter.*

O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I have miſt you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horſe ight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his gs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's ſee a Courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my Couſin will be offended, if come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the' when you are ready. Here's my Bull for my ſelf, my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horſe for Sir *ervis*. Now let your Foot to mine, and yours to his,

La-F. Pray God my Couſin come not.

Ott. Saint *George* and Saint *Andrew*! Fear no Cou- Come, ſound, ſound. *Et tanta ſtrepitus commi ſcitur.*

Tru. Well ſaid, Captain, i' faith; well fought at Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Daw. O, the Horſe has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods ſo, off with his Spurs, ſome body.

La-F. It goes againſt my Conſcience. My Couſ will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Daw. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cle. You take no notice of the Buſineſs, I hope.

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you ſee we are jovial.

Otr. Sir *Amorous*, you muſt not equivocate. It m be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, the think you are diſcontented with ſomething? you betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Otr. You muſt pull the Horſe on his Knees, Sir *mour*; fear no Couſins. *Jacta eſt alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The l hint given him of his Wife now, will make him deſperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the heat of it.

Daw. Captain He-*Otter*, your She-*Otter* is comi your Wife.

Otr. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no ſ thing in Nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I hav Cook, a Laundreſs, a Houſe-drudge, that ſerves neceſſary turn, and goes under that Title: but an Ape that will be ſo uxorious to tie his Affection one Circle. Come, the ſame dulls Appetite *Ve* replenith again; another Bout. Wives are unfit with Animals.

Daw. O, Captain.

Otr. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Wh *Mulier Inter-ui?*

Daw. He's flipt aside, Sir.
Cle. But you muſt drink and be jovial.
Daw. Yes, give it me.
La-F. And me too.
Daw. Let's be jovial.
La-F. As jovial as you will.
Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the Bear, Couſin, and Sir *John Daw* the Horſe, and I'll ha' the Bull ſtill. And *Tutrons* o' the *Thames*. Noiſe of Hunting, within *Hor.* Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traitors, what do you there?

[Morose *ſpeaks from above, the Trumpets ſounding.*

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his Company.
Ott. A Wife is a ſcurvy Cognizance, an unlucky thing, my learned Bear-whelp, without any good Faſhion or Breeding; *male noſtin.*

[*His Wife is brought out to him.*

Daw. Why did you marry one then, Captain?
Ott. A pox ——— I married with Six thouſand Pound, I. I was in love with that. I ha' not kiſt my Wife theſe forty Weeks.
Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.
La. Nay Mrs *Otter*, kiſs him a little ſtiff.
Ott. She has a Breath worſe than my Grandmothers Bells.
Mrs. Ott. O treacherous Liar. Kiſs me, ſweet Mr *True-wit*, and prove him a ſlandering Knave.
Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.
Ott. And ſhe has a Periuke, that's like a pound of Tow, made up in Shoe-ſtrings.
Mrs. Ott. O Viper, Mandrake!
Ott. A moſt vile Face! and yet ſhe ſpends me Forty pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-Friers*, both her Eye-brows i' the *Strand*, and her Hair in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Every part o' the Town owns a piece of her.
Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold,

Ott. She takes her self asunder still when she goes t
Bed, into some twenty Boxes; and about next d
Noon is put together again, like a great *German* Clock
and so comes forth, and rings a tedious Larum
the whole House, and then is quiet again for an Ho
but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me right Gentl
men?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, Sir, I'll do you right with my Qu
ters, with my Quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats h*

Ott. O, hold, good Princess.

Tru. Sound, sound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel.

Mrs. *Ott.* You notorious stinkardly Bearward, d
my Breath smell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princess. Look to
Bear and my Horse, Gentlemen.

Mrs. *Ott.* Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, t
Bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, sound still.

Ott. No, I protest, under correction——

Mrs. *Ott.* I, now you are under correction, you p
test: but you did not protest before Correction,
Thou *Judas*, to offer to betray thy Princess! I'll m
thee an Example——

[Morose *descends with a long Sw*

Mor. I will have no such Examples in my Ho
Lady *Otter*.

Mrs. *Ott.* Ah——

Mor. Mrs. *Mary Ambree*, your Examples are d
gerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of
Doors, you Sons of Noise and Tumult, begot
an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foist is afloat
Westminster! A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd
then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all
Windows asunder, with their Brazen Throats.

Tru. Best follow him, *Dauphine*.

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw* and *La-Fool*?

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princess, and speak to the great Ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal she has taken. Did you not see my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tim. No; but he may make a new one, by that is gone.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a Course i' faith, for all these Disasters. There remains *spes* left.

Tim. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tim. You had never been, unless we had put his trick upon him. His Humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Haughty, Mrs. *Otter*, *Mavis*, *Daw*, *La-Fool*, *Centaure*, *Epicœne*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*.

Hau. WE wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mrs. *Otter*.

Mrs Ott. O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, look'd so dreadfully! Sure he's beside himself.

Hau. Why, what made you there, Mrs. *Otter*?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mrs. *Mavis*, I was chatting my Gat, and thought nothing of him.

Hau. Faith, Mistris, you must do so too. Learn to rule, Mistris *Otter* corrects her Husband so, he dare not speak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her; 'twould do one good to see.

Hau.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature Counsel; practise it, *Morose*. I'll call you *Morose* still now as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the College, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horses, your Woman, your Chambermaid, your Page, your Gentleman-Usher, your *French* Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam*, to the *China*-houses, and to the *Exchange*.

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her self, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, she has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi. But Ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces?

Hau. Why not? Why should Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer, or the worse?

Daw. Is the *Thames* the less for the Dyers Water Mistris?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well said, *La-Fool*; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty Lofts Women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, Ladies should be mindful of the approach of Age, and let no time want his due Use. The best of our Days pass first.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be call'd back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forsaken Beldam, in a tenen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis*: And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? take Anagrams of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my Mistris is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her Favours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to board 'em again, Servant. And have you those excellent Receipts, Madam, to keep your selves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O yes, *Morose*: How should we maintain our Youth and Beauty else? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Morose, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicene, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Trusty.*

O My curst Angel that instructed me to this Fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I should be seduc'd by so foolish a Devil as Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your Counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a Minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an Ear (Nephew), a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Many, God forbid, Sir, that you should geld your self, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did purgatory Penance in a belfry, at *Westminster* half, the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower*-wharf, (what

(what Place is there elſe?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-garden*, *Belinſ-gate*, when the Noiſes are at their height and lowdeſt. Nay, I would ſit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Target!

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Take Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and 'twill well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew, I foreſee it for ever. Strife and Tumult are the Dowry that come with a Wife.

Tru. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe Wounds, Maſter *Truwit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect of it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary Queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill. Something has diſtemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous Impertinencies! Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

Tru. Yes, Sir; but theſe are but Notes of Female Kindneſs, Sir; certain Tokens that ſhe has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come and be no otherwiſe —— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconſcionable Terms; her Silence ——

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir,

Mor. Not for love, I aſſure you, of you; do you ſee?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, ſtop

Col

God's sake. What shall I do? Who's his Physician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak; I'll ſend one of my Doctors elſe.

Mor. What, to poiſon me, that I might die Intestate, and leave you poſſeſt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you ſee what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heavens ſake, counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelſus*; offer a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Lord me! what Fortune had I, to marry a diſtracted man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtriſs ——

Tru. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Diſeaſe in *Greek* is called **Maria**, in *Latin*, *Inſania, Furor, vel Ecſtaſis Melancholica*, that is, *Egreſſio*, when a Man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phrenuticus* yet, Miſtriſs; and *Phrenetis* is only *Delirium*, or ſo.

Epi. I, that is for the Diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are ſure enough of the Diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Moroſe*, you muſt talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philoſophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philoſophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Tales, call'd *Done's* Philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Mor. O miſery!

La-F.

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over my Couſin here.

Mrs. *Ott.* I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have *Seneca* read to him, *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not this Diſeaſe.

Cle. Why, you diſcommend them too, to day, *John.*

Daw. I, in ſome Caſes; but in theſe they are b and *Ariſtotle's Ethicks.*

Mav. Say you ſo, Sir *John*? I think you are ceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Hau. Where's *Truſty*, my Woman? I'll end this D ference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. T is but an Exerciſe, I know, a Marriage-Cerem which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was ed with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other w *Green's Groats-worth of Wit.*

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau. I, it's very feaſible.

Mrs. *Ott.* My Lady call'd for you, Miſtriſs *Truſ* you muſt decide a Controverſie.

Hau. O, *Truſty*, which was it you ſaid, your Fa or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick M Salve*?

Truſ. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve.*

Tru. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve.*

Truſ. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of* But there was other Means us'd: We had a Preac that would preach Folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo t were preſcrib'd to go to Church, by an old Wo that was their Phyſician, thrice a week ——

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſ. Yes, forſooth: and every night they theaſelves aſleep on thoſe Books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I ould I knew where to procure thoſe Books.

Mor. Oh.

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Miſtriſs *Mo-*, the *Groats-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I ſhall diſfurniſh you, Sir *Amorous*: Can u ſpare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or ſo; I'll read it my f to him.

Epi. No, I muſt do that, Sir; that muſt be my ace.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could ep?

Mor. No, I ſhould do well enough, if you could ep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, give her a little *Laudanum*, or *Opium*?

Tru. Why, Sir, ſhe talks ten times worſe in her ſleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you not know that, Sir? never ceaſes all ght.

Tru. And ſnores like a *Porpiſce.*

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For w many Cauſes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru Some Divine muſt reſolve you in that, Sir, or anon-Lawyer.

Mor I will not reſt, I will not think of any other ope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you rſue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an ur, or ſo.

Cle. By my Faith, a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Daughine Eagre.*

Cu. He looks like a very pitiful Knight ——

Dau.

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him ou
all.

La-F. He has not a Penny in his Purſe, Madam—

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very Shark; he ſet me i' th' nick t'ot
night at *Primero*.

Tru. How theſe Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter*'s Wine has ſwell'd their Humours
bove a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, let's go in again. I like y
Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have 'em as ſilent as Signs,
their Poſt too, e're I ha' done Do you hear, La
Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wo
continue this Diſcourſe of *Dauphine* within; but pr
him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the heigh
Affection thou canſt; (I have ſome purpoſe in't)
but beat off theſe two Rooks, *Jack Daw*, and his F
low, with any Diſcontentment hither, and I'll hon
thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the S
to hear them begin to talk ſo malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'ſt me
Idolater to thee everlaſting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru. No, I'll ſtay here. Drive 'em out of y
Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any
better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom t
have ſo ſlighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you ſhall expect one of 'em
ſently.

Cle. What a Caſt of Caſtrils are theſe, to Hawk
ter Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and ſtrike at ſuch an Eagle as *Dauphine*.

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here
comes.

A

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Trimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

O Sir, you are welcome.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Daw. Run out o' door's in's Night-caps, to talk with *Cafuiſt* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, an' thou hadſt been here! The Ladies have laugh'd at thee moſt comically, ſince thou went'ſt, *Dauphine*.

Cle. And askt if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons anſwer'd, Yes; and ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didſt live upon Poſts, and hadſt nothing but three Sutes of Apparel, and ſome few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to ſool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Daw. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to Grand Madams Bed-poſts, and have 'em baſtinado'd with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy hand, *Dauphine*. I have an Execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my Plot.

Daw. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the Mortgage of my Land.

Cle. 'Foot God, I'll be his Witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine*: Thou ſhalt be his Fool for ever, if thou will not

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Eſtate. But do you obſerve this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act ſuch a *Tragicomedy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole*— which of 'em comes out

out first, will I seise on: (You two shall be the *Cl*
behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Ars*, a
speak.) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for t
remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fai
once —— I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not lau
for Gods sake.

Daw. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack Daw*! I am glad I have met with y
In good faith, I must have this Matter go no furt
between you: I must ha' it taken up.

Daw. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you disguise it, Sir *Amorous* and you.
you love me, *Jack*, you shall make use of your Philo
phy now, for this once, and deliver me your Swo
This is not the Wedding the *Centaures* were at, tho
there be a She-one here. The Bride has entreated
I will see no Blood shed at her Bridal; you saw
whisper me e're-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish *Tacitus*, I intend no Mur

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru. And your Scholarship too?

Daw. And my Scholarship too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, a
ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will
assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended
and walkt here to brave him; and that you h
held your Life contemptible, in regard of your h
nour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He a
I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Trust not you to that Visor. I saw him fi
Dinner with another Face: I have known ma
Men in my time vex'd with Losses, with Deat
and with Abuses; but so offended a Wight as Sir
morous, did I never see or read of. For taking aw
his Guests, Sir, to day, that's the Cause; and he d
clares it behind your back with such Threatnings a
Contempts —— He said to *Dauphine*, You were
arrant'st Ass ——

Daw. I, he may say his Pleasure.

Tim. And swears, you are so protested a Coward, that knows you will never do him any manly or single ght; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir——but hting.

Tim. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll ke: Blood he thirsts for, and Blood he will have; d whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, t himself?

Daw. I pray you, Master *True-wit*, be you a Medi-or.

Tim. Well, Sir, conceal your self then in is Study till I return. Nay, you must be ntent to be lock'd in; for, mine own putation, I would not have you seen to ceive a Publick Disgrace, while I have the Matter managing. Gods so, here he comes; keep your eath close, that he do not hear you sigh. In good th, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be rciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as od as you: You are arm'd as if you fought a Re-uge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away m this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler so high, t he would speak to his Friends, he would hear ason. *Jack-Daw*, *Jack*! asleep?

He puts him up.

Daw. Is he gone, Master *True-wit*?

Tim. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tim. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

Tim. Arm'd? Did you ever see a Fellow set out to ke Possession?

Daw. I, Sir.

Tim. That may give you some light to conceive of m; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some fetle other i' the House has furnish'd him strangely; or, it were out o' the House, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his inlwoman.

Tim.

Tru. He has got some bodies old two-hand Swo
to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword h
spawn'd such a Dagger! ——— But then he is
hung with Pikes, Halberds, Petronels, Callivers,
Muskets, that he looks like a Justice of Peace's Hi
A Man of Two thousand a Year is not fess'd at
many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fe
challeng'd at so many several Foils. You would th
he meant to murder all St. *Pulchres* Parish. If he co
but Victual himself for half a Year in his Breeches,
is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray y
Master *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd wi
Leg or an Arm; if not, you must dye once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my Right Arm,
writing *Madrigals*.

Tru. Why, if he will be satisfied with a Thumb
a Little-finger, all's one to me. You must think,
do my best.

Daw. Good Sir, do.

Cl. What hast thou done?

[*He puts him up again, and then came*

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he do
afore me; he offers his Left Arm.

Cl. His Left Wing, for a *Jack Daw*.

Daw. Take it, by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jest? W
a Conscience hast thou?

Daw. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no Employ
for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beside, as
maim his Body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar, and a Wit, and yet I
not think so. But he loses no Reputation with
for we all acted'd him an Ass before. To your
ers again.

Cl. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a litt

Tru. Look, you'll spoil all; there be ever
Tricks.

Cl. No, but I could hit of some things that
wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off Ise.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont.*

Tru Sir *Amorous*!

La-F. Matter *True-wit.*

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you shall rather tempt your reeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Question till your Throat be cut, do: daily ll the enraged Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. Daw it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, ere had been some hope to attone you; but he seems o implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my self.

Tru. Do, good Sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke me Jest upon him afore the Ladies ——

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke Jest upon any Man. The Bride was praising Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in snuff, and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not Judge all the Horse full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember ll: But he walks the Round up and down, through ny Room o' the House, with a Towel in his Hand, ing, Where's *La-Foole*? Who saw *La-Foole*? And en *Dauphine*, and I demanded the Cause, we can e no Answer from him but (O Revenge, how sweet thou! I will strangle him in this Towel) Which ds us to conjecture, that the main Cause of his Fury for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about , to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, ay here till his Anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Resolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country presently.

Tru. How will you get out o' the House, Sir? He knows you are i' the House, and he'll watch you this fe'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Sergeant for you.

La F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must think how to victual your self in time then.

La. F. Why, sweet Master *True-wit*, will you entreat my Cousin *Otter* to send me a cold Venison Pasty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La. F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallet to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not advise you to sleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another fear ——

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot sure.

La-F. I'll set my Back against it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Battery against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. He has sent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows, perhaps blow up the Corner o' the House where he suspects you are. Here he comes; quickly. I protest, Sir *John Dan*, is not this way: What will you do? Before God you shall hang no *Pa* here: I'll dye rather. Will you take my word? I never knew one would be satisfied. Sir *Amorous*, the no standing out: He has made a

He feigns as if one were present, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himself.

ad of an old Braſs Pot, to force your Door. Think upon ſome Satisfaction, or Terms, to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, Sir: I'll ſtand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of theſe two fear'd moſt? *He calls forth* Clerimont & Dauphine.

Cle. Yes, but this fears the braveſt: The other, a whinilling Daſtard, *Jack Daw!* But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a ſtout Accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity theſe two ſhould ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I muſt ſtrike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Cataſtrophe*?

Tru. Umh? I, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and en ſtill; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows, as they have done. 'Twere Sin to inform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpoſe of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and diſcourſe to 'em all that's paſt, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extreme Vanity now: Thou think'ſt thou wert undone, if every Jeſt thou mak'ſt were not laugh'd

Tru. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. *Clerimont*, ſay it was *Dauphine's* Plot. Truſt me not, the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a Chaſt i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf o' thy Face, and a Cuſhion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away——*John Daw*.

Dau. What good News, Sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him for you. I told him, you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir.

Tru. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: So ſ
firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, t
much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and ſix o' your Fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreaſonable.

Tru Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpa
'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as y
know) I brought him down to your two Butter-teet
and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

Tru. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The Co
cluſion is this, Sir: Becauſe you ſhall be very go
Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred
upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has do
any ſuch thing to you in his own Perſon; he is to co
here in Diſguiſe, give you five Kicks in private, S
take your Sword from you, and lock you up in th
Study during pleaſure: Which will be but a lit
while, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to
Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you ſhall not over-ſhoot your ſ
to ſend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it with all
heart, to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo,
heartily too, upon theſe Terms, he ſhall have me
Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's ſix Kicks to a Man that
Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*. No ſpeaking one to another,
rehearſing old Matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth, and kicks*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir
rous, you ſhall have ſix.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. C
give him ſix, and he will needs. Your Sword. No

turn to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the Ladies, and be the dearest Friends one to another —— Give me the Scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I should take the Quarrel upon my self. Here he has sent you his Sword ——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to fasten it against a Wall, and break your Head in some few several places against the Hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No, I'll beat it against a fair flat Wall, if that will satisfie him: If not, he shall beat it himself, for *Amorous*.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another Condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru. Then you must submit your self to be hoodwink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, *Gules*, and Tweaks by the Nose *in verbo*.

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; because if he should grow insolent upon this, and paddle it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might swear falsly, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Language one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he should —— Co
Sir. All hid, Sir *John*. [Dauphine *enters to tweak h*
La-F. Oh, Sir *John*. Sir *John*. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh-
Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow
Nose off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s pleasure, you should retire
to the Study. Why, now you are Friends. All B
terness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall co
forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and e
brace with all the rankness of Friendship that can
I trust, we shall have 'em tamer i' their Langua
hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worship thee. God's will,
Ladies have surpriz'd us.

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicen
Trusty, Dauphine, True-wit, &c.

Having discovered part of the past Scene abov

Centaure, how our Judgments were impos'd on
these adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than w
'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam,
their Braveries. I never look'd toward their Va

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it
Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs. Ott. So Master *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Morose*, when you come to the Co
will you bring him with you? He seems a very
Gentleman.

Epi. He is so, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Morose*?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I h
got me a Coach and Horses.

Hau. No, to morrow, good *Morose*; *Centaure* s
lend you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis.*

Mav. He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he shews he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, Madam, that have their Faces set in a Bark.

Hau. *I*, and have every Hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than our selves, and profess more Neatness than the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only Thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that Perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine*'s Carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for such a Nose!

Mav. Or such a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Look!

Cen. Good *Morose*, bring him to my Chamber first.

Mrs. Otr. Please your Honours to meet at my House, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our Brace of Knights here, Master *True-wit.*

Tru. Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine*'s ingine; who, if he have disturnish'd your Ladyship of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, Sir.

Cen. Gods so, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is killing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beside the Discovery of two such empty Caskets) to gain the Knowledge of so rich a Mine of Vertue as Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. We would be all glad to title him of our Friendship, and see him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter Society, I prophecie; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Dau. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee *Dauphine*? Why, all the Actions are governed by crude Opinion, without Reaſon or Cauſe; they know not why they do any thing but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now that haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine*'s Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends, *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Maſter *True-wit*?

Dau. I; but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your Countenance, or outward Bearing to 'em, any diſcovery of their Follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what aſſurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. Mav. Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack-Daw*.

Daw. What ſay you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no Anſwer; your Looks to your Adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw*! where ha' you been?

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in peace, Man.

Dau. Where's your Sword, Sir *John*?

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous*?

Daw Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuses meet!

Cle. What a consent there is i' the Handles?

You. Nay, there is so i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

Morose, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

WHat make these naked Weapons here, Gentlemen?

[*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*

Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to been Murder since you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Bride's Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your House had been begg'd by this time for——

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man-slaughter, Sir, as being Accessory.

Mor. And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not present. *Clerimont*, carry in their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you spoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is such a noise i' the Court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! Such speaking, and counter-speaking, with the several Voices of *Citations*, *Appellations*, *Allegations*, *Certificates*, *Attachments*, *Interrogatories*, *References*, *Conclusions*, and *Affidavits* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noise here is Silence to't! a kind of calm Mid-night!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that shall inquire into every leak Scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Master *True-wit*?

Tru. Yes, and are very sober grave Persons, that will dispatch it a Chamber, with a Whisper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, shall I hope this Benefit from you and trust my self into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been sham'd, and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, S

Mor. Do your pleasure with me Gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deserves no Delusion ——

Tru. You shall find none Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of Vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit*?

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Dau. Why? to what purpose?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepest Divine, and grave Lawyer, out o' them two, for him ——

Dau. Thou canst not, Man; these are wak Dreams,

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a Civil Gown w a Welt o' the one, and a Canonical Cloke with Sleev o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' their Mou if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compl a Parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not election: And I hope, without wronging the Dig of either Profession, since they are but Persons put and for Mirths sake, to torment him. The Ba smatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out Case, to his no comfort, let me be thought a *Jack-a* or *La-Foole*, or any thing worse. Go you to your dies, but first send for them.

Dau. I will.

A C

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

WHere had you our Swords, Master *Clerimont*?

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Master *Clerimont*. Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you so, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to translate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his Box of Instruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon!

La-F. For the *Mathematicks*: his Square, his Compasses, his Brass Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Person where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Persons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nonnunack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia*, and of his Mistriss, Mistriss *Epicœne*.

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. Sir *John*, I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies wherever you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will Sir.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do, withal —— But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions ——

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Perſon.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Perſon, and the Diſcourſe too.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Diſcourſe —— and then you have Activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many Joynt-Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it ——

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for betwee you, you divide the Kingdom, or Commonwealth Ladies Affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a litt how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You coul tell ſtrange Stories, my Maſters, if you would, I know

Daw. Faith, we have ſeen ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have —— Velvet Petticoats, an wrought Smocks, or ſo.

Daw. I, and ——

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy yo Friend the pleaſure of hearing, when you have ha the delight of telling.

Daw. Why —— a —— do you ſpeak, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw*.

Daw. I' faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I' faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been ——

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our ſhi On, Sir *John*.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous*.

Cle. And theſe Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter —— they were theſe, or other Our Bath coſt us fifteen Pound when we came home.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the same House with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and convers'd with her hourly, Sir.

Cle. And what Humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Sir; we must not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any Report; and therefore speak plainly: How many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Dost thou, i' faith, *Amorous*?

La F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak softly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty*: He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimo

I Assure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the Price and E mation of your Vertue only, that hath embar me to this Adventure; and I could not but make to tell you so: Nor can I repent me of the Act, s it is always an Argument of some Vertue in our selv that we love and affect it so in others.

Dau. Your Ladyship sets too high a Price on Weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish Gems for Pebbles——

Dau. (Are you so skilful in Stones?)

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a Judgm as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Soci with *Centaure* or *Mavis*———

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are y meer Foils.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It ma me love you the more. It is not the outward, but t inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehens of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty*?

Hau. I come presently, *Centaure*. My Chamber, S my Page shall shew you; and *Trusty*, my Woman, sh be ever awake for you: You need not fear to comm nicate any thing with her, for she is a *Fidelia*. I pr you wear this Jewel for my sake, Sir *Dauphine*. When *Mavis*, *Centaure*?

Cen. Within Madam, a writing. I'll follow y presently: I'll but speak a word with Sir *Dauphine*.

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, do not trust *Haughty*, t make any Credit to her, what ever you do beli Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this Caution, she is a per

Co

Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uſes; and for her Uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her Phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above Fifty too, and pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worſe Face than ſhe! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' theſe Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty*, *Mavis*?

Mav. Within, *Centaure*.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you ſhall not ſee it i' faith, *Centaure*.) Good Sir *Dauphine*, ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine*? how doſt thou quit thy ſelf of theſe Females?

Dau. 'Slight they haunt me like Fairies, and give me Jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cle. O, you muſt not tell though.

Dau. Maſs, I forgot that: I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this: Another loves me with Caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me: A third brings me a Riddle here: And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray le' me ſee't.

[*He reads the Paper.*

Sir Dauphine, *I choſe this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpoſe to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be ſo honour'd, as to appear at any end of ſo noble a Work, I would enter into a ſame of taking Phyſick to morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Viſitation.* Mavis.

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their Plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: His Knights *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cle.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vani ever confeſs'd ſuch Stories of themſelves. I wou not give a Flies Leg in ballance againſt all the W mens Reputations here, if they could be but thoug to ſpeak truth: And for the Bride, they have ma their *Affidavit* againſt her directly——

Dau. What, that they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times, and Circumſtanc with the Cauſe why, and the Place where. I h almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done to day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a ſooth or two more I h effected it. They would ha' ſet it down under th Hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I ſee, ſti whether we will or no.

ACT V. SCENE III.

True-wit, Moroſe, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimon Dauphine.

O Are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call yo Uncle preſently: I have fitted my Divine a my Canoniſt, dyed their Beards and all. Th Knaves do not know themſelves, they are ſo exalte and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Th ſhalt keep one Door, and I another, and then *Cle mont* in the midſt, that he may have no means of e cape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot on and then the Women (as I have given the Bride in Inſtructions) to break in upon him i' the *Fury*. 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch hi Come, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, look your Parts now, and diſcharge 'em bravely; ye are well ſet forth, perform it as well. If you chan to be out, do not confeſs it with ſtanding ſtill, humming

humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are safe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your Garments, though you lose your selves after, and drop out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: Set your Faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Mor. Are these the two Learned Men?

Tru. Yes, Sir; please you salute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time so unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how these common Forms, as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives? or, *I am glad to see you*! When I cannot see what the Profit can be of these Words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose Affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Master Doctor, and Master Parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the Business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your selves in the State of the Question, I know. This is the Gentleman who exacts your Resolution, and therefore when you please, begin

Ott. Please you, Master Doctor.

Cut. Please you, good Master Parson.

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive Divinity, Sir,

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumstances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my Peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your Disputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my Mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things

were

were necessary to the Carriage of my Life, a
what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the
ther: In short, that I should endear my self to rest,
avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another
ture to me. So that I come not to your publick Ple
ings, or your Places of Noise; not that I neg
those things that make for the Dignity of the C
mon-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamo
and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not h
to be silent. And for the Cause of Noise, am I
a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a mi
I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of E
My very House turns round with the Tumult! I d
in a Wind-mill! The Perpetual Motion is here,
not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Master Doctor, will you break
Ice? Master Parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I
presume

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Question is, For how many Causes a M
may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce. F
you must understand the Nature of the word Divo
a divertendo ———

Mor. No excursions upon Words, good Doctor,
the Question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, The Canon-Law affords
vorce but in few Cases; and the principal is in
common Case, the Adulterous Case: But there
duodecim impedimenta, twelve Impediments, (as
call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*,
irritum reddere matrimonium, as we lay in the C
non-Law; *not take away the Bond, but cause a Nu*
therein.

Mor. I understood you before: Good Sir, avoid
Impertinency of Translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by y
favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you must give the Learned Men leave, Sir. To your Impediments, Master Doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are several *species.*

Cut. I, as *error personæ.*

Ott. If you contract your self to one Person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If she be a Beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam,* but not *post copulam,* Sir.

Cut. Master Parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia,* annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no substancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fallen from by this time.

Cut. The next is *Conditio:* If you thought her freeborn, and she prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Estate and Condition.

Ott. I, but, Master Doctor, those Servitudes are antiquate now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, Master Parson ——

Ott. You shall give me leave, Master Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Question; it concerns not my Case: Pass to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum:* If either Party have made a Vow of Chastity. But that Practice, as Master Parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Discipline. The fourth is *cognatio;* if the Persons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Question, I am sure.

Cut.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment m
which is *cognatio ſpiritualis*: If you were her God
ther, Sir, then the Marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is abſurd, and ſuperſtitious, N
ſter Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all B
thers and Siſters, and as much a kin in that, as G
fathers and God-daughters.

Mor. O me! To end the Controverſie, I never
a Godfather, I never was a Godfather in my life,
Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the kno
Caſe. The ſixth, *cultus diſparitas*, difference of Re
gion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion
is of?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than
put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt: Sh
you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes he has done halt, Sir. (On to the re
Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *vis*; if it were upon compul
or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too vol
tary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have ta
Holy Orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor. No matter, Maſter Parſon; would ſhe wo
go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound,
to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt my ſelf too ſoon into theſe Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inc
ta quadam affinitas.*

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but
impedimentum.

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in
this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: And *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro* ——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Maſter Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat* ——

Ott. *Et vere filius qui ſic generatur* ——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is Comfort come at length, Sir. Confeſs your ſelf but a Man unable, and ſhe will ſue to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & insanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo ——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay troth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That *a Boy, or Child, under years, is not fit for Marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *impotentes* ——

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whorſon Lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti & contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. *Matrimonium?* We ſhall have moſt un-matrimonial *Latin* with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a Doubt, Maſter Parſon, in our Caſe, *poſſe matrimonium*: that *frigiditas prædicta* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere ea pro sorore.*

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and meerly *apostatical.*

Cut. You shall pardon me, Master Parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Master Doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the Verse of your own *Canon* say, *Hæc fœcunda vetant connubia, facta retractant* ——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Master Parson?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's false in Divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in Humanity, to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum?* Can he *præstare fidem debitam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impossible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the Learned Men, they'll think you neglect 'em else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Dau. (They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris*; and this is positive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me escape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeste frigidus* Sir——

Cut. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you——

Ott. Why, that was my Conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the Conclusion, Sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa*——

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine Ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

M

Mor. Good *Eccho's*, forbear.
Ott. If you confeſs it ——
Cut. Which I would do, Sir ——
Mor. I will do any thing ——
Ott. And clear my ſelf in *foro conſcientiæ* ——
Cut. Becauſe you want indeed ——
Mor. Yet more?
Ott. *Exercend: poteſtate.*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Epicœne, Meroſe, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.*

I Will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a Wrong as never was offer'd to poor Bride before: upon her Marriage-day to have her Husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary Companions to be brought in for Forms ſake, to perſwade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch Earwigs about a Husband, or Cupions to creep between Man and Wife ——
Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!
Haw. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our Grooms.
Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.
Mav. We'll have our Men Blanket 'em i' the Hall.
Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our Houſe, Madam, peeping in at the Door.
Daw. Content, i' faith.
Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?
Mav. I'll ha' the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine*'s sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, M dam, as any is about the Town, and wears as g Colours when he lists.

Tru. Be brief, Sir, and confess your Infirmit she'll be a fire to be quit of you, if she but h that nam'd once, you shall not entreat her stay; she'll fly you like one that had the M upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your Pardons ——

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your wh Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentle man ——

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmity, which befor confer'd with these Learned Men, I thought I mi have conceal'd ——.

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his Con ence by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfa on, by asking your publick Forgiveness.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reason of fo *dity*, to perform the Duties, or any the least Offic a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentle man?

Mrs. *Ott.* A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, a Device, a Device, this; it smells ra ly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you suspect that, Ladies, you h have him search'd.

Daw. As the Cuſtom is, by a Jury of Phyſicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, let Women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it our ſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cle. Why, then 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if ſhe conſent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the ſame in *Theology*.

Mor. Worſe, worſe than worſt!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly diſheartned; we have yet a ſmall Relick of Hope left, as near as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Maſter Parſon, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whiſper the Bride, that ſhe carry it as if ſhe were guilty and aſham'd.

Ott. Marry Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Maſter Doctor did forbear to urge) if ſhe be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine deſponſa*, eſpous'd for a Maid——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* all.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that will affirm ſo much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Maſter *Clerimont*.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Maſter *Clerimont*.

Cle. Nay, you muſt make it good now, Knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no words for you, not no man: You know you ſpoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. *Jack Daw*, he's worſe than Sir *Andrew*; better a great

a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Da*
in this *Clerimont*.

La-F. I'll confeſs it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound R
putation?

La-F. I am reſolv'd.

Tru So ſhould you be too, *Jack Daw*: What ſhou
keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in diſgra
He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' b
angry.

Cle. You will diſpatch, Knights; it muſt be do
i' faith.

Tru. Why, an' it muſt, it ſhall, Sir, they ſ
They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you aſſ
me?

Daw. That we have known your Bride, Sir —

La-F. In good faſhion. She was our Miſtriſs, or ſ

Cle. Nay, you muſt be plain, Knights, as you w
to me.

Ott. I, the Queſtion is, if you have *carnaliter*,
no?

La-F. Carnaliter? What elſe, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *Nullity*.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worſhip and adore you, Gentlem

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank theſe Knights. I
ſter Parſon, let me thank you otherwiſe.

Cen. And ha' they confeſs'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You ſee what Creatures you may beſtow
Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except againſt 'em as beaten Kni
Wench, and not good Witneſſes in Law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor Gentlewoman, how ſhe takes it!

Ham. Be comforted, *Morose*, I love you the letter for't.

Cen. So do I, I proteſt.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her ſince *Matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to day, Maſter Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to day.

Cut. Why, then I ſay, for any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unleſs the Worſhipful Bridegroom did preciſely, before Witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *Virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I aſſure you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithſtanding the Premiſſes; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Otr. I am of Maſter Doctor's reſolution too, Sir; if you made not that Demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my Heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worſt of all worſt words that Hell could have deviſ'd! Marry a Whore! and ſo much guile!

Dau. Come, I ſee now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parſon, to abuſe a Gentleman. You ſtudy his Affliction. I pray be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it pleaſe you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleaſure of dying in ſilence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I muſt ſpeak to you. I have been long your poor deſpis'd Kinſman, and many a hard thought has ſtrengthned you againſt me: But now it ſhall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beſide. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match abſolutely, and inſtantly, after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpair, how ——

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a mur-

mur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve
you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! Thou shalt de
serve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, a
Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine ow
Conditions. My whole Estate is thine; manage it,
will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suiter to yo
Uncle, that out of your Estate, which is Fifte
hundred a Year, you would allow me but Five hu
dred during Life, and assure the rest upon me afte
to which I have often, by my self and my Frien
tendred you a Writing to sign, which you would n
ver consent or incline to. If you please but to effect
now ——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, Nephew: I will do
and more.

Dau. If I quit you not presently, and for ever
this Cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore
these, to revoke your Act, and I will become wh
Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will seal to it, th
er to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched Gentlew
man.

Hau. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my Nephew knows you belike; aw
Crocodile.

Can. He does it not sure without good ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I wi
subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wi
for my Deliverance. Thou art my Redeemer. Here,
deliver it thee as my Deed. If there be a Word in
lack

king, or writ with falſe Orthography, *I* proteſt fore—— *I* will not take the Advantage.

Daw. Then here is your Releaſe, Sir; you have married a Boy, a Gentleman's ſon, that *I* have brought up this half year, at my great Charges, and for this compoſition, which I have now made with you. What ſay you, Maſter Doctor? This is *juſtum impedimentum*, I hope, *error perſonæ*

Otter. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*

Daw. I thank you, good Doctor *Cutbeard*, and Parſon *Otter*. You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Maſter *True-wit*, who enabled 'em for the Buſineſs. Now you may go and reſt, be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. *Cutbeard*, I'll make your Leaſe good Thank me not, but with your Dog, *Cutbeard*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me?

He takes off Epicœne's Perruke.

He pulls off their Beards and Diſguiſe

Otter. A Boy!

Daw. Yes, Miſtriſs *Epicœne*.

True. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deſerv'ſt it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to Confeſſion, wear my part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you ſee the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the Woman-kind be, ſpecially for lying on her, though not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure. But that we have ſtuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd perſons, and lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from ſuch Cuckows as you are. But as they, that when no merit of Fortune can make

make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lie
their Reputations, and make their Fame ſuffer. A
you common Moths of theſe, and all Ladies Hon
Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come h
with ſome new Matter to be laught at; you de
to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith
feed Rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this
Metamorphoſis! But here ſtands ſhe that has vindic
your Fames. Take heed of ſuch *inſecta* herea
And let it not trouble you, that you have di
ver'd any Myſteries to this young Gentleman: H
(a'moſt) of Years, and will make a good Viſitant w
in this Twelve-month. In the mean time, we'll all
dertake for his Secrecy, that can ſpeak ſo well o
Silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*,
chearfully, and now *Moroſe* is gone in, clap
Hands it may be, that Noiſe will cure him, at
pleaſe him.

THE END.

V C

C C

Firſt

King's

With t

By

Samuel &

Printed

VOLPONE,

OR, THE

FOX.

A

COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1605.

BY THE

King's MAJESTY'S Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

By *BEN. JOHNSON.*

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ. Horat

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near the *Water-side.*

PROLOGUE,

NOw, Luck yet send us, and a little Wit
Will serve, to make our Play hit;
(According to the Palates of the Season)
Have it Rhyme, not empty of Reason.
This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,
Whose true Scope, if you would know it,
In all his Poems still hath been this Measure,
To mix Profit with your Pleasure;
And not as some (whose Throats, their Envy failing)
Cry hoarsly, All he writes is Railing:
And, when his Plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a Year about them.
To these there needs no Lie, but this his Creature,
Which was two Months since no Feature;
And, though he dares give them Five Lives to mend it,
'Tis known, Five Weeks fully penn'd it;
From his own Hand, without a Co-adjutor,
Novice, Journey-man, or Tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you, as a Token
Of his Play's worth, No Eggs are broken,
Nor quaking Custards with fierce Teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your Rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a Gull, old Ends reciting,
To stop Gaps in his loose Writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd Action,
As might make Bethlem a Fashion:
Nor made he his Play for Jests stol'n from each Table,
But makes Jests to fit his Fable;
And so presents quick Comedy refined,
As best Criticks have designed:
The Laws of Time, Place, Person, he observeth,
From no needful Rule he swerveth.
All Gall and Coppresse from his Ink he draineth,
Only a little salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your Cheeks, till (Red with Laughter)
They shall look fresh a Week after.

The Persons of the PLAY.

VOlpone, *a Magnifico.*
Mosca, *his Parasite.*
Voltore, *an Advocate.*
Coraccio, *an old Gentleman.*
Corvino, *a Merchant.*
Avocatori, *four Magistrates.*
Notario, *the Register.*
Nano, *a Dwarf.*
Castrone, *an Eunuch.*
Politick Would-be, *a Knight.*
Peregrine, *a Gentleman Traveller.*
Bonario, *a young Gentleman.*
Fine Madam Would-be, *the Knight's Wife.*
Celia, *the Merchant's Wife.*
Commandadori, *Officers.*
Mercatori, *three Merchants.*
Androgyno, *a Hermaphrodite.*
Servitore, *a Servant.*
Grege. Women.

The SCENE *VENICE.*

The Principal Comœdians were

Ric. Burbadge.
Hen. Condel.
Wil. Sly.

Joh. Hemings.
Joh. Lowin.
Alex. Cooke.

VOLPONE,

OR, THE

FOX.

The ARGUMENT.

Volpone, Childleſs, Rich, feigns Sick, deſpairs,
Offers his State to Hopes of ſeveral Heirs,
Lies languiſhing: His Paraſite receives
Preſents of all, aſſures, deludes; then weaves
Other croſs Plots, which one themſelves, are told.
New Tricks for ſafety are found out: they thrive: When bold,
Each tempts the other again, and all are ſold.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Volpone, Moſca.

GOod Morning to the Day; and next, my Gold:
Open the Shrine, that I may ſee my Saint.
Hail the World's Soul, and mine! More glad than is
The teeming Earth to ſee the long'd for Sun
Peep through the Horns of the Celeſtial *Ram*,
Am I, to view thy Splendor, darkning his;
That lying here, amongſt my other Hoards,
Shew'ſt like a Flame by Night, or like the Day
Struck out of *Chaos*, when all Darkneſs fled

Unto the Center. O thou Son of *Sol*,
(But brighter than thy Father) let me kiſs,
With Adoration, thee, and every Relick
Of ſacred Treaſure in this bleſſed Room.
Well did wiſe Poets by thy glorious Name
Title that Age which they would have the beſt;
Thou being the beſt of Things, and far tranſcending
All Style of Joy, in Children, Parents, Friends,
Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
Thy Looks when they to *Venus* did aſcribe,
They ſhould have given her twenty thouſand *Cupids*;
Such are thy Beauties and our Loves! Dear Saint,
Riches, the dumb God, that giv'ſt all Men Tongues,
That canſt do nought, and yet mak'ſt Men do all things;
The Price of Souls; even Hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth Heav'n. Thou art Vertue, Fame,
Honour, and all things elſe. Who can get thee,
He ſhall be Noble, Valiant, Honeſt, Wiſe —

Moſ. And what he will, Sir. Riches are in Fortune
A greater Good, than Wiſdom is in Nature.

Vol. True, my beloved *Moſca*. Yet I glory
More in the cunning Purchaſe of my Wealth,
Than in the glad Poſſeſſion, ſince I gain
No common way; I uſe no Trade, no Venture;
I wound no Earth with Plow-ſhares, I fat no beaſts
To feed the Shambles; have no Mills for Iron,
Oyl, Corn, or Men, to grind 'em into Powder:
I blow no ſubtil Glaſs, expoſe no Ships
To Threatnings of the furrow-faced Sea;
I turn no Monies in the Publick Bank,
Nor Uſure Private. *Moſ.* No, Sir, nor devour
Soft Prodigals. You ſhall ha' ſome will ſwallow
A melting Heir as glibly as your *Dutch*
Will Pills of Butter, and ne'er purge for't;
Tear forth the Fathers of poor Families
Out of their Beds, and Coffin them alive
In ſome kind claſping Priſon, where their Bones
May be forth-coming, when the Fleſh is rotten:
But your ſweet Nature doth abhor theſe Courſes;
You loath the Widows or the Orphans Tears

Should w
Ring in y
Vol. Rig
You are n
With a h
And, hun
But feeds
Not like t
With *Ros*
Yet drink
You will
Feed on y
You know
From that
Or to you
Your Eun
Your Pleaſ
Take of m
And they
Call forth
And let 'e
But cocke
To all De
I have no
To give m
Muſt be m
This draw
Women a
That bring
With hop
Each greed
Ten-fold
Above the
And count
Commend i
All which
And am c
And look
And look
Letting th
And draw

Should wash your Pavements, or their piteous Cries
Ring in your Roofs, and beat the Air for Vengeance.
Vol. Right, *Mosca*, I do loath it. *Mos.* And befides, Sir,
You are not like a Thresher, that doth ſtand
With a huge Flail, watching a heap of Corn,
And, hungry, dares not taſte the ſmalleſt Grain,
But feeds on Mallows, and ſuch bitter Herbs;
Nor like the Merchant, who hath fill'd his Vaults
With *Romagna*, and rich *Candian* Wines,
Yet drinks the Lees of *Lombardy* Vinegar:
You will not lie in Straw, whilſt Moths and Worms
Feed on your ſumptuous Hangings and ſoft Beds.
You know the Uſe of Riches, and dare give now
From that bright Heap, to me, your poor Obſerver,
Or to your Dwarf, or your Hermaphrodite,
Your Eunuch, or what other Houſhold Trifle
Your Pleaſure allows Maintenance—*Vol.* Hold thee, *Moſca*.
Take of my Hand; thou ſtrik'ſt on Truth in all,
And they are envious term thee Paraſite.
Call forth my Dwarf, my Eunuch, and my Fool,
And let 'em make me ſport. What ſhould I do,
But cocker up my *Genius*, and live free
To all Delights my Fortune calls me to?
I have no Wife, no Parent, Child, Allie,
To give my Subſtance to; but whom I make
Muſt be my Heir; and this makes Men obſerve me:
This draws new Clients daily to my Houſe,
Women and Men, of every Sex and Age,
That bring me Preſents, ſend me Plate, Coin, Jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it ſhall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilſt ſome, covetous
Above the reſt, ſeem to engroſs me wholly,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in Gifts, as they would ſeem in Love:
All which I ſuffer, playing with their Hopes,
And am content to coſen 'em into Profit,
And look upon their Kindneſs, and take more,
And look on that; ſtill baiting them in hand,
Letting the Cherry knock againſt their Lips,
And draw it by their Mouths, and back again. How now!

ACT I. SCENE II.

Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone, Volpone, Moſca.

NOw room for freſh Gameſters, who do will you to know
They do bring you neither Play, nor Univerſity Show;
And therefore do entreat you, that whatſoever they vebearſe
May not fare a whit the worſe, for the falſe Pace of the Verſe.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more e're we paſs;
For know, here is incloſ'd the Soul of Pythagoras,
That Juggler Divine, as hereafter ſhall follow;
Which Soul (faſt and looſe, Sir) came firſt from Apollo,
And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius *his Son,*
Where it had the Gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick Tranſmigration
To Goldy-lockt Euphorbus, *who was kill'd in good faſhion*
At the Siege of old Troy, *by the Cuckold of* Sparta.
Hermotimus *was next* (*I find it in my* Charta)
To whom it did paſs, where no ſooner it was miſſing,
But with one Pyrrhus *of* Delos *it leapt to go a fiſhing;*
And thence did it enter the Sophiſt of Greece,
From Pythagore, *ſhe went into a beautiful Piece*
Hight Aſpaſia, *the* Meretrix; *and the next Poſt of her*
Was again of a Whore ſhe became a Philoſopher,
Crates *the* Cynick, *(as it ſelf doth relate it)*
Since Kings, Knights, and Beggars, Knaves, Lords, and Fools,
Beſides Ox and Aſs, Camel, Mule, Goat, and Brock, (*at laſt*)
In all which it hath ſpoke, as in the Cobler's Cock.
But I come not here to diſcourſe of that Matter,
Or his One, Two, *or* Three, *or his great Oath,* By Quater,
His Mutucks, *his* Trigon, *his* Golden Thigh,
Or his telling how Elements ſhift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou haſt ſuffered Tranſlation,
And ſhifted thy Coat in theſe Days of Reformation?
And. *Like one of the Reformed, a Fool, as you ſee,*
Counting all old Doctrine Hereſie.
Nan. *But not on thine own forbid Meats haſt thou ventur'd?*
And. *Oh Fie, when firſt a* Carthuſian *I enter'd.*

Nan.

Nan. *Why, then thy dogmatical Silence hath left thee?*
And. *Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft me.*
Nan. *O wonderful Change! When Sir Lawyer forsook thee,*
For Pythagore's *sake, what Body then took thee?*
And. *A good dull Moyl.* Nan. *And how! by that means*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of Beans?
And. *Yes.* Nan. *But from the Moyl into whom didst thou pass?*
And. *Into a very strange Beast, by some Writers call'd an Ass;*
Others, a precise, pure, illuminate Brother,
Of those devour-like, and sometimes one another;
And will drop you forth a Libel or a sanctified Lie,
Betwixt every Spoonful of a Nativity-Pie.
Nan. *Now quit thee, for Heaven, of that profane Nation,*
And gently report thy next Transmigration.
And. *To the same that I am.* Nan. *A Creature of Delight?*
And (what is more than a Fool) an Hermaphrodite?
I prithee, sweet Soul, in all thy Variation,
Which Body wouldst thou chuse, to keep up thy Station?
And. *Truth, this I am in; even here would I tarry.*
Nan *Cause here the Delight of each Sex thou canst vary?*
And. *Alas, those Pleasures be stale and forsaken;*
No, 'tis your Fool wherewith I am so taken,
The only one Creature that I can call blessed;
For all other Forms I have prov'd most distressed.
Nan. *Spoke true, as thou wert in* Pythagoras *still.*
This learned Opinion we celebrate will,
Now Eunuch, (as behoves us) with all our Wit and Art,
To dignifie that whereof our selves are so great and special
Vol. Now very, very pretty: *Mosca*, this (*a Part.*
Is thy Invention? *Mos.* If it please my Patron,
Not else. *Vol.* It doth, good *Mosca*. *Mos.* Then it was, Sir.

SONG.

FOols, they are the only Nation
Worth Mens Envy or Admiration;
Free from Care, or Sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they speak or do is Sterling.
Your Fool he is your Great Man's Darling,

And

And your Ladies Sport and Pleasure;
Tongue and Bable are his Treasure.
Even his Face begetteth Laughter,
And he speaks Truth free from Slaughter;
He's the Grace of every Feast,
And sometimes the Chiefest Guest;
Hath his Trencher and his Stool,
When Wit waits upon the Fool.
O, who would not be
He, he, he?

One knocks without.

Vol. Who's that? Away, look, *Mosca.*
Mos. Fool, be gone, 'tis Signior *Voltore* the Advo
I know him by his Knock. *Vol.* Fetch me my Go
My Furs, and Night-caps; say, my Couch's chang
And let him entertain himself a while
Without i' th' Gallery. Now, now, my Clients
Begin their Visitation! Vulture, Kite,
Raven, Gorcrow, all my Birds of Prey,
That think me turning Carcass, now they come:
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?
Mos. A piece of Plate, Sir.
Vol. Of what bigness? *Mos.* Huge,
Massie, and Antique, with your Name inscrib'd,
And Arms engraven. *Vol.* Good! and not a Fox
Stretcht on the Earth, with fine deludive Sleights,
Mocking a gaping Crow? ha, *Mosca? Mos.* Sharp,
Vol. Give me my Furs. Why dost thou laugh so,
Mos. I cannot chuse, Sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to day,
And gave him all, what he should be to morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventes;
How he should worship'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride, with his Furs, and Foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of Fools, and Clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as lettet'd as himself;
Be call'd the great, and learned Advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Vol. Yes, to be learned, *Mosca*. *Mos.* O, no: rich
lies it. Hood an Ass with reverend Purple,
you can hide his two ambitious Ears,
he shall pass for a Cathedral Doctor.
Vol. My Caps, my Caps, good *Mosca*; fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, Sir, your Ointment for your Eyes.
Vol. That's true;
patch, dispatch: I long to have possession
my new Present. *Mos.* That, and thousands more,
ope, to see you Lord of *Vol.* Thanks, kind *Mosca*.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
hundred such as I am, in succession ——
Vol. Nay, that were too much, *Mosca*.
Mos. You shall live,
, to delude these *Harpies*, *Vol.* Loving *Mosca*,
well, my Pillow now, and let him enter.
, my fain'd Cough, my Phthisick, and my Gout,
Apoplexy, Palsie, and Catarrhs,
p, with your forced Functions, this my posture,
herein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

YOU still are, what you were, Sir. Only you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his love:
you do wisely, to preserve it thus,
th early visitation, and kind notes
your good meaning to him, which, I know,
not but come most grateful. Patron, Sir,
's Signior *Voltore* is come —— *Volp.* What say you?
Mos. Sir, Signior *Voltore* is come, this morning,
visit you. *Volp.* I thank him. *Mos.* And hath brought
piece of antique Plate, bought of S. *Mark*,
th which he here presents you. *Volp.* He is welcome.
y him, to come more often. *Mos.* Yes.
Volt. What says he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.

Volp.

Volp. *Mosca.* *Mos.* My Patron?
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand. *Mos.* The Plate is here,
Volt. How fare you, Sir?
Volp. I thank you, Signior *Voltore*,
Where is the Plate? mine Eyes are bad. *Volt.* I'm
To see you still thus weak. *Mos.* That he is not w
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, Sir, would to Heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that Plate.
Volp. You give, Sir, what you can. I thank you.

Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd.
I pray you see me often. *Volt.* Yes, I shall, Sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Mos. Do you observe that, Sir?
Volp. Harken unto me still: It will concern you.
Mos. You are a happy Man, Sir, know your g
Volp. I cannot now last long ——
(*Mos.* You are his Heir, Sir.
Volt. Am I?) *Volp.* I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh,
I am sailing to my Port, (uh, uh, uh, uh?)
And I am glad, I am so near my Haven.
Mos. Alas, kind Gentleman, well, we must all
Volt. But *Mosca* —— *Mos* Age will conquer.
Volt Pry thee, hear me.
Am I inscrib'd his Heir, for certain? *Mos.* Are y
I do beseech you, Sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me i'your Family. All my hopes,
Depend upon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising Sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, *Mos.*
Mos. Sir,
I am a Man, that have not done your love
All the worst Offices: here I wear your Keys,
See all your Coffers, and your Caskets lockt,
Keep the poor Inventory of your Jewels,
Your Plate, and Moneys; I'm your Steward, Sir,
Husband your Goods here. *Volt.* But am I sole H
Mos. Without a Partner, Sir, confirm'd this mo
The Wax is warm yet, and the Ink scarce dry

n the Parchment. *Volt.* Happy, happy, me!
hat good chance, ſweet *Moſca*?
f. Your deſert, Sir;
ow no ſecond cauſe. *Volt.* Thy modeſty
th to know it; well, we ſhall requite it.
f. He ever lik'd your courſe, Sir; that firſt took (him.
have heard him ſay, how he admir'd
of your large profeſſion, that could ſpeak
very cauſe, and things meer contraries,
they were hoarſe again, yet all be Law;
, with moſt quick agility, could turn,
re-turn; make knots, and undo them;
forked Counſel; take provoking Gold
ither hand, and put it up: theſe Men,
new, would thrive, with their humility.
(for his part) he thought, he ſhould be bleſt
ave his Heir of ſuch a ſuffering ſpirit,
ife, ſo grave, of ſo perplex'd a Tongue,
loud withal, that could not wag, nor ſcarce
ſtill, without a fee: when every word
Worſhip but lets fall, is a *Cecchine*!
[*Another knocks.*
's that? one knocks, I would not have you ſeen (Sir.
yet——pretend you came, and went in haſte;
ſhion an excuſe. And, gentle Sir,
n you do come to ſwim; in golden Lard,
to the Arms, in Hony, that your Chin
rn up ſtiff, with fatneſs of the Flood,
k on your Vaſſal; but remember me:
not been your worſt of Clients. *Volt. Moſca*——
f. When will you have your Inventory brought, (Sir?
ee a Copy of the Will? (anon)
bring 'em to you, Sir. Away, be gone,
dulneſs i' your Face. *Volp.* Excellent *Moſca*!
e hither, let me kiſs thee. *Mſ.* Keep you ſtill, Sir.
is *Corbaccio*. *Volp* Set the Plate away,
Vulture's gone, and the old Raven's come.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

BEtake you, to your silence, and your sleep:
Stand there, and multiply. Now, shall we
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can fain to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his Grave. Signior *Corbaccio*!
Yo' are very welcome, Sir.
Corb. How do's your Patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, Sir; no amends.
Corb. What? mends he?
Mos. No, Sir: he is rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his Couch, Sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Do's he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, Sir, all this Night.
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! He shall take
Some Counsel of Physicians: I have brought him
An *Opiate* here, from mine own Doctor ——
Mos. He will not hear of Drugs.
Corb. Why? I my self
Stood by, while 'twas made; saw all th' Ingredi
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. I, his last sleep, if he would take it. *Mos.*
He has no faith in Physick. *Corb.* 'Say you? 'say
Mos. He has no faith in Physick: he do's think
Most of your Doctors are the greater danger,
And worse Disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your Physician
Should never be his Heir. *Corb.* Not I his Heir?
Mos. Not your Physician, Sir. *Corb.* O, no, no,
I do not mean it. *Mos.* No, Sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a Man,
Before they kill him. *Corb.* Right, I do conceive

Mof. And then, they do it by Experiment;
which the Law not only doth abſolve 'em,
gives them great reward: and, he is loth
hire his death, ſo. *Corb.* It is true, they kill,
th as much licenſe, as a Judge. *Mof.* Nay, more;
he but kills, Sir, where the Law condemns,
d theſe can kill him too. *Corb.* I, or me;
any Man. How do's his Apoplex?
hat ſtrong on him ſtill? *Mof.* Moſt violent.
Speech is broken, and his Eyes are ſet,
Face drawn longer, than 'twas wont ——
Corb. How? how?
onger, than he was wont? *Mof.* No, Sir: his Face
wn longer than 'twas wont. *Corb.* O, good.
Mof. His Mouth
ver gaping, and his Eye lids hang. *Corb.* Good.
Mof. A freezing numneſs ſtiffens all his Joints,
d makes the colour of his Fleſh like Lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mof. His Pulſe beats ſlow, and dull.
Corb. Good ſymptoms ſtill.
Mof. And from his Brain ——
Corb. Ha? how? not from his Brain?
Mof. Yes, Sir, and from his Brain ——
(*Corb.* I conceive you, good.)
Mof. Flows a cold Sweat, with a continual Rhume,
th the reſolved corners of his Eyes.
Corb. Is't poſſible? yet I am better, ha!
w do's he, with the ſwimming of his Head?
Mof. O, Sir, 'tis paſt the *Scotomy*; he now,
th loſt his feeling, and hath left to ſnort:
hardly can perceive him, that he breaths.
Corb. Excellent, excellent, ſure I ſhall out-laſt him:
is makes me young again, a ſcore of Years.
Mof. I was a coming for you, Sir.
Corb. Has he made his Will?
hat has he giv'n me? *Mof.* No, Sir. *Corb.* Nothing? ha?
Mof. He has not made his Will, Sir. *Corb.* Oh, oh, oh.
hat then did *Voltore*, the Lawyer, here?
Mof. He ſmelt a Carcaſs, Sir, when he but heard
Maſter was about his Teſtament;
I did urge him to it, for your good —— *Corb.*

Corb. He came unto him, did he? *I* thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of Plate.
Corb. To be his Heir?
Mos. *I* do not know, Sir. *Corb.* True,
I know it too. *Mos.* By your own Scale, Sir.
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See *Mosca*, look,
Here, *I* have brought a Bag of bright *Cecchines*,
Will quite weigh down his Plate.
Mos. Yea, marry, Sir.
This is true Physick, this your sacred Medicine;
No talk of *Opiates*, to this great *Elixir*.
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
It shall be minister'd to him, in his Bowle?
Corb. I, do, do, do. *Mos.* Most blessed Cordial.
This will recover him. *Corb.* Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, Sir.
Corb. What? *Mos.* To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, Sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my ven
Give me't again. *Mos.* At no hand; pardon me;
You shall not do your self that wrong, Sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, Sir, 'tis your right, your own; no ma
Can claim a part: 'tis yours, without a rival,
Decreed by destiny. *Corb.* How? how, good *Mosca*?
Mos. I'll tell you, Sir. This fit he shall recover
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his Testament:
And shew him this. *Corb.* Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, Sir. *Corb.* Yes, with all my h
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make hone
There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe (
My Master your sole Heir. *Corb.* And disinherit
My Son? *Mos.* O, Sir, the better: for that colour

Shall make it much more taking. *Corb.* O, but colour?
Mos. This Will, Sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your Cares, your Watchings, and your many Prayers,
Your more than many Gifts, your this days Present,
And last, produce your Will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper Issue,
A Son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my Master, and made him your Heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of Conscience, and meer Gratitude ——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true. *Corb.* This Plot
Did I think on before. *Mos.* I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it? *Mos.* Yes, Sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which when he hath done, Sir——
Corb. Published me his Heir?
Mos. And you so certain, to survive him —— *Corb.* I.
Mos. Being so lusty a Man —— *Corb.* 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, Sir ——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very Organ, to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done your self a good ——
Corb. But multiplied it on my Son. *Mos.* 'Tis right,
(Sir.
Corb. Still, my invention. *Mos.* 'Lasse, Sir, Heaven
(knows,
Hath been all my study, all my care,
(e'en grow grey withal) how to work things ——
Corb. I do conceive, to get *Mosca*. *Mos.* You are he,
For whom I labour here. *Corb.* I do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. *Mos.* Rook go with you, Raven.
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, Sir —— *Corb.* And ——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your Ears, Sir.
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a Father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my Brother of his Blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not?
Mos. Your Worship is a precious Asse ——

Corb. What saist thou?

Mos. I do desire your Worship, to make haste, Sir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. *Volp.* O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides—— *Mos.* Contain
Your flux of laughter, Sir: you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any Hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good Rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee, in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, Sir, I but do, as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words;
Pour Oyl into their Ears: and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice, to it self? *Mos.* I, with our help, Sir.

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on Old-Age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their Limbs faint,
Their Senses dull, their Seeing, Hearing, Going,
All dead before them; yea, their very Teeth,
Their Instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his Gout, nor Palsie, feins himself
Younger, by scores of Years, flatters his Age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With Charms, like *Æson*, have his Youth restor'd:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if Fate,
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns Air! Who's that there, now? a thi

[*Another knocks.*

Mos. Close, to your Couch again: I hear his Voice.
It is *Corvino*, our spruce Merchant. *Volp.* Dead.
Mos. Another bout, Sir, with your Eyes. Who

(th

A C

ACT I. SCENE V.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

Signior *Corvino!* come most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy Hour is come, Sir.
Corv. He is not dead? *Mos.* Not dead, Sir, but as good;
He knows no Man. *Corv.* How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, Sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a Pearl.
Mos. Perhaps, he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his Mouth: Is your Pearl Orient, Sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. Signior *Corvino.* *Mos.* Hark.
Volp. Signior *Corvino.*
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, Sir,
And he has brought you a rich Pearl.
Corv. How do you, Sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelf *Carat.* *Mos.* Sir,
He cannot understand, his Hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him, to see you — *Corv.* Say,
I have a Diamond for him too. *Mos.* Best shew't, Sir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it! *Corv.* 'Las, good Gentleman!
How pitiful the Sight is! *Mos.* Tut, forget, Sir,
The weeping of an Heir should still be laughter,
Under a Vilor. *Corv.* Why? am I his Heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the Will,
Till he be dead: But, here has been *Corbaccio,*
Here has been *Voltore,* here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many,
All gaping here for Legacies; but I,
Being, the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior *Corvino,* Signior *Corvino*) took

Paper, and Pen, and Ink, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his Heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be Executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question, he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods, he made (either
(Through weakness) for consent: and sent home t
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.
Corv. O, my dear *Mosca.* Do's he not perceive us?
[*They embra*
Mos. No more than a blind Harper. He knows no M
No Face of Friend, nor name of any Servant,
Who't was that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those, he hath begotten, or brought up
Can he remember. *Corv.* Has he Children?
Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on Beggers,
Gypsies and *Jews*, and black-Moors, when he was dru
Knew you not that, Sir? 'Tis the common Fable.
The Dwarf, the Fool, the Eunuch are all his;
H'is the true Father of his Family,
In all, save me: but he has giv'en 'em nothing. (
Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not
Mos. Sure, Sir? why look you, credit your own s
The Pox approach, and add to your Diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, Sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the Plague to last,
(You may come near, Sir) would you would once
Those filthy Eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two Frog-pits; and those same hanging Ch
Cover'd with Hide, instead of Skin: (nay, help, S
That look like frozen Dish-clouts, set on end.
Corv. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the
Ran down in streaks. *Mos.* Excellent Sir, speak o
You may be louder yet: a Culverin,
Discharged in his Ear, would hardly bore it.
Corv. His Nose is like a common Sewer, still run
Mos. 'Tis good! and what his Mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up—*Corv.* By no means.
Mos. Pray you let me.

Faith I could ſtifle him rarely, with a Pillow,
As well as any Woman that ſhould keep him.
Corv. Do as you will, but I'll be gone. *Moſ.* Be ſo;
It is your preſence makes him laſt ſo long.
Corv. I pray you uſe no violence. *Moſ.* No, Sir? why?
Why ſhould you be thus ſcrupulous? 'pray you, Sir.
Corv. Nay, at your diſcretion. *Moſ.* Well, good Sir, be (gone
Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my Pearl.
Moſ. Puh, nor your Diamond. What a needleſs care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here? whom you have made your Creature?
That owe my being to you? *Corv.* Grateful *Moſca*!
Thou art my Friend, my Fellow, my Companion,
My partner, and ſhalt ſhare in all my Fortunes.
Moſ. Excepting one. *Corv.* What's that?
Moſ. Your gallant Wife, Sir.
Now, is he gone? we had no other means,
To ſhoot him hence, but this. *Volp.* My divine *Moſca*!
Thou haſt to day out-gone thy ſelf. Who's there?
[*Another knocks.*
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Fit Muſick, Dances, Banquets, all Delights;
The *Turk* is not more ſenſual in his Pleaſures,
Than will *Volpone*. Let me ſee, a Pearl?
A Diamant? Plate? *Carchines*? good mornings purchaſe;
Why, this is better than rob Churches, yet;
Or fat, by eating (once a Month) a Man.
Who is't? *Moſ.* The beauteous Lady *Would-bee*, Sir,
Wife to the *Engliſh* Knight, Sir *Politique Would-bee*,
(This is the title, Sir, ſo directed me)
Hath ſent to know, how you have ſlept to night,
And if you would be viſited. *Volp.* Not, now.
Some three hours hence. ——
Moſ. I told the Squire ſo much. (then:
Volp. When I am high with Mirth, and Wine: then,
Fool Heaven, I wonder at the deſperate valour
Of the bold *Engliſh*, that they dare let looſe
Their Wives, to all encounters! *Moſ.* Sir, this Knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politique,
And knows, how ere his Wife affect ſtrange Airs,

She hath not yet the Face to be dishoneſt:
But had ſhe Signior Corvino's Wives Face——
Vol. Has ſhe ſo rare a Face? *Moſ.* O, Sir, the Wonder
The Blazing Star of *Italy*! a Wench
O' the firſt Year! a Beauty ripe as Harveſt!
Whoſe Skin is whiter than a Swan all over!
Than Silver, Snow, or Lillies! a ſoft Lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of Kiſſing!
And Fleſh that melteth in the touch to Blood!
Bright as your Gold, and lovely as your Gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Moſ. Alas, Sir—My ſelf but yeſterday diſcover'd it
Volp. How might I ſee her? *Moſ.* O, not poſſible;
She's kept as warily as is your Gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes Air,
But at a Window. All her Looks are ſweet,
As the firſt Grapes or Cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are. *Volp.* I muſt ſee her—*Moſ.* Sir,
There is a Guard of ten Spies thick upon her,
All his whole Houſhold; each of which is ſet
Upon his Fellow, and have all their Charge;
When he goes out, when he comes in examin'd.
Volp. I will go ſee her, though but at her Windo
Moſ. In ſome Diſguiſe then. *Volp.* That is true
Maintain mine own Shape ſtill the ſame: We'll thi

ACT II. SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

SIR, to a wiſe Man all the World's his Soil.
It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That muſt bound me, if my Fates call me forth.
Yet, I proteſt, it is no fair Lecture
Of loſing Countries, ſhifting a Religion,
Nor any diſaffection to the State
Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
My deareſt Plots) hath brought me out; much le
That idle, antick, ſtale, grey-headed Project

Of knowing Mens Minds and Manners, with *Ulysses*:
But a peculiar Humour of my Wifes,
Laid for this height of *Venice*, to observe,
To quote, to learn the Language, and so forth——
I hope you travel, Sir, with Licenſe. *Per.* Yes
Pol. I dare the lafelier converſe—How long, Sir,
Since you left *England*? *Per.* Seven Weeks. *Pol.* So lately
You ha' not been with my Lord Ambaſſador?
Per. Not yet, Sir.
Pol. Pray you, what News, Sir, vents our Climate?
I heard laſt night a moſt ſtrange thing reported
By ſome of my Lord's Followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be ſeconded. *Per.* What was't, Sir?
Pol. Marry, Sir, of a Raven that ſhould build
In a Ship Royal of the King's. *Per.* This Fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your name, Sir?
Pol. My Name is *Politick Would-be*.
Per. O, that ſpeaks him. A Knight, Sir?
Pol. A poor Knight, Sir. *Per.* Your Lady
Lies here in *Venice*, for Intelligence
Of Tires, and Faſhions, and Behaviour,
Among the Courtezans? the *Fine Lady Would-be*?
Pol. Yes, Sir, the Spider and the Bee, oft-times,
Suck from one Flower. *Per.* Good Sir *Politick*,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, Sir, of your Raven. *Pol.* On your knowledge?
Per. Yes, and your Lyon's Whelping in the Tower.
Pol. Another Whelp!
Per. Another, Sir. *Pol.* Now, Heaven!
What Prodigies be theſe? the Fires at *Berwick*!
And the new Star! Theſe things concurring, ſtrange!
And full of *Omen*! Saw you theſe Meteors?
Per. I did, Sir.
Pol. Fearful! Pray you Sir, confirm me,
Were there three Porpoiſes ſeen above the Bridge,
As they give out? *Per.* Six, and a Sturgeon, Sir.
Pol. I am aſtoniſh'd. *Per.* Nay, Sir, be not ſo;
I'll tell you a greater Prodigy than theſe——
Pol. What ſhould theſe things portend?
Per. The very day
(Let me be ſure) that I put forth from *London*,

There was a Whale discover'd in the River,
As high as *Wolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many Months) for the Subversion
Of the *Stode*-Fleet. *Pol.* Is't possible? Believe it,
'Twas either sent from *Spain*, or the *Archdukes*!
Spinola's Whale, upon my Life, my Credit!
Will they not leave these Projects? Worthy Sir,
Some other News. *Per.* Faith, *Stone* the Fool is dead,
And they do lack a Tavern Fool extreamly.

Pol. Is *Mass' Stone* dead.

Per. He's dead, Sir; why? I hope
You thought him not Immortal? O, this Knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our *English* Stage: He that should write
But such a Fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously. *Pol. Stone* dead!

Per. Dead. Lord! how deeply, Sir, you apprehend it!
He was no Kinsman to you? *Pol.* That I know of
Well! that same Fellow was an unknown Fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems? *Pol.* I did (S
I knew him one of the most dangerous Heads
Living within the State, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, Sir? *Pol.* While he liv'd, in action.
He has receiv'd weekly Intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the *Low-Countries*,
(For all Parts of the World) in Cabbages;
And those dispens'd again to Ambassadors,
In Oranges, Musk-melons, Apricots,
Limons, Pomecitrons, and such-like; sometimes
In *Colchester*-Oysters, and your *Selsey*-Cockles.

Per. You make me wonder!

Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I have observ'd him, at your Publick Ord
Take his Advertisement from a Traveller
(A conceal'd Statesman) in a Trencher of Meat,
And instantly, before the Meal was done,
Convey an Answer in a Tooth-pick. *Per.* Strange!
How could this be, Sir? *Pol.* Why, the Meat was
So like his Character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the Cypher. *Per.* I have heard
He could not read, Sir. *Pol.* So 'twas given out

(In politie) by thoſe that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your Languages,
And to't, as found a Noddle——*Per.* I have heard, Sir,
That your *Babiouns* were Spies, and that they were
A kind of ſubtle Nation, near to *China*.
Pol. I, I, your *Mamaluchi*. Faith, they had
Their Hand in a *French* Plot or two; but they
Were ſo extremely given to Women, as
They made diſcovery of all: Yet I
Had my Advices here (on *Wedneſday* laſt)
From one of their own Coat, they were return'd,
Made their Relations, (as the Faſhion is)
And now ſtand fair for freſh Employment. *Per.* 'Heart!
This Sir *Pol.* will be ignorant of nothing.
It ſeems, Sir, you know all? *Pol.* Not all, Sir: But
I have ſome general Notions: I do love
To note, and to obſerve; though I live out
Free from the active Torrent, yet I'ld mark
The Currents and the Paſſages of Things,
For mine own private uſe; and know the Ebbs
And Flows of State. *Per.* Believe it, Sir, I hold
Myſelf in no ſmall tie unto my Fortunes,
For caſting me thus luckily upon you,
Whoſe Knowledge (if your Bounty equal it)
May do me great Affiſtance, in inſtruction
For my Behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet ſo rude, and raw——*Pol.* Why? came you
Short of Rules, for travail? *Per.* Faith, I had (ſouth
For common ones, from out that vulgar *Grammar*,
Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.
Pol. Why, this it is, that ſpoyls all our brave Bloods;
Making our hopeful Gentry unto Pedants,
Flows of out-ſide, and meer bark. You ſeem
To be a Gentleman, of ingenious Race——
I not profeſs it, but my Fate hath been
Here, where I have been conſulted with,
In this high kind, touching ſome great Men's ſons,
Sons of Blood, and Honour——*Per.* Who is
Their Tutor, Sir?

ACT II. SCENE II.

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Gre

UNder that Window, there't must be. The same.
Pol. Fellows, to mount a Bank! Did your Instruct
In the dear Tongues, never discourse to you
Of the *Italian* Mountebanks? *Per.* Yes, Sir. *Pol.* Wh
Here shall you see one. *Per.* They are Quack-salver
Fellows, that live by venting Oyls, and Drugs?
Pol. Was that the Character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember. *Pol.* Pitty his ignorance.
They are the only knowing Men of *Europe*!
Great general Scholars, excellent Physicians,
Most admir'd States-men, profest Favourites,
And Cabinet-Counsellors to the greatest Princes!
The only languag'd Men of all the World!
Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd Impost
Made all of Terms and Shreds; no less belyers
Of great Mens favours, than their own vile Med'c
Which they will utter upon monstrous Oaths:
Selling that drug, for Two-pence, e're they part,
Which they have valu'd at Twelve Crowns before.
Pol. Sir, Calumnies are answer'd best with Sile
Your self shall judge. Who is it mounts, my Frie
Mos. *Scoto* of *Mantua*, Sir. *Pol.* Is't he? nay, th
I'll proudly promise, Sir, you shall behold
Another Man, than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he should mount his Bank,
Here in this Nook, that has been wont t' appear
In Face of the *Piazza*! Here, he comes.
Volp. Mount *Zany*. *Gre.* Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.
Pol. See how the People follow him! he's a Ma
May write 10000 Crowns in Bank here. Note,
Mark but his Gesture: I do use to observe
The Tricks he keeps, in getting up! *Per.* 'Tis worth
Volp. *Most noble Gent. and my worthy Patron, w*
from strange, that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who w

went to fix my Bank in Face of the publick Piazza, *near the shelter of the* Portico, *to the* Procuratia, *should now (after Eight Months absence, from this Illustrious City of Venice) humbly retire my self, into an obscure Nook of the* Piazza.

Pol. Did not I, now, object the same? *Per.* Peace, Sir.

Volp. *Let me tell you: I am not (as your* Lombard *Proverb saith) cold on my Feet; or content to part with my Commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent Detractor, and shame to our Profession,* (Alessandro Buttone, *I mean*) *who gave out, in publick, I was condemn'd a*^t Sforzato *to the Galleys, for poysoning the Cardinal* Bembo's *Cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy Gent. (to tell you true) I cannot endure to see the Rabble of these ground* Ciarlitani, *that spread their Cloaks in the Pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy Tales out of* Boccacio, *like stale* Tabarine, *the Fabulist: some of them discoursing their Travels, and of their tedious Captivity in the Turks Galleys, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the Christians Gallies, where very temperately they eat Bread, and drunk Water as a wholsom Penance (enjoyn'd them by their Confessors) for base Pilferies.*

Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. *These Tardy-facy-nally, paty-lowsie-fartical Rogues, with one poor Groats-worth of unprepar'd Antimony, finely gull up in several Scarlottos, are able, very well, to buy their twenty a Week, and play; yet, these mazer-starv'd Wits, who have half slopt the Organs of their Minds with daily oppilations, want not their Favourers among your Gallimaufry, Sallad eating* Artizans: *who are ever ready, that they may have their Half-penyworth of Physick, though it purge into another World, 't makes no matter.*

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better Language, Sir?

Volp. *Well, let 'em go. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, know, that for this time, our Bank, being thus remov'd from the Clamours of the Canaglia, shall be the Scene of Pleasure and Delight: For, I have nothing to sell, little nothing to sell.*

Pol. I told you, Sir, his end. *Per.* You did so, Sir.

Volp.

Volp. *I protest, I, and my six Servants are not able to make of this pretious Liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd and from my Lodging by Gentlemen of your City; strangers the* Terraferma; *merchants; I, and Senators too: who ever since my arrival, have detained me to their* visits, *by their splendidous Liberalities. And worthily. For what avails your rich Man to have his* Magazines *full with* Moscadelly, *or of the purest grape, when his* Physician *prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but Water cocted with* Aniseeds? *O, health! health! the blessing of the Rich! the Riches of the Poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this World without thee? Be not then so sparing of your Purses, honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of Life* ——

Per. You see his end? *Pol.* Ay, is't not good?

Volp. *For, when a humid Flux, or Catarrh, by the mutability of Air, falls from your Head into an Arm or Shoulder, or any other part; take you a Duckat, or your* Cecchine *Gold, and apply to the place affected: see, what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed* Unguento, *this rare sanguine, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moyst, or windy Causes*——

Per. I would he had put in dry too. *Pol.* 'Pray you observe.

Volp. *To fortifie the most indigest and crude Stomach, were it of one that (through extream weakness) vomits Blood, applying only a warm Napkin to the place, after the Unction and Frication; for the* Vertigine *in the Head, putting but a drop into your Nostrils, likewise behind the Ears, a most soveraign and approved Remedy: the* Mal-caduc, Cramps, Convulsions, Paralysies, Epilepsies, Tremor-cordis, retired Nerves, ill Vapours of the Spleen, stopping of the Liver, the Stone, the Strangury, Hernia ventosa, Hernia pasilio; *stays a* Dilenteria *immediately; easeth the Torsion of the small Guts; and cures* Melancholia Hypochondriaca, *being taken and applied, according to my printed Bills.*

Pointing to his Bill and his Glass.

For, this is the Physician, this the Medicine, this the Counsels, this Cures; this gives the Direction, this works the Effect: and (in fine) both together may be term'd an abstract of Theorick and Practick in the Æsculapian Art.

Per.

Twill cost you Eight Crowns. And, Zan Fritada, *pr'y thee sing a Verse* extempore *in Honour of it.*

Pol. How do you like him, Sir? *Per.* Most strangely, I! *Pol.* Is not his Language rare? *Per.* But *Alchimy*, never heard the like: or *Broughtons* Books.

SONG.

HAD *old* Hippocrates, *or* Galen,
(That to their Books put Medicines all in)
But known this Secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much Paper,
Or wasted many a burtless taper:
No Indian *drug had e'er been famed,*
Tobacco, Sassafras *not named;*
Ne yet, of Guacum *one small stick, Sir,*
Nor Raymund Lullies *great* Elixir.
Ne, had been known the Danish Goustwart,
Or Paracelsus, *with his long* Sword.

Per. All this, yet, will not do; Eight Crowns is high.

Volp. No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse you the miraculous effects of this my Oyl, surnamed oglio del Scoto; *with the countless Catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more Diseases; the Patents and Priviledges of all the Princes and Commonwealths Christendom: or but the dispositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the* Signiory *of the* Sanità, *and most learned Colledge of Physicians; where I was authorized, to warrant upon the admirable Vertues of my Medicaments, and mine own Excellency, in matter of rare and unknown Secrets, not only to dispense them publickly in this famous City, but in all the Territories, that happily joy under the Government of the most pious and magnificent States of Italy. I may fame other gallant Fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented Receipts as yours: Indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me: make of this Oyl; bestow'd great cost in Furnaces, Stills, Limbecks, continual Fires, and preparation of the Ingredients,*

ents, (as indeed there goes to it Six hundred several p
ples, beſides, ſome quantity of humane Fat, for the coag
nation, which we buy of the Anatomiſts) but, when th
Practitioners come to the laſt decoction, blow blow, puff, p
and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha. Poor Wretches! I rat
pity their Folly and Indiſcretion, than their loſs of T
and Money; for thoſe may be recovered by induſtry: bu
be a Fool born is a Diſeaſe incurable. For my ſelf, I alw
from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rareſt Secrets a
book them; either in exchange or for Money: I ſpared n
coſt, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learn
And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I will undertake
vertue of Chymical Art) out of the honourable Hat that
vers your Head, to extract the four Elements; that is to
the Five, Air, Water, and Earth, and return you your Felt w
out burn or ſtain. For, whilſt others have been at the Ball
I have been at my Book: and am now paſt the cragg of
of Study, and come to the flowry Plains of Honour and R
tation.

Vol. I do aſſure you, Sir, that is his aim.

Volp. *But, to our price. Per.* And that withal, Sir

Volp. *You all know, (honourable Gentlemen) I never*
In'd this Anapulla, *or* Villa, *at leſs than Eight Crowns;*
for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for ſix;
Crowns is the price; and leſs in courteſie I know you can
offer me: take it or leave it, howſoever, both it and I am
your ſervice. I ask you not as the value of the thing,
elſe I ſhould demand of you a thouſand Crowns, ſo the
dinals Montalto, Fernele, the great Duke of Tuſcany,
Goſſip, with divers other Princes have given me; but I
ſtyle Money: only to ſhew my affection to you, Honour
Gentlemen, and your illuſtrious ſtate here, I have refu
the Meſſages of theſe Princes, mine own Offices, from
Journey hither, only to preſent you with the Fruits of my
ſelf, Tune your Voyces once more to the touch of your inſ
ments, and give the honourable Aſſembly ſome delightful
creations.

Per. What monſtrous and moſt painful Circumfa
Is twice, to get ſome three or four *Gazets!*
Some Three-pence i'th' whole, for that 'twill com

SON

SONG.

YOU that would last long, list to my Song,
Make no more coyl, but buy of this Oyl.
Would you be ever fair and young ?
Stout of Teeth ; and strong of Tongue ?
Tart of Palat ? quick of ear ?
Sharp of sight ? of Nostril clear ?
Moist of Hand ? and light of Foot ?
(Or I will come nearer to't)
Would you live free from all Diseases ?
Do the act, your Mistris pleases?
Yea fright all Aches from your Bones ?
Here's a Med'cine for the Nones.

Volp. Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantity my Coffer contains: to the Rich a Courtesie, and to the poor, for God's sake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you Six Crowns; and Six Crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me Six Crowns, nor Five, nor Four, nor Three, nor Two, nor One; nor half a Ducat; no, not a Quattrino: Six pence it will cost you, or Six hundred Pound — expect no lower price, for by the Sanctity of my Front, I will not take a Bagatine, that I will have only a Pledge of your Love, to carry something from hence with you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore now, toss your Handkerchief, chearfully, chearfully; and be advertised, that the first heroick Spirit, that deigns to grace me, with a Handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double Pistolet.

Per. Will you be that heroick Spark, Sir Pol. ?
O, see ! the Window has prevented you.

[*Celia at the Window throws down her Handkerchief.*

Volp. Lady, I kiss your Bounty; and for this timely Grace you have done your poor Slave of Mantua, I will return you over and above my Oyl, a secret of that high and inestimable Nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that Minute, wherein your Eye first descended on so mean (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an Object. Here is a Poulaer inscribed in this Paper, of which, if I should speak to six words,

worth, Nine thousand Volumns were but as one Page, *th*
Page as a Line, that Line as a word: so short is this Pil
mage of Man (which some call Life) to the expressing of
Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole World wo
but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, *that* Provin
as a Bank, that Bank as a private Purse to the purchase of
I will only tell you; It is the Powder *that made* Venus
Goddess (given her by Apollo) *that kept her perpetual*
young, clear'd her Wrinckles, firm'd her Gums, fill'd her Sk
colour'd her Hair; from her deriv'd to Helen, *and at t*
sack of Troy (*unfortunately*) *lost: till now, in this our A*
it was as happily recovered, by a studious Antiquary, out
some Ruins of Asia, *who sent a Moyety of it to the Co*
of France (*but much sophisticated*) *wherewith the Lad*
there, now, colour their Hair. The rest (at this present) re
mains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, whos
ever it but touches, in Youth it perpetually preserves, in A
restores the Complexion; fasts your Teeth, did they stan
like original Jacks, firm as a Wall; makes them white a
Ivory, that were black as ———

ACT II. SCENE III.

Corvino, Politique, Peregrine.

SPight o' the Devil, and my shame! come down, here
Come down: no House but mine to make your Stage!
Signior *Flaminio*, will you down, Sir? down?
What is my Wife your *Francisina*? Sir?
No Windows on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your Properties, but mine? but mine?
Heart! ere to morrow I shall be new christen'd,
And call'd the *Pantalone Di Bisognosi*,
About the Town. *Per.* What should this mean, Sir *Pol*?
Pol. Some trick of State, believe it. I will home.
Per. It may be some design on you. *Pol.* I know not
I'll stand upon my Guard. *Per.* 'Tis your best, Sir.
Pol. This three Weeks, all my Advices, all my Letters,
They have been intercepted. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?
Best have a care. *Pol.* Nay, so I will. *Per.* This Knight
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Volpone, Mosca.

O I am wounded. *Mos.* Where, Sir? *Vol.* Not without;
Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry *Cupid*, bolting from her Eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a Flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a Furnace, some ambitious Fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, *Mosca*;
My Liver melts, and *I*, without the hope
Of some soft Air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of Cinders. *Mos.* 'Las, good Sir,
Would you had never seen her. *Volp.* Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her. *Mos.* Sir, 'tis true;
So confess *I* was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: but I'm bound in Conscience,
No less than Duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and *I* will, Sir.
Vol. Dear *Mosca*, shall *I* hope? *Mos.* Sir, more
Than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of ought,
Within a human compass. *Vol.* O, there spoke
My better Angel. *Mosca*, take my Keys,
Gold, Plate, and Jewels, all's at thy Devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, Coyn me too:
So thou, in this, but Crown my Longings, *Mosca*?
Mos. Use but your patience. *Vol.* So *I* have. *Mos.*
I doubt not
To bring success to your desires. *Vol.* Nay, then,
You repent me of my late disguise.
Mos. If you can brook him, Sir, you need not. *Vol.*
Marry, *I* never meant him for my Heir, (True:
Not the colour o' my Beard and Eye-brows
To make me known? *Mos.* No jot. *Vol. I* did it well.
Mos. So well, would *I* could follow you in mine,
With half the Happiness, and yet *I* would

Escape

Escape your *Epilogue*. *Vol.* But, they were gull'd
With a belief that *I* was *Scoto*? *Mos.* Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have no time to flatter you, now, we'll part:
And as *I* prosper, so applaud my Art.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Corvino, Celia, Servitore.

DEath of mine Honour, with the Cities Fool?
A Juggling, Tooth-drawing, prating Mountebank?
And at a publick Window? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd Action, and his dole of Faces,
To his Drug-lecture draws your itching Ears,
A Crew of old, un-married, noted Letchers,
Stood leering up like *Satyrs*: and you smile
Most graciously! and fan your Favours forth,
To give your hot Spectators satisfaction!
What, was your Mountebank their Call? their While
Or were you' enamour'd on his Copper Rings?
His Saffron Jewel, with the Toad-stone in't?
Or his imbroidered Suit, with the Cope-stitch,
Made of a Herse-cloth? or his old Tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd Beard? well! you shall have him, y
He shall come home, and Minister unto you
The Fricace for the Mother. Or, let me see,
I think you' had rather mount? would you not mou
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truly, you ma
And so, you may be seen, down to th' Foot.
Get you a Cittern, Lady *Vanity*,
And be a dealer with the Vertuous Man;
Make one: I'll but protest my self a Cuckold,
And save your Dowry. *I am a Dutchman, I!*
For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you Wh
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of Father, Mother, Brother, all thy Race,
Should follow, as the Subject of my Justice!

Cel. Good Sir, have patience! *Corv.* What couldst thou propose ——
lefs to thy self, than in this heat of Wrath,
nd stung with my dishonour, *I* should strike
his Steel into thee, with as many stabs,
s thou wert gaz'd upon with Goatish Eyes?
Cel. Alass, Sir, be appeas'd! *I* could not think
y being at the Window should more, now,
ove your impatience, than at other times.
Corv. No? not to seek and entertain a Parle,
ith a known Knave? before a Multitude?
ou were an Actor with your Handkerchief!
hich he, most sweetly, kiss in the Receipt,
nd might (no doubt) return it with a Letter,
nd point the Place, where you might meet: your Sisters,
our Mothers, or your Aunts might serve the turn.
Cel. Why, dear Sir, when do *I* make these Excuses?
r ever stir abroad, but to the Church?
nd that so seldom —— *Corv.* Well, it shall be less
nd thy restraint before was Liberty,
o what *I* now decree: and therefore mark me.
irst, *I* will have this bawdy Light dam'd up;
nd till't be done, some two or three Yards off,
ll chalk a Line: o're which, if thou but chance
o let thy delp'rate Foot; more Hell, more Horror,
ore wild remorseless Rage shall seize on thee,
han on a Conjurer, that had heedless left
is circles safety ere his Devil was laid.
hen here's a Lock, which I will hang upon thee;
nd, now *I* think on't, *I* will keep thee backwards;
hy Lodging shall be backward; thy walks backwards;
hy Prospect shall be backwards; and no pleasure,
hat thou shalt know but backwards: Nay, since you
) nonest nature, know, it is your own (force
ing too open, makes me use you thus.
ince you will not contain your sinful Nostrils
n sweet Room, but they must snuff the Air
f rank and sweaty Passengers —— One knocks.
[*Knock within.*
Away,

Away, and be not ſeen, pain of thy Life;
Not look toward the Window: if thou doſt ——
(Nay ſtay, hear this) let me not proſper, Whore,
But *I* will make thee an Anatomy,
Diſſect thee mine own ſelf, and read a Lecture
Upon thee, to the City, and in publick.
Away. Who's there? *Ser.* 'Tis Signior *Moſca*, Sir.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Corvino, Moſca.

LEt him come in, his Maſter's dead: There's yet
Some good, to help the bad. My *Moſca*, welcome
I gueſs your news. *Moſ.* *I* fear you cannot, Sir.
Corv. Is't not his death? *Moſ.* Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery? *Moſ.* Yes, Sir. *Corv.* I am
curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my Croſſes meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how? *Moſ.* Why, Sir, with *Scoto*
Corbaccio, and *Voltore* brought of it,
VVhilſt *I* was buſie in an inner Room ——
Corv. Death! that damn'd Mountebank! but, for
Now, *I* could kill the Raſcal: 't cannot be,
His Oyl ſhould have that Vertue. Ha' not *I*
Known him a common Rogue, come fidling in
To th' *Oſtaria*, with a tumbling VVhore,
And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks, been
Of a poor ſpoonful of dead VVine, with Flies in't?
It cannot be. All his Ingredients
Are a Sheeps Gall, a rotted Bitches Marrow,
Some few lod Earwigs, pounded Caterpillers,
A little Capons Greaſe, and Faſting Spittle:
I know 'em to a Dram. *Moſ.* *I* know not, Sir,
But ſome ou't, there, they pow'd into his Ears,
Some in his Noſtrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace. *Corv.* Pox o' that fricace.
Moſ. And ſince, to ſeem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had

(At extream Fees) the Colledge of Phyſicians
Conſulting on him, how they might reſtore him;
Where one would have a Cataplaſm of Spices,
Another a flayd Ape clapt to his Breaſt,
A third would ha' it a Dog, a fourth an Oyl
With wild Cats Skins: at laſt, they all reſolv'd
That, to preſerve him, was no other means,
But ſome young Woman muſt be ſtraight fought out,
Luſty and full of Juice, to ſleep by him;
And, to this Service (moſt unhappily,
And moſt unwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice ſince it concerns you moſt,
Becauſe, I would not do that thing might croſs
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependance, Sir:
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My ſlackneſs to my Patron, work me out
Of his Opinion; and there, all your hopes,
Adventures, or whatſoever, are all fruſtrate.
I do but tell you, Sir. Beſides, they are all
Now ſtriving, who ſhall firſt preſent him. Therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly, conclude ſomewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can. *Corv.* Death to my hopes!
This is my villanous Fortune! Beſt to hire
Some common Curtezan? *Moſ.* I, I thought on that, Sir.
But they are all ſo ſubtil, full of Art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as — I cannot tell — we may perchance
Light on a Queen, may cheat us all. *Corv.* 'Tis true.
Moſ. No, no: it muſt be one, that has no tricks, Sir,
Some ſimple thing, a Creature made unto it;
Some Wench you may command. Ha' you no Kinſwoman?
Gods ſo — Think, think, think, think, think, think,
I think, Sir.
One o' the Doctors offer'd there his Daughter.
Corv. How! *Moſ.* Yes, Signior *Lupo*, the Phyſician.
Corv. His Daughter? *Moſ.* And a Virgin, Sir. Why?
He knows the ſtate of's Body, what it is; [Alaſs,
That nought can warm his Blood, Sir, but a Fever;

Nor

Nor any incantation raise his Spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, Sir, who shall know it? some one or two—
Corv. I prythee give me leave. If any Man
But I had had this luck — The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing — Wherefore should not I
As well command my Blood and my Affections,
As this dull Doctor? In the point of Honour,
The Cases are all one of Wife and Daughter.
Mos. I hear him coming. *Corv.* She shall do't:
Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless't be for his Counsel (which is nothing)
Offer his Daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him, Wretch!
Covetous Wretch! *Mosca*, I have determin'd.
Mos. How, Sir? *Corv.* We'll make all sure.
Party, you wot of,
Shall be mine own Wife, *Mosca*. *Mos.* Sir, The
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have motion'd to you at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their
Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!
And, in his next Fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the Pillow from his Head,
And he is thratled: 't had been done, before,
But for your scrupulous Doubts. *Corv.* I, a plague
My Conscience Fools my Wit. Well, I'll be
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him, with what zeal,
And willingness, I do it; swear it was,
On the first hearing (as thou mayst do, truely)
Mine own free motion. *Mos.* Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd Clients shall be banisht all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, Sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen, for your good (you must not know't.)
Corv. But do not you forget to send now. *Mos.*
not.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Corvino, Celia.

W? Here are you. Wife? my *Celia*? Wife? what
blubbering?
ome, dry those Tears. I think thou thoughtest me
in earnest?
? by this light, I talk'd so but to try thee.
e-thinks, the lightness of the occasion
ould ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.
Cel. No? *Corv.* Faith, I am not, I, nor never was:
is a poor unprofitable Humour.
not I know if Women have a Will,
ey'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the World?
d that the fiercest Spies are tam'd with Gold?
t, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:
d see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
me, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,
all thy best Attire, thy choicest Jewels,
t 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best Looks:
e are invited to a solemn Feast,
old *Volpone*'s, where it shall appear
w far I'm free, from jealousie or fear.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mosca.

Fear, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous Parts,
y do so spring, and burgeon; I can feel
whimsie i' my Blood: (I know not how)
ses hath made me wanton. I could skip
of my Skin, now, like a subtil Snake,
so limber. O! your Parasite

Is a moſt precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongſt Clods and Clot-pouls, here on Earth
I muſe, the Myſtery was not made a Science,
It is ſo liberally profeſt! almoſt
All the wiſe world is little elſe, in Nature,
But Paraſites, or Sub-paraſites. And, yet,
I mean not thoſe that have your bare Town-art,
To know, who's fit to feed 'em; have no Houſe,
No Family, no Care, and therefore mould
Tales for Mens Ears, to bait that Senſe; or get
Kitchin-invention, and ſome ſtale Receipts
To pleaſe the Belly, and the Groin; nor thoſe,
With their Court-dog tricks, that can fawn and ſi
Make their Revenue out of Legs and Faces
Eccho my Lord, and lick away a Moth:
But your fine elegant Raſcal, that can riſe,
And ſtoop (almoſt together) like an Arrow,
Shoot through the Air as nimbly as a Star:
Turn ſhort, as doth a Swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Preſent to any Humour, all Occaſion;
And change a Viſor, ſwifter than a Thought!
This is the Creature had the Art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practiſe it
Out of moſt excellent Nature: and ſuch Sparks
Are the true Paraſites, others but their *Zani's*.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Moſca, Bonario.

WHo's this? *Bonario*? old *Corbaccio*'s Son?
The Perſon I was bound to ſeek. Fair Sir,
You are happily met. *Bon.* That cannot be by the
Moſ. Why, Sir? *Bon.* Nay, prythee know thy
and leave me:
I would be loath to interchange Diſcourſe,
With ſuch a Mate as thou art. *Moſ.* Courteous
Scorn not my Poverty. *Bon.* Not I, by Heaven;
But thou ſhalt give me leave to hate thy baſeneſs.
Moſ. Baſeneſs? *Bon.* I, anſwer me, is not thy

Sufficient Argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding? *Mos.* Heaven, be good to me.
These Imputations are too common, Sir,
And easily struck on Vertue, when she's poor;
You are unequal to me, and how ere
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus, proceed in Censure:
St. *Mark* bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.
Bon. What? does he weep? the sign is soft, and good!
I do repent me, that *I* was so harsh
Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful Bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That *I* am fain to spin mine own poor Rayment,
Out of my meer observance, being not born
To a free Fortune: but that *I* have done
Base Offices, in rendring Friends asunder,
Dividing Families, betraying Counsels,
Whispering false Lyes, or mining Men with Praises,
Train'd their Credulity with Perjuries,
Corrupted Chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged, and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation;
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.
Bon. This cannot be a personated Passion!
I was to blame, so to mistake thy Nature;
I prythee forgive me: and speak out thy business.
Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though *I* may seem,
At first to make a main offence in Manners,
And in my gratitude, unto my Master,
Yet, for the pure love, which *I* bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, *I* must reveal it.
This very hour, your Father is in purpose
To disinherit you —— *Bon.* How! *Mos.* And thrust you
Like a meer stranger to his Blood; 'tis true, Sir: (forth,
His work no way ingageth me, but, as
I claim an Interest in the general state
Of Goodness and true Vertue, which *I* hear
Abound in you: and, for which meer respect,
Without a second aim, Sir, *I* have done it.

Bon. This tale hath loſt thee much of the late tru
Thou hadſt with me; it is impoſſible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My Father ſhould be ſo unnatural.

Moſ. It is a confidence, that well becomes
Your Piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own ſimple Innocence: which makes
Your wrong more mouſtrous and abhor'd. But, Sir,
I now will tell you more. This very Minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you
(I dare not ſay where you ſhall ſee, but) where
Your Ear ſhall be a witneſs of the Deed;
Hear your ſelf written Baſtard: and profeſt
The common Iſſue of the Earth. *Bon* I'm maz'd!

Moſ. Sir, if I do it not, draw your juſt Sword,
And ſcore your vengeance, on my front and Face;
Mark me your Villain: you have too much wrong,
And *I* do ſuffer for you, Sir. My Heart
Weeps Blood in anguiſh —— *Bon.* Lead. *I* follow the

ACT III. SCENE III.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone.

Moſca ſtays long methinks. Bring forth your ſp
And help to make the wretched time more ſw
Nan. Dwarf, Fool, and Eunuch, well met here we
A queſtion it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich Man,
In pleaſing him, claim the Precedency can?
Caſ. I claim for my ſelf. And. *And ſo doth the Fool.*
Nan. 'Tis fooliſh indeed: let me ſee you both to Sch
Firſt, for your Dwarf, he's little and witty,
And every thing, as it is little, is pritty;
Elſe why do Men ſay to a Creature of my ſhape,
So ſoon as they ſee him, it's a pretty little Ape?
And why a pretty Ape? but for pleaſing imitation
Of greater Men their Action, in a ridiculous faſhion.

Beſide, this feat Body of mine doth not crave
Half the Meat, Drink, and Cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your Fools Face be the Mother of laughter,
Yet, for his Brain it muſt always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful Caſe,
His Body is beholding to ſuch a bad Face.

Vol. Who's there? my Couch, away, look, *Nano*, ſee: [*One knocks.*
Give me my Caps, firſt—go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*
Send it by *Moſca*, and with fair return.
Nan. It is the beauteous Madam—*Volp. Would-be*—is it?
Nan. The ſame. *Volp.* Now torment on me; Squire
For ſhe will enter, or dwell here for ever. (her in
Nay, quickly, that my Fit were paſt. I fear
A ſecond Hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my Appetite to the other:
Would ſhe were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord how it threats me what I am to ſuffer.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women. 2.

Thank you, good Sir. 'Pray you ſignifie
Unto your Patron, I am here. This Band
ews not my Neck enough (I trouble you, Sir,
t me requeſt you, bid one of my Women
ne hither to me) in good faith, I am dreſt
ot favourably, to day; it is no matter,
is well enough. Look, ſee, theſe petulant things!
w have they done this! *Volp.* I do feel the Fever
ing in at mine Ears; O, for a Charm,
night it hence. *Lad.* Come nearer: is this Curl
his right Place? or this? why is this higher
an all the reſt? you ha' not waſh'd your Eyes, yet?
do they not ſtand even i' your Head?
ere's your fellow? call her. *Nan.* Now, St. *Mark*
ive us: anon, ſhe'll beat her Women,
auſe her Note is red. *Lad.* I pray you, view
Tire, forſooth: are all things apt or no?

Wom. One Hair a little here, ſticks out, forſooth.
Lad. Dos't ſo forſooth? and where was your dear fight
When it did ſo forſooth? what now? Bird-ey'd?
And you too? 'pray you both approach, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muſe, yo'are not aſham'd!
I, that have preach'd theſe things, ſo oft, unto you,
Read you the Principles, argu'd all the Grounds,
Diſputed every fitneſs, every grace,
Call'd you to counſel of ſo frequent dreſſings ——
Nan. More carefully than of your Fame or Honour.
Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample Dowry
The knowledg of theſe things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you Noble Huſbands
At your return: and you thus to neglect it?
Beſides, you ſeeing what a curious Nation
Th' *Italians* are, what will they ſay of me?
The *Engliſh* Lady cannot dreſs her ſelf;
Here's a fine Imputation to our Countrey!
Well, go your ways, and ſtay i' the next Room.
This *furor* was too courſe too, it's no matter.
Good-Sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?
Volp. The Storm comes towards me. *Lad.* How d
my *Volp*?
Volp. Troubled with noiſe, I cannot ſleep; I dre
That a ſtrange *Fury* entred, now, my Houſe,
And, with the dreadful tempeſt of her Breath,
Did cleave my Roof aſunder. *Lad.* Believe me, a
Had the moſt fearful Dream, could I remember t—
Volp. Out on my fate, I ha' given her the occa
How to torment me: ſhe will tell me hers.
Lad. Me thought, the Golden mediocrity
Polite, and delicate— *Volp* O, if you do love me,
No more; I ſweat, and ſuffer, at the mention
Of any Dream: feel how I tremble yet.
Lad. Alas, good ſoul! the Paſſion of the Heart
Seed-pearl were good now, boild with Syrup of Ap
Tincture of Gold, and Coral, Citron-Pills,
Your Elecampane Root, Myrobalanes ——
Volp. Ay me, I have taſte a Grais-hopper by the W
Lad. Burnt Silk, and Amber, you have Muſc
Good i' the Houſe— *Volp.* You will not drink, and

Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt, we ſhall not get
Some *Engliſh* Saffron (half a Dram would ſerve)
Four ſixteen Cloves, a little Muſk, dri'd Mints,
Bugloſs, and Barly-meal —— *Volp.* She's in again;
Before *I* fain'd Diſeaſes, now *I* have one.
Lad. And theſe appli'd, with a right Scarlet cloth —
Volp. Another Flood of words! a very Torrent!
Lad. Shall I, Sir, make you a Poultiſe? *Volp.* No,
no, no,
I'm very well: you need preſcribe no more.
Lad. I have a little ſtuddied Phyſick; but now,
I'm all for Muſick, ſave i' the Forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A Lady, indeed, t' have all, Letters, and Arts,
Be able to diſcourſe, to write, to paint,
But principal (as *Plato* holds) your Muſick
(And ſo does wiſe *Pythagoras*, *I* take it)
Is your true Rapture; when there is conſent
In Face, in Voice, and Clothes: and is indeed,
Our Sexes chiefeſt Ornament. *Volp.* The Poet,
As old in time as *Plato*, and as knowing,
Says that our higheſt Female grace is ſilence.
Lad. Which o' your Poets? *Petrarch*? or *Taſſo*? or
Guarini? *Ariſto*? *Aretine*? (*Dante*?
Cieco di Hadria? *I* have read them all.
Volp. Is every thing a Cauſe to my deſtruction?
Lad. I think, I ha' two or three of 'em about me!
Volp. The Sun, the Sea will ſooner both ſtand ſtill,
Than her eternal Tongue! nothing can 'ſcape it.
Lad. Here's *Taſſo*, *Fido* —— *Volp.* Proteſts obſtinate
ſilence;
That's now my ſafeſt. *Lad.* All our *Engliſh* Writers,
I mean ſuch as are happy in th' *Italian*,
Will deign to ſteal out of this Author, mainly;
Some as much, as from *Montagnie*;
He has ſo modern and facile a Vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the Court-ear;
Your *Petrarch* is more paſſionate, yet he,
In ſays of ſoliciting, trolling 'em, with much
Eaſe is hard, and few can underſtand him.
But, for a deſperate wit, there's *Aretine*!

Only, his Pictures are a little obſcene ——
You mark me not? *Volp.* Alas, my Mind's perturb'd.
Lad. Why, in ſuch Caſes, we muſt cure our ſelves,
Make uſe of our Philoſophy— *Volp.* O'y me.
Lad. And, as we find our Paſſions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with Reaſon; or divert 'em,
By giving ſcope unto ſome other Humour
Of leſſer danger: as, in Politick Bodies,
There's nothing, more, doth over-whelm the Judgment,
And clouds the Underſtanding, than too much
Settling, and fixing, and (as 'twere) ſubſiding
Upon one Object. For the incorporating
Of theſe ſame outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves ſome certain *faces*,
That ſtop the Organs, and, as *Plato* ſays,
Aſſaſſinates our knowledg. *Volp.* Now, the Spirit
Of patience help me. *Lad.* Come, in faith, I muſt
Viſit you more adays; and make you well:
Laugh and be luſty. *Volp.* My good Angels ſave me.
Lad. There was but one ſole Man in all the World,
With whom I ere could ſympathiſe; and he
Would lye you often, three, fours hours together,
To hear me ſpeak: and be (ſometime) ſo rap't,
As he would anſwer me quite from the purpoſe,
Like you, and you are like him, juſt. I'll diſcourſe
(And't be but only, Sir, to bring you aſleep)
How we did ſpend our time, and loves together,
For ſome ſix years. *Volp.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Lad. For we were *coætanei*, and brought up ——
Volp. Some power, ſome fate, ſome Fortune reſcue me

ACT III. SCENE V.

Moſca, Lady, Volpone.

GOd ſave you, Madam. *Lad.* Good Sir. *Volp.* Mo[ſca] welcome,
Welcome to my redemption. *Moſ.* Why, Sir? *Volp.* O[h]
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My Madam, with the everlaſting Voice

The

The Bells in time of Peſtilence, ne'er made
Like noiſe, or were in that perpetual motion!
The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my Houſe,
But now, ſteam'd like a Bath, with her thick Breath.
A Lawyer could not have been heard; nor ſcarce
Another Woman, ſuch a hail of words
She has let fall. For Hells ſake, rid her hence.
Moſ. Has ſhe preſented? *Volp.* O, *I* do not care,
I'll take her abſence, upon any price.
With any loſs. *Moſ.* Madam——. *Lad.* I ha' brought your Patron
A Toy, a Cap here, of mine own work— *Moſ.* 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I ſaw your Knight,
Where you'ld little think it——— *Lad.* Where?
Moſ. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haſte, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the Water in a *gondole*,
With the moſt cunning Curtizan of *Venice*.
Lad. Is't true? *Moſ.* Purſue 'em and believe your Eyes:
Leave me, to make your Gift. I knew, 't would take.
For lightly, they that uſe themſelves moſt Licence,
Are ſtill moſt jealous. *Volp.* *Moſca*, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction and delivery of me.
Now, to my hopes, what ſayſt thou? *Lad.* But do you hear Sir?——
Volp. Again, I fear a *Paroxiſm*. *Lad.* Which way
Row'd they together? *Moſ.* Toward the *Rialto*.
Lad. I pray you lend me your Dwarf. *Moſ.* I pray you, take him.
Your hopes, Sir, are like happy Bloſſoms, fair,
And promiſe timely Fruit, if you will ſtay
But the maturing; keep you at your Couch,
Corbaccio will arrive ſtraight, with the Will:
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. *Volp.* My Blood,
My Spirits are return'd; *I* am alive:
And like your wanton Gameſter, at *Primero*,
Whoſe thought had whiſper'd to him, not go leſs.
Be thanks I lye, and draw——— for an encounter.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Mosca, Bonario.

SIr, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But pray you
Have patience, Sir; the same's your Father, knocks.
[*One knocks.*
I am compell'd to leave you. *Bon.* Do so. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a Truth.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

DEath on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say, I would send? *Corv.* Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us
Mos. Prevent? did e're Man haste so for his Horns?
A Courtier would not ply it so, for a place.
Well, now there's no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return. *Corv.* Where are you, *Celia?*
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me. *Corv.* Now, I will:
Hark hither. *Mos.* Sir, your Father hath sent word,
[*To Bonario.*
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that Gallery —— at the upper end,
There are some Books, to entertain the time:
And I'll take care, no Man shall come unto you, Sir.
Bon. Yes I will stay there, I do doubt this Fellow.
Mos. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his Father, I can keep him off.
Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back; and therefore
Resolve upon it: I have so decree'd.
It must be done. Nor, would mov'st afore,
Because I would avoid all Shifts and Tricks,

That

That might deny me. *Cel.* Sir, let me beſeech you,
Affect not theſe ſtrange Trials; if you doubt
My Chaſtity, why lock me up, for ever:
Make me the Heir of darkneſs. Let me live,
Where I may pleaſe your fears, if not your Truſt.
Corv. Believe it, I have no ſuch Humour, I.
All that I ſpeak, I mean; yet I am not mad:
Not Horn mad, ſee you? Go too, ſhew your ſelf
Obedient, and a Wife. *Cel.* O Heaven! *Corv.* I ſay it,
Do ſo. *Cel.* Was this the Train? *Corv.* I' have told you
Reaſons;
What the Phyſicians have ſet down; how much,
It may concern me; what my Engagements are;
My means; and the neceſſity of thoſe means,
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, reſpect my venture.
Cel. Before your Honour? *Corv.* Honour? tut, a breath;
There's no ſuch thing, in Nature: a meer Term
Invented to awe Fools. What is my Gold
The worſe for touching? Cloths for being look'd on?
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit Wretch,
That has no Senſe, no Sinew; takes his Meat
With others Fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do ſcald his Gums; a Voice; a Shadow;
And, what can this Man hurt you? *Cel.* Lord! what Spirit
Of this hath entred him? *Corv.* And for your fame,
That's ſuch a Jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the *Piazza*! who ſhall know it;
But he that cannot ſpeak it, and this Fellow,
Whoſe Lips are i' my Pocket: ſave your ſelf,
You'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it. *Cel.* Are Heaven, and Saints
Then nothing?
Or they be blind or ſtupid? *Corv.* How? *Cel.* Good
Jealous ſtill, emulate them; and think (Sir
What hate they burn with toward every Sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a Sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
Some young *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuſcan* Blood,
Had read *Aretine*, conn'd all his Poſes,
Known every quirk within Lufts labyrinth,

And were profeſt Critick in Lechery;
And I would look up on him, and applaud him,
This were a Sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious Work, meer Charity for Phyſick,
And honeſt Polity, to aſſure mine own.
Cel. O Heaven! canſt thou ſuffer ſuch a change?
Volp. Thou art mine honour *Moſca*, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go, bring 'em.
Moſ. Pleaſe you draw near, Sir. *Corv.* Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? by that Light ——
Moſ. Sir, Signior *Corvino*, here, is come to ſee you.
Volp. Oh. *Moſ.* And hearing of the conſultation had
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to proſtitute— *Corv.* Thanks, ſweet
Moſca.
Moſ. (As the true fervent inſtance of his Love)
His own moſt fair and proper Wife; the Beauty,
Only of price, in *Venice*— *Corv.* 'Tis well urg'd.
Moſ. To be your comfortreſs, and to preſerve you.
Volp. Alaſs, I am paſt already! 'pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptneſs; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainſt Heaven;
Applying Fire to a Stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh)
Making a dead Leaf grow again. I take
His wiſhes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him: marry, my ſtate is hopeleſs!
Will him to pray for me; and t'uſe his Fortune,
With reverence when he comes to't. *Moſ.* Do you hear
Sir?
Go to him, with your Wife. *Corv.* Heart of my Father!
Wilt thou perſiſt thus? come, I pray thee come.
Thou ſeeſt 'tis nothing, *Celi.* By this hand,
I ſhall grow violent. Come, do't, I ſay.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down Poyſon,
Eat burning Coals, do any thing — *Corv.* Be cauſe
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the Hair;
Cry thee a Strumpet through the Streets; rip up
Thy Mouth, unto thine Ears; and tit thy Noſe,
Like a raw Rotchet — Do not tempt me, come,
Yield, I am loth — (Death) I will buy ſome Slave,
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;

And at my Window, hang you forth: deviſing
Some monſtrous Crime, which *I*, in Capital Letters,
VVill eat into thy Fleſh with *Aquafortis*,
And burning Cor'ſives, on this ſtubborn Breaſt.
Now, by the Blood thou haſt incens'd, I'll do't.
Cel. Sir, what you pleaſe, you may. *I* am your Martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obſtinate, *I* ha' not deſerv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Pr'y thee, Sweet;
(Good faith,) thou ſhalt have Jewels, Gowns, Attires,
VVhat thou wilt think, and aſk. Do but go kiſs him,
Or touch him, but. For my ſake. At my ſuite.
This once. No? not? *I* ſhall remember this.
Will you diſgrace me, thus? do' you thirſt my undoing?
Moſ. Nay, gentle Lady, be adviſ'd. *Corv.* No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is ſkirvy,
'Tis very ſkirvy: and you are—— *Moſ.* Nay, good, Sir.
Corv. An errant Locuſt, by Heaven, a Locuſt. VVhore,
Crocodile, that haſt thy Tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow. *Moſ.* Nay, 'pray you, Sir,
She will conſider. *Cel.* VVould my Life would ſerve
To ſatisfie. *Corv.* (S'death) if ſhe would but ſpeak to him,
And ſave my Reputation, 'twere ſomewhat;
But, ſpightfully to affect my utter ruin.
Moſ. I now you' have put your Fortune in her Hands.
Why i'faith, it is her modeſty, *I* muſt quit her;
If you were abſent ſhe would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What VVoman can before her Huſband? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here. *Corv.* Sweet *Celia*;
This may'ſt redeem all, yet; I'll ſay no more:
Nay, if ſhe can or will, ſhe can or will.
Ah, O God, and his good Angels! whether, whether,
Moſt ſhamefled Roman Breaſts? that with ſuch eaſe,
Can dare put off your Honours, and their own?
That, which ever was a Cauſe of Life,
Now plac'd beneath the baſeſt Circumſtance?
And modeſty an exile made, for Money?
Volp. I, in Corvino, and ſuch Earth-fed Minds,
[He leaps off from his Couch.
That never taſted the true Heav'n of love.

Aſſure

Assure thee, *Celia*, he that would sell thee;
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a Cope-man.
Why art thou maz'd, to see me thus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy Beauties Miracle;
'Tis thy great Work: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times, rais'd me, in several shapes,
And but this Morning, like a Mountebank,
To see thee at thy Window. I, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying Figures, I would have contented
With the blue *Proteus*, or the horned *Flood*
Now art thou welcom *Cel.* Sir! *Volp.* Nay, fly me not.
Nor, let thy false imagination
That I was Bed-rid, make thee think, I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that so celebrated *Scene*,
At recitation of our *Comedy*,
For entertainment of the great *Valois*)
I acted young *Antinous*; and attracted
The Eyes and Ears of all the Ladies, present,
T' admire each graceful Gesture, Note, and Footing.

SONG.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of Love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will severs;
Spend not then his Gifts in vain.
Suns, that set, may rise again:
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our Joys?
Fame and Rumour are but Toys.
Cannot we delude the Eyes
Of a few poor Household-Spies?
Or his easier Ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?

'Tis

'Tis no Sin Loves Fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have Crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some *Sceene* blast me, or dire Lightning strike
his my offending Face. *Volt.* Why droops my *Celia*?
hou hast in place of a base Husband, found
worthy Lover: use thy Fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art Queen of; not in expectation,
s I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
e, here, a Rope of Pearl; and each, more Orient
han that the brave *Ægyptian* Queen carous'd:
issolve and drink 'em. See, a Carbuncle,
ay put out both the Eyes of our St. *Mark*;
Diamond would have brought *Lollia Paulina*,
Then she came in like Star-light hid with Jewels,
hat were the Spoyls of Provinces; take these,
e wear, and lose 'em: yet remains an Ear-ring
purchase them again, and this whole state.
Gem but worth a private Patrimony,
nothing: we will eat such at a Meal.
e Heads of Parrots, Tongues of Nightingales,
e Brains of Peacocks, and of Estriches
ll be our Food: and, could we get the Phœnix,
though Nature lost her kind) she were our Dish.
Cel. Good Sir, these things might move a Mind affected
ith such delights; but I, whose Innocence
ll I can thank wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
d which once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
ust be taken with these sensual Baits:
ou have Conscience—*Volp.* 'Tis the Beggers Vertue,
hou hast Wisdom, hear me, *Celia*.
y Baths shall be the Juice of July-flowers,
ot of Roses, and of Violets,
Milk of Unicorns, and Panthers breath
ther'd in Bags, and mixt with *Ostan* Wines.
drink shall be prepared Gold and Amber;
hich we will take, until my Roof whirl round
ith the *Vertigo*: and my Dwarf shall dance,

My

My Eunuch ſing, my Fool make up the Antick,
VVhilſt we, in changed ſhapes, act *Ovids* Tales,
Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Jove*,
Then I like *Mars*, and thou like *Erycine*:
So, of the reſt, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the Fables of the Gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern Forms,
Attired like ſome ſprightly Dame of *France*,
Brave *Tuſcan* Lady, or proud *Spaniſh* Beauty;
Sometimes, unto the *Perſian Sophies* Wife;
Or the Grand Signiors Miſtris; and, for change,
To one of our moſt artful Courtizans,
Or ſome quick *Negro*, or cold *Ruſſian*;
And I will meet thee in as many ſhapes:
Where we may ſo tranſfuſe our wandring Soule,
Out at our Lips, and ſcore up ſums of Pleaſures,

That the curious ſhall not know
How to tell them, as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pind.

Cel. If you have Ears that will be pierc'd; or Eyes
That can be open'd; a Heart may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet ſounds Man about you:
If you have touch of Holy Saints, or Heaven,
Do me the Grace to let me ſcape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a Creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whoſe ſhame I would forget it were;
If you will deign me neither of theſe Graces,
Yet feed your Wrath, Sir, rather than your Luſt;
(It is a Vice comes nearer manlineſs)
And puniſh that unhappy Crime of Nature,
Which you miſ-call my Beauty: flay my Face,
Or Poyſon it, with Ointments, for inducing
Your Blood to this Rebellion. Rub theſe Hands,
With what may cauſe an eating Leproſie,
E'en to my Bones and Marrow: any thing,
That may diſavow me, ſave in my Honour.

nd I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
thousand hourly Vows, Sir, for your health,
quort, and think you vertuous—*Volp.* Think me cold,
rozen and impotent, and so report me?
hat I had *Nestor's Hernia*, thou wouldst think,
do degenerate, and abuse my Nation,
o play with Opportunity thus long:
should have done the act, and then have parlee'd,
ield, or I'll force thee. *Cel.* O! just God. *Volp.* In vain—
Bon. Forbear, foul Ravisher, libidinous Swine,
ree the forc'd Lady, or thou dy'st, Impostor.

[*He leaps out from where* Mosca *had placed him.*

ut that I am loth to snatch the Punishment
ut of the hand of Justice, thou shouldst, yet,
e made the timely Sacrifice of Vengeance,
efore this Altar, and this Dross, thy Idol.
ady, let's quit the Place, it is the Den
f Villany; fear nought, you have a Guard:
nd he, e're long, shall meet his just Reward.
Volp. Fall on me, Roof, and bury me in Ruine;
come my Grave, that wert my Shelter. O!
am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
tray'd to Beggery, to Infamy———

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Mosca, Volpone.

WHere shall I run, most wretched Shame of Men,
To beat out my unlucky Brains. *Volp.* Here, here.
hat'dost thou bleed? *Mos.* O that his well driv'n Sword
d been so covetous to have cleft me down
nto the Navel, ere I liv'd to see
y Life, my Hopes, my Spirits, my Patron, all
ow desperately engaged, by my Error.
Volp. Wo on thy Fortune. *Mos.* And my Folliet, Sir.
Volp. Thou hast made me miserable. *Mos.* And my self,
Sir.
ho would have thought he would have hearkned so?

Volp.

Volp. What shall we do? *Mos.* I know not; if my
Could expiate the Mischance, I'ld pluck it out. (Hear
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my Throat?
And I'll requite you, Sir. Let's die like *Romans*,
Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*.

Volp. Hark, who's there? [*They knock without.*
I hear some Footing; Officers, the *Saffi*,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the Brand
Hissing already at my Forehead; now
Mine Ears are boring. *Mos.* To your Couch, Sir, you
Make that Place good however. Guilty Men
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior *Corbaccio*!

ACT III. SCENE IX.

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

WHY, how now, *Mosca*?
Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, Sir!
Your Son (I know not by what Accident)
Acquainted with your Purpose to my Patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your Heir,
Entred our House with violence, his Sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you Wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me? *Mos.* Yes, and my Patron.

Corb. This Act shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the Will. *Mos.* 'Tis well, Sir. *Corb.* Right and well.
Be you as careful now for me. *Mos.* My Life, Sir,
Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou?

Mos. I fear, he'll out-last *May*.

Corb. To day? *Mos.* No, last out *May*, Sir.

Corb. Could'st thou not give him a Dram?

Mos. O, by no means, Sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you. *Volt.* This is a Knave, I
Mos. How, Signior *Voltore*! Did he hear me? (aside
Volt. Parasite
Mos. Who's that? O, Sir, most timely welcome —
Volt. Scarce, to the discovery of your Tricks, I fear.

You

ou are his only? and mine alſo? are you not?
Moſ. Who? I, Sir! *Volt.* You, Sir. What Device is this
out a Will? *Moſ.* A Plot for you, Sir. *Volt.* Come,
t not your Foiſts upon me, I ſhall ſcent 'em.
Moſ. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear. *Corbaccio*
th made your Patron there his Heir. *Moſ.* 'Tis true,
my Device, drawn to it by my Plot,
ith hope — *Volt.* Your Patron ſhould reciprocate?
d you have promis'd? *Moſ* For your good, I did, Sir.
y more, I told his Son, brought, hid him here,
here he might hear his Father paſs the Deed;
ing perſwaded to it by this Thought Sir,
t the unnaturalneſs, firſt, of the Act.
d then his Father's oft diſclaiming in him,
hich I did mean t' help on) would ſure enrage him
do ſome Violence upon his Parent,
which the Law ſhould take ſufficient hold,
d you be ſtated in a double Hope:
uth be my Comfort, and my Conſcience,
y only Aim was to dig you a Fortune
t of theſe two old rotten Sepulchers ——
(*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, *Moſca*)
Moſ. Worth your Patience,
d your great Merit, Sir. And ſee the Change!
Volt. Why, what Succeſs?
Moſ. Moſt hapleſs! You muſt help, Sir.
ſtill we expected th' old Raven, in comes
ino's Wife, ſent hither by her Husband ——
Volt. What, with a Preſent? *Moſ.* No, Sir, on Viſitation:
ll tell you how anon) and ſtaying long,
Youth he grows impatient, ruſhes forth,
ith the Lady, wounds me, makes her ſwear
he would murder her, that was his Vow)
fore my Patron to have done her Rape:
uch how unlike it is, you ſee; and hence
th that Pretext he's gone t' accuſe his Father,
ſuborn my Patron, defeat you ——
Volt. Where's her Husband?
him be ſent for ſtreight. *Moſ.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the *Scrutinio*. *Moſ.* Sir, I will.

Volt.

Volt. This must be stopt *Mos.* O, you do nobly, Si
Alas, 'twas labour'd all, Sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of Counsel in the Plot:
But Fortune can, at any time o'erthrow
The Projects of a hundred Learned Clerks, Sir.
Corb. What's that?
Volt. Will't please you, Sir, to go along?
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our Success.
Volp. Need makes Devotion: Heavens your labour bl

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

I Told you, Sir, it was a Plot; you see
What Observation is. You mention'd me
For some Instructions: I will tell you, Sir,
(Since we are met here in this Height of *Venice*)
Some few Particulars, I have set down,
Only for this *Meridian*, fit to be known
Of your crude Traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, Sir, at your Phrase, or Clothes,
For they are old *Per.* Sir, I have better. *Pol* Pardon,
I meant, as they are Themes. *Per.* O, Sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more of Wit, good Sir.
Pol First for your Garb, it must be grave and serio
Very reserv'd and lockt; not tell a Secret
On any terms, not to your Father; scarce
A Fable, but with caution: Make sure choice
Both of your Company, and Discourse; beware
You never speak a truth—*Per.* How, *Pol.* Not to strange
For those be they you must converse with most:
Others I would not know, Sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a Saver in 'em:
You shall have Tricks else past upon you hourly,
And then, for your Religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the Laws o' th' Land, you could content yo
Nic. Machiavel, and Monsieur *Bodine*, both

Were of this mind. Then must you learn the Use
And handling of your Silver Fork at Meals,
The Metal of your Glass: (these are main Matters
With your *Italian*) and to know the Hour
When you must eat your Melons and your Figs.
Per. Is that a Point of State too? *Pol.* Here it is:
For your *Venetian*, if he see a Man
Superlative in the least, he has him strait;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, Sir,
I now have liv'd here ('tis some fourteen Months:)
Within the first Week of my Landing here,
All took me for a Citizen of *Venice*,
I knew the Forms so well —— *Per.* And nothing else.
Pol. I had read *Contarene*, took me a House,
Dealt with my *Jews* to furnish it with Movables ——
Well, if I could but find one Man one Man
To mine own Heart, whom I durst trust, I would ——
Per. What? what Sir?
Pol. Make him rich; make him a Fortune:
He should not think again. *I* would command it.
Per. As how? *Pol.* With certain Projects that I have,
Which I may not discover. *Per.* If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay Odds now,
He tells me instantly. *Pol.* One is, (and that
Time not greatly who knows) to serve the State
Of *Venice* with Red Herrings for three Years,
And at a certain Rate, from *Rotterdam*
Where I have Correspondence. There's a Letter,
Sent me from one o' th' States, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his Name, but that's his Mark.
Per. He is a Chandler. *Pol.* No, a Cheesmonger.
There are some others too, with whom I treat
About the same Negotiation;
And I will undertake it: For, 'tis thus,
I do not with eale, I have cast it all: Your Hoy
Comes but three Men in her and a Boy;
And she shall make me three Returns a Year:
So if these come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk: But this is now,
If my main Project fail. *Per.* Then you have others?

Pol.

Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil Air
Of such a Place, without my thousand Aims.
I'll not dissemble, Sir; where ere I come,
I love to be considerative; and, 'tis true,
I have at my free Hours thought upon
Some certain Goods unto the State of *Venice*,
Which I do call my Cautions; and, Sir, which
I mean (in hope of Pension) to propound
To the Great Counsel, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten. My Means are made already——
Per. By whom?
Pol. Sir, that though his Place b' obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A *Commandadore*. *Per.* What a common Serjeant?
Pol. Sir, such as they are, put it in their Mouth,
What they should say, sometimes, as well as greater
I think I have my Notes to shew you——*Per.* Good S
Pol. But you shall swear unto me, on your Gentry,
Not to anticipate——*Per.* I, Sir? *Pol.* Nor reveal
A Circumstance—— My Paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you can remember, Sir. *Pol.* My firs
Concerning Tinder-boxes. You must know,
No Family is here without its Box.
Now, Sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case that you or I were ill affected
Unto the State, Sir, with it in our Pockets,
Might not I go into the *Arsenal*,
Or you, come out again, and none the wiser?
Per. Except your self, Sir. *Pol.* Go to then. I then
Advertise to the State, how fit it were,
That none but such as were known Patriots,
Sound Lovers of their Country, should be suffer'd
T' enjoy them in their Houses; and even those
Seal'd at some Office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in Pockets. *Per.* Admirable!
Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be resolv'd,
By present Demonstration, whether a Ship,
Newly arriv'd from Syria, or from
Any suspected Part of all the *Levant*,
Be guilty of the Plague: And where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days sometimes,

A

bout the *Lazaretto*, for their Trial,
'll ſave that Charge and Loſs unto the Merchant,
nd in an Hour clear the Doubt. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?
Pol. Or —— I will loſe my Labour.
Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Pol. Nay, Sir, conceive me. 'Twill coſt me, in Onions,
ome thirty *Livres* —— *Per.* Which is one Pound *Sterling*.
Pol. Beſide my Water-works: For this I do, Sir.
irſt, I bring in your Ship 'twixt two Brick-walls;
But thoſe the State ſhall venture) on the one
ſtrain me a fair Tarpaulin, and in that
ſlick my Onions, cut in halfs; the other
full of Loop-holes, out at which I thruſt
he Noſes of my Bellows; and thoſe Bellows
keep, with Water-works, in perpetual Motion,
Which is the eaſieſt matter of a hundred)
ow, Sir, your Onion, which doth naturally
ttract th' Infection, and your Bellows blowing
he Air upon him, will ſhew (inſtantly)
y his chang'd Colour, if there be Contagion,
r elſe remain as fair as at the firſt.
ow 'tis known, 'tis nothing. *Per.* You are right, Sir.
Pol. I would I had my Note. *Per.* 'Faith, ſo would I:
ut you ha' done well for once, Sir. *Pol.* Were I falſe,
would be made ſo, I could ſhew you Reaſons
ow I could ſell this State now to the *Turk*,
ne of their Gallies, or their—*Per.* Pray you, Sir *Pol*,
Pol. I have 'em not about me. *Per.* That I fear'd.
ey are there, Sir. *Pol* No, this is my *Diary*,
Wherein I note my Actions of the Day.
Per. Pray you, let's ſee, Sir. What is here? *Notandum*,
That had gnawn my Spur-leathers; notwithſtanding,
put on new, and did go forth: but firſt
threw three Beans over the Threſhold. *Item*,
went and bought two Tooth-picks, whereof one
loſt immediately, in a Diſcourſe
ith a *Dutch* Merchant, 'bout *Ragion del Stato*.
om him I went, and paid a *Marcino*
r piecing my Silk Stockins; by the way
dropped Sprats; and at St. *Mark*'s I urin'd.

'Faith,

'Faith, these are Politick Notes! *Pol.* Sir, I do flig
No Action of my Life thus, but I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wise! *Pol.* Nay, Sir, read for

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

WHere should this loose Knight be trow? Sure h
Hous'd.
Nan. Why, then he's fast.
Lad. I, he plays both with me
I pray you stay. This Heat will do more harm
To my Complexion, than his Heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off! *Wom.* My Master's yonder. *Lad.* Wh
Wom. With a young Gentleman.
Lad. That same's the Party!
In Man's Apparel. 'Pray you, Sir, jog my Knight:
I will be tender to his Reputation,
However he demerit. *Pol.* My Lady! *Per.* Where?
Pol. 'Tis she indeed, Sir; you shall know her. Sir
Were she not mine, a Lady of that merit,
For Fashion and Behaviour; and for Beauty
I durst compare—— *Per.* It seems you are not jealou
That dare commend her. *Pol.* Nay, and for Discour
Per. Being your Wife, she cannot miss that. *Pol.* Mas
Here is a Gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly;
He seems a Youth, but he is—*Lad.* None. *Pol.* Yo
Has put his Face as soon into the World——(
Lad. You mean, as early? but to day? *Pol.* Ho
Lad. Why in this Habit, Sir, you apprehend me.
Well, Master *Would-be*, this doth not become you;
I had thought, the Odour, Sir, of your good Nam
Had been more precious to you; that you would
Have done this dire Massacre on your Honour;
One of your Gravity, and Rank besides!
But Knights, I see, care little for the Oath

They make to Ladies; chiefly, their own Ladies.
Pol. Now, by my Spurs (the Symbol of my Knighthood)
(*Per.* Lord, how his Brain is humbled for an Oath!)
Pol. I reach you not. *Lad.* Right, Sir, your Politie
May bear it through thus. Sir, a Word with you.
I would be loth to contest publickly
With any Gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, (as the Courtier says)
It comes too near Rusticity in a Lady,
Which I would shun by all means; and however
I may deserve from Master *Would-be*, yet
To have one fair Gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind Instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, I, and to persevere;
In my poor Judgment, is not warranted
From being a *Solœcism* in our Sex,
If not in Manners. *Per.* How is this! *Pol.* Sweet Madam,
Come nearer to your Aim. *Lad.* Marry, and I will, Sir.
Since you provoke me with your Impudence,
And Laughter of your Land-*Syren* here,
Your *Sporus*, your *Hermaphrodite* —— *Per.* What's here?
Poetick Fury, and Historick Storms!
Pol. The Gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our Nation. *Lad.* I, your *White-Friars* Nation?
Come, I blush for you Master *Would-be*, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more Forehead,
Than thus to be the Patron, or St. *George*,
To a lewd Harlot, a base Fricatrice,
A female Devil, in a Male Out-side. *Pol.* Nay,
And you be such a one, I must bid Adieu
To your Delights. The Cafe appears too liquid.
Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your State-face!
Out for your Carnival Concupiscence,
You here a-flee for Liberty of Conscience,
From furious Persecution of the Marshal,
But will I disciple. *Per.* This is fine, i' faith!
Did you use this often? Is this part
Of your Wits Exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam —— *Lad.* Go to, Sir.
Per. Do you hear me, Lady?
Pity, if your Knight have let you to beg Shirts,

Or

Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far. *Lad* This cannot work you
Out of my Snare. *Per.* Why? am I in it, then?
Indeed your Husband told me you were Fair,
And so you are; only your Nose enclines
(That Side that's next the Sun) to the Queen-appl
Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any Patience.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

WHat's the matter, Madam? *Lad.* If the Senat
Right not my quest in this, I will protest
To all the World, no *Aristocracy*.
Mos. What is the Injury, Lady? *Lad.* Why, the C
You told me of, here I have tane disguis'd.
Mos. Who? this? what means your Ladiship?
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now. (Cre
Before the Senate; you shall see her —— *Lad.* Wh
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young Gentle
I saw him land this Morning at the Port.
Lad. Is't possible! how was my Judgment wande
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your Pardon. *Per.* What, more Changes
Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to remember
A Gentlewomans Passion. if you stay
In *Venice* here, please you to use me, Sir ——
Mos. Will you go, Madam?
Lad. Pray you, Sir, use me: In faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our Quarrel. *Per.* This is rare!
Sir *Politick Would-be*? No, Sir *Politick Lewd*
To bring me thus acquainted with his Wife!
Well, wise Sir *Pol*, since you have practis'd thus
Upon my Freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a Counter plot.

A

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

WEll, now you know the Carriage of the Business,
Your Constancy is all that is requir'd
nto the Safety of it. *Mos.* Is the Lie
ifly convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
nows every Man his Burden?
Corv. Yes. *Mos.* Then shrink not.
Corv. But knows the Advocate the Truth? *Mos.* O,
no means. I devis'd a formal Tale, (Sir,
t salv'd your Reputation. But be valiant, Sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his Pleading
uld make him stand for a Co-heir—*Mos.* Co-halter!
g him, we will but use his Tongue, his Noise,
we do Croakers here. *Corv.* I, what shall he do?
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes. *Mos.* Why, we'll think:
him for *Mummia*, he's half Dust already.
you not smile, to see this *Buffalo* [*To Voltore.*
he doth sport it with his Head? —— I mould
ll were well, and past. Sir, only you [*To Corbaccio.*
he that shall enjoy the Crop of all,
these not know for whom they toil. *Corb.* I peace.
Mos. But you shall eat it. [*To Corvino.*
h Worshipful Sir, [*Then to Voltore again.*
ay fit upon your thundring Tongue,
the *French Hercules*, and make your Language
conquering as his Club, to beat along
with a Tempest) that, our Adversaries;
much more yours, Sir. *Volt.* Have they come, ha' done.
Mos. I have another Witness, if you need, Sir,
produce. *Volt.* Who is it? *Mos.* Sir, I have her.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Avocatori 4. *Bonario*, *Celia*, *Voltore*, *Corbaccio*, *Corvino*, *Mosca*, *Notario*, *Commandadori*.

THE like of this the Senate never heard of.
Avoc. 2. 'Twill come moſt ſtrange to them, when we report it.
Avoc. 4. The Gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved Name. *Avoc.* 3. So the young Man.
Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of his Father.
Av. 2. More of the Husband. *Av.* 1. I not know how
His Act a Name, it is ſo monſtrous!
Avoc. 4. But the Impoſtor, he is a thing created
T' exceed Example! *Avoc.* 1. And all after-times!
Avoc. 2. I never heard a true Voluptuary
Deſcrib'd, but him. *Avoc.* 3. Appear yet thoſe were cited!
Nota All but the old *Magnifico*, *Volpone*.
Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?
Moſ. Pleaſe your Fatherhoods,
Here is his Advocate: Himſelf's ſo weak,
So feeble—— *Avoc.* 4. What are you?
Bon. His Paraſite,
His Knave, his Pandar: I beſeech the Court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave Eyes
May bear ſtrong Witneſs of his ſtrange Impoſture.
Volt. Upon my Faith and Credit, with your Vouch,
He is not able to endure the Air.
Avo. 2. Bring him, however.
Avo. 3. We will ſee him. *Avo.* 4. Fetch him.
Volt. Your Fatherhoods fit Pleaſures be obey'd;
But ſure, the Sight will rather move your Pities,
Than Indignation: May it pleaſe the Court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this Place moſt void of Prejudice,
And therefore crave it, ſince we have no reaſon
To fear our Truth ſhould hurt our Cauſe.
Avoc. 3. Speak free.

Volt. Then know, moſt honoured Fathers, I muſt now
iſcover to your ſtrangely abuſed Ears
e moſt prodigious and moſt frontleſs Piece
ſolid Impudence, and Treachery,
at ever vicious Nature yet brought forth
ſhame the State of *Venice*. This lewd Woman
hat wants no artificial Looks, or Tears,
help the Vizor ſhe has now put on)
th long been known a cloſe Adultereſs
that laſcivious Youth there; not ſuſpected,
y, but known, and taken in the Act
ith him; and by this Man, the eaſie Husband,
don'd; whoſe timely Bounty makes him now
nd here, the moſt unhappy, innocent Perſon
t ever Man's own Goodneſs made accus'd.
theſe, not knowing how to owe a Gift
that dear Grace, but with their Shame; being plac'd
above all Powers of their Gratitude,
an to hate the Benefit; and, in place
Thanks, deviſe t' extirp the Memory
uch an Act: Wherein I pray your Fatherhoods
bſerve the Malice, yea, the Rage of Creatures,
ſover'd in their Evils, and what Heart
take, even from their Crimes. But that anon
more appear. This Gentleman, the Father,
ing of this foul Fact, with many others,
ch daily ſtruck at his too tender Ears,
griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
ve himſelf a Parent (his Son's Ills
wing to that ſtrange Flood) at laſt decreed
himſelf him. *Acc.* These be ſtrange Turns!
. The young Mans Fame was ever fair and honeſt.
. So much more full of danger is his Vice,
can beguile ſo, under ſhade of Vertue.
s I ſaid, (my honour'd Sirs) his Father
ng this ſetled Purpoſe, (by what means
n betray'd, we know not) and this day
inted for the Deed; that Parricide,
ſhall title him better) by Confederacy
ing this his Paramour to be there,
d *Volpone*'s Houſe, (who was the Man,

Your Fatherhoods muſt underſtand, deſign'd
For the Inheritance) there, ſought his Father:
But with what purpoſe ſought he him, my Lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a Son
Unto a Father, and to ſuch a Father,
Should have ſo foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: When, being prevented
By his more happy Abſence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked Thoughts; no, now new Deſ
(Miſchief doth ever end where it begins)
An Act of horrour, Fathers! He dragg'd forth
The aged Gentleman, that had there lien Bed-rid
Three years and more, out of his innocent Couch,
Naked, upon the Floor, there left him; wounded
His Servant in the Face, and, with this Strumpet,
The Stale to his forg'd Practice, who was glad
To be ſo active, (I ſhall here deſire
Your Fatherhoods to note but my Collections,
As moſt remarkable) thought at once to ſtop
His Father's Ends, diſcredit his Free Choice
In the old Gentleman, redeem themſelves,
By laying Infamy upon this Man,
To whom, with bluſhing, they ſhould owe their Li

Avoc. 1. What Proofs have you of this?

Bon. Moſt honour'd Fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no credit given
To this Man's mercenary Tongue. *Avoc.* 2. Forbea

Bon. His Soul moves in his Fee.

Avoc. 3. O, Sir. *Bon.* This Fellow,
For ſix Sous more, would plead againſt his Make

Avoc. 1. You do forget your ſelf.

Volt. Nay, nay, Grave Fathers,
Let him have ſcope: Can any Man imagine
That he will ſpare his Accuſer, that would not
Have ſpar'd his Parent?

Avoc. 1. Well, produce your Proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a Creature.

Volt. Signior *Corbaccio*.

Avoc. 4. What is he? *Volt.* The Father.

Avoc. 2. Has he had an Oath?

Not. Yes. *Corb.* What muſt I do now?

Not. Your Teſtimony's crav'd.
Corb. Speak to the Knave?
I ha' my Mouth firſt ſtopt with Earth; my Heart
Abhors his Knowledge: I diſclaim in him.
Avoc. 1. But for what Cauſe?
Corb. The meer Portent of Nature:
He is an utter Stranger to my Loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this!
Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monſter of Men, Swine, Goat, Wolf, Parricide,
Speak not, thou Viper. *Bon.* Sir, I will ſit down,
And rather wiſh my Innocence ſhould ſuffer,
Than I reſiſt the Authority of a Father.
Volt. Signior *Corvino.*
Avoc. 2. This is ſtrange! *Avoc.* 1. Who's this?
Not. The Husband. *Avoc.* 4. Is he ſworn?
Not. He is. *Avoc.* 3. Speak then.
Corv. This woman (pleaſe your Fatherhoods) is a
Moſt hot Exerciſe, more than a Partrich, (Whore,
Upon Record——*Avoc.* 1. No more.
Corv. Neighs like a Jennet.
Not. Preſerve the Honour of the Court. *Corv.* I ſhall,
And Modeſty of your moſt reverend Ears.
And yet I hope that I may ſay, theſe Eyes
Have ſeen her glew'd unto that piece of Cedar,
That fine well-timber'd Gallant; and that here
The Letters may be read, thorow the Horn,
That make the Story perfect. *Mof.* Excellent! Sir,
Corv. There is no Shame in this now, is there?
Mof. None.
Corv. Or if I ſaid, I hop'd that ſhe were onward
To her Damnation, if there be a Hell
Greater than Whore, and Woman, a good Catho-
lick may make the doubt. (aſide
Avoc. 3. His Grief hath made him frantick.
Avoc. 1. Remove him hence.
Avoc. 2. Look to the Woman. [*Celia ſwoons.*
Corv. Rare! Prettily feign'd! again!
Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.
Avoc. 1. Give her the Air.
Avoc. 3. What can you ſay? *Mof.* My Wound

(May't please your VVisdoms) speaks for me receiv
In aid of my good Patron, when he mist
His sought for Father, when that well taught Dam
Had her Cue given her, to cry out, A Rape.
Bon. O, most laid Impudence! Fathers——
Avoc. 3. Sir, be silent;
You had your Hearing free, so must they theirs.
Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' Imposture here.
Avoc. 4. This Woman has too many Moods.
Volt. Grave Fathers,
She is a Creature of a most profest
And prostituted Lewdness. *Corv.* Most impetuous
Unsatisfied, Grave Fathers! *Volt.* May her Feigning
Not take your Wisdoms: But this day she baited
A Stranger, a grave Knight, with her loose Eyes,
And more lascivious Kisses. This Man saw 'em
Together on the Water, in a *Gondola*.
Mos. Here is the Lady herself, that saw 'em too,
Without; who then had in the open Streets
Pursu'd them, but for saving her Knight's Honour.
Avoc. 1. Produce that Lady.
Avoc. 2. Let her come. *Avoc.* 4. These things,
They strike with wonder. *Avoc.* 3. I am turn'd a St

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Mosca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

BE resolute, Madam. *Lad.* I, this fame is fit.
Out, thou Chamelion Harlot; now thine Eye
Vie Tears with the *Hyæna*: Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged Face? I cry your Pardons,
I fear I have (forgetfully) transgrest
Against the Dignity of the Court—*Avoc.* 2. No,
Lad. And been exorbitant——
Avoc. 2. You have not, Lady.
Avoc. 4. Their Proofs are strong.
Lad. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your Honours, or my Sexes.
Avoc. 3. We do believe it.

Lad. Surely, you may believe it.
Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.
Lad. Indeed you may; my Breeding
Is not so courſe—*Avoc.* 4. We know it. *Lad.* To offend
With Pertinacy—*Avoc.* 3. Lady. *Lad.* Such a Preſence!
No, ſurely. *Avoc.* 1. We well think it.
Lad. You may think it.
Avoc. 1. Let her o'recome. What Witneſſes have you,
To make good your Report? *Bon.* Our Conſciences.
Cel. And Heaven, that never fails the Innocent.
Avoc. 4. Theſe are no Teſtimonies.
Bon. Not in your Courts,
Where Multitude and Clamour overcomes.
Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax inſolent.
Volt. Here, here, [Volpone *is brought in as impotent.*
The Teſtimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbneſs their bold Tongues.
See here, Grave Fathers, here's the Raviſher,
The Rider on Mens Wives, the great Impoſtor,
The grand Voluptuary! Do you not think
Theſe Limbs ſhould affect Venery? or theſe Eyes
Covet a Concubine? Pray you mark theſe Hands:
Are they not fit to ſtroke a Ladies Breaſts?
Perhaps he doth diſſemble? *Bon.* So he does.
Volt. Would you ha' him torturʼd?
Bon. I would have him provʼd.
Volt. Beſt try him then with Goads, or burning
Irons;
Put him to the Strappado: I have heard
The Rack hath curʼd the Gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a Malady, be courteous.
I'll undertake, before theſe honourʼd Fathers,
He ſhall have yet as many left Diſeaſes,
As he has known Adulteries, or thou Strumpets.
O, my moſt equal Hearers, if theſe Deeds,
Wrought of this bold and moſt exorbitant Strain,
May paſs with Impunity, what one Citizen
Will owes the Forfeit of his Life, yea, Fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you
Are free, my honourʼd Fathers? I would aſk
(With leave of your grave Fatherhoods) if their Plot
Have any Face or Colour like to Truth?

Or, if, unto the dulleſt Noſtril here,
It ſmell not rank, and moſt abhorred Slander?
I crave your Care of this good Gentleman,
Whoſe life is much endanger'd by their Fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious Perſons, when they're hot and fleſh'd
In impious Acts, their Conſtancy abounds:
Damn'd Deeds are done with greateſt Confidence.

Avoc. 1. Take 'em to Cuſtody, and ſever them.

Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two ſuch Prodigies ſhould live.

Avoc. 1. Let the old Gentleman be return'd with care: I'm ſorry our Credulity wrong'd him.

Avoc. 4. Theſe are two Creatures!

Avoc. 3. I have an Earthquake in me.

Avoc. 2. Their ſhame (even in their Cradles) fits their Faces. (To

Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy Service to the State In their diſcovery. *Avoc.* 1. You ſhall hear, ere night, What Puniſhment the Court decrees upon 'em.

Volt. We thank your Fatherhoods.
How like you it? *Moſ.* Rare.
I'ld ha' your Tongue, Sir, tipt with Gold for this;
I'ld ha' you be the Heir to the whole City;
The Earth I'ld have want Men, ere you want Living.
They're bound to erect your Statue in St. *Marks*.
Signior *Corvino*, I would have you go
And ſhew your ſelf, that you have conquer'd. *Corv.* Yes.

Moſ. It was much better that you ſhould profeſs
Your ſelf a Cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd. *Corv.* Nay, I conſider'd that
Now it is her fault. *Moſ.* Then it had been yours.

Corv. True, I do doubt this Advocate ſtill. *Moſ.* I'll fit you.
You need not, I dare ſafe you of that Care.

Corv. I truſt thee, *Moſca*.

Moſ. As your own Soul, Sir. *Corb.* *Moſca*.

Moſ. How for your Buſineſs, Sir.

Corb. How? ha' you Buſineſs?

Moſ. Yes, yours, Sir. *Corb.* O, none elſe?

Moſ. None elſe, not I.

Corb. Be careful then.

Moſ. Reſt you with both your Eyes, Sir.

Corb. Diſpatch it. *Moſ.* Inſtantly.
Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, Jewels, Plate, Moneys,
Houſhold-ſtuff, Bedding, Curtains. *Moſ.* Curtain-rings, Sir.
Only the Advocate's Fee muſt be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Moſ. Sir, I muſt tender it. *Corb.* Two *Cecchines* is well.
Moſ. No, Six, Sir. *Corb.* 'Tis too much.
Moſ. He talk'd a great while;
You muſt conſider that, Sir. *Corb.* Well, there's Three ——
Moſ. I'll give it him. *Corb.* Do ſo, and there's for thee.
Moſ. Bountiful Bones! What horrid ſtrange Offence,
Did he commit 'gainſt Nature, in his Youth,
Worthy this Age? You ſee, Sir, how I work
Into your Ends: take you no notice. *Volt.* No,
I'll leave you. *Moſ.* All is yours, the Devil and all:
Good Advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lad. No, I'll go ſee your Patron.
Moſ. That you ſhall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpoſe is to urge,
My Patron to reform his Will; and for
The Zeal you have ſhewn to day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you ſhall be now
Put in the firſt; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were preſent. Therefore —— *Lad.* You ſhall ſway me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Volpone.

WEll, I am here, and all this brunt is past:
I ne'er was in diſlike with my Diſguiſe
Till this fled Moment; here 'twas good, in private;
But in your publick, Cave whilſt I breathe.
Fore God, my left Leg 'gan to have the Cramp,
And I apprehended ſtrait ſome Power had ſtruck me
With a Dead Palſie: Well, I muſt be merry,
And ſhake it off. A many of theſe Fears
Would put me into ſome villanous Diſeaſe,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a Bowl of luſty Wine, to fright
This humour from my heart; (hum, hum, hum.)
[*He drinks.*
'Tis almoſt gone already: I ſhall conquer.
Any Device now, of rare ingenious Knavery,
That would poſſeſs me with a violent Laughter,
Would make me up again. So, ſo, ſo, ſo. [*Drinks again.*
This Heat is Life; 'tis Blood by this time: *Muſca!*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Muſca, Volpone, Nano, Caſtrone.

HOw now, Sir? Does the Day look clear again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of Eclipſe,
Into our Way, to ſee our Path before us?
Is our Trade free once more? *Volp.* Exquiſite *Muſca!*
Muſ. Was it not carried learnedly? *Volp.* And happily.
Good Wits are greateſt in Extremities.
Muſ. It were a Folly, beyond thought, to truſt
Any grand Act unto a cowardly Spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the Wench:
The Pleaſure of all Woman-kind's not like it.

Mof. Why now you ſpeak, Sir. We muſt here be
Here we muſt reſt; this is our Maſter-piece: (fixt;
We cannot think to go beyond this. *Volp.* True,
Thou haſt plaid thy Prize, my precious *Moſca.* *Mof.*
Nay, Sir,
To gull the Court — *Volp.* And quite divert the
Torrent
Upon the Innocent. *Mof.* Yes, and to make
So rare a Muſick out of Diſcords — *Volp.* Right.
That yet to me's the ſtrangeſt! how th'hall born it!
That theſe (being ſo divided 'mongſt themſelves)
Would not ſcent ſomewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own Side. *Mof.* True, they will not
ſee't.
Too much Light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is poſſeſt and fluſht with his own Hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never ſo true, or never ſo apparent,
Never ſo palpable, they will refuſe it ——
Volp. Like a Temptation of the Devil. *Mof.* Right
Sir.
Merchants may talk of Trade, and your great Signiors
Of Land that yields well; but if *Italy*
Have any Glebe more fruitful than theſe Fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your Advocate rare?
Volp. O (My moſt honour'd Fathers, my grave Fa-
thers,
Under correction of your Fatherhoods, (thers,
What Face of Truth is here? If theſe ſtrange Deeds
May paſs, moſt honour'd Fathers—) I had much ado
To forbear laughing. *Mof.* 'Seem'd to me, you
ſweat, Sir.
Volp. In truth I did a little. *Mof.* But confeſs, Sir,
Were you not daunted? *Volp.* In good faith, I was
A little in a Miſt, but not dejected;
Well but ſtill my ſelf. *Mof.* I think it, Sir.
Now (ſo Truth help me) I muſt needs ſay this, Sir,
And out of Conſcience, for your Advocate,
Has taken pains, in faith, Sir, and deſerv'd
(In my poor Judgment, I ſpeak it under favour,
Not contrary you, Sir) very richly —

Well

Well—to be cozen'd. *Volp.* Troth, and *I* think so too,
By that *I* heard him, in the latter end.
Mos. O, but before, Sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain Heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement Figures— *I* look'd still
When he would shift a Shirt; and doing this
Out of pure Love, no hope of Gain—— *Volp.* 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, *Mosca*, as *I* would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good, Sir. *Volp.* Call the Dwarf
And Eunuch forth.
Mos. *Castrone*, *Nano*. *Nan.* Here.
Volp. Shall we have a Jig, now?
Mos. What you please, Sir. *Volp.* Go,
Strait give out about the Streets, you two,
That *I* am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? Impute it to the Grief
Of this late Slander.
Mos. What do you mean, Sir? *Volp.* O,
I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, (on the News)
To peck for Carrion, my She-Wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation——
Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their
Mouths?
Volp. 'Tis true; *I* will ha' thee put on a Gown,
And take upon thee, as thou were mine Heir;
Shew 'em a Will: Open that Chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the Blanks; I'll strait
Put in thy Name. *Mos.* It will be rare, Sir. *Volp.* I,
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded—
Mos. Yes. *Volp.* And thou use them scurvily.
Dispatch, get on thy Gown.
Mos. But what, Sir, if they ask
After the Body? *Volp.* Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say, it stunk, Sir; and was fain t' have it
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.
Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's
my Will.

Go

Get thee a Cap, a Count-book, Pen and Ink,
Papers afore thee; fit as thou wert taking
An Inventory of Parcels: I'll get up
Behind the Curtain, on a Stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what Degrees their Blood doth leave their Faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare Meal of Laughter.
Mos. Your Advocate will turn ſtark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his Oratories edge.
Mos. But your *Clariſſimo*, old Round-back, he
Will crump you, like a Hog-louſe, with the touch.
Volp. And what *Corvino*? *Mos.* O Sir, look for him,
To morrow morning, with a Rope and a Dagger,
To viſit all the Streets; he muſt run mad.
My Lady too, that came into the Court,
To bear Falſe-witneſs for your Worſhip —— *Volp.*
Yes,
And kiſs me 'fore the Fathers, when my Face
Flow'd all with Oils.
Mos. And Sweat, Sir. VVhy your Gold
Is ſuch another Med'cine, it dries up
All thoſe offenſive Savours: It transforms
The moſt deformed, and reſtores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the ſtrange Poetical Girdle. *Jove* [*Celſus.*
Could not invent t' himſelf a Shroud more ſubtle
To paſs *Acrſius* Guards. It is the thing
Makes all the World her Grace, her Youth, her Beauty.
Volp. I think ſhe loves me. *Mos.* Who? the Lady, Sir?
She's jealous of you. *Volp.* Doſt thou ſay ſo? *Mos.* Hark,
One's come already. *Volp.* Look. *Mos.* It is the Vulture;
He has the quickeſt Scent. *Volp.* I'll to my Place,
Thou to thy Poſture. *Mos.* I am ſet. *Volp.* But *Moſca*,
Play the Artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE III.

Voltore, Mosca, Corbaccio, Corvino, La
Volpone.

HOw now, my *Mosca*? *Mos.* Turky Carpets, nine
Volt. Taking an Inventory? That is well.
Mos. Two Sutes of Bedding, Tissue——
Volt. Where's the Will?
Let me read that the while. *Corb.* So, set me down,
And get you home. *Volt.* Is he come now, to trouble
Mos. Of Cloth of Gold, two more——
Corb. Is it done, *Mosca*?
Mos. Of several Velvets, eight——
Volt. I like his Care.
Corb. Dost thou not hear?
Corv. Ha? is the Hour come, *Mosca*?
Volp. I now they mutter. [Volpone *peeps*
Corv. What does the Advocate here, (*behind a Tree*
Or this *Corbaccio*?
Corb. What do these here? *Lad. Mosca*?
Is his Titled spun? *Mos.* Eight Chests of Linen—
Volp. O,
My Fine Dame *Would-be* too! *Corv. Mosca*, the Will,
That *I* may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.
Mos. Six Chests of Diaper, four of Damask—Then
Corb. Is that the Will?
Mos. Down Beds and Bolsters—*Volp.* Rare!
Be busie still. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!
How their swift Eyes run over the long Deed
Unto the Name, and to the Legacies,
What is bequeath'd them there——
Mos. Ten Sutes of Hangings——
Volp. I, i' their Garters, *Mosca*. Now their Hope
Are at the gasp. *Volt. Mosca* the Heir! *Corb.* What
that?
Volp. My Advocate is dumb; look to my Merchan
He has heard of some strange Storm, a Ship is lost,

e faints; my Lady will swoon. Old Glazen-eyes,
e hath not reach'd his Despair yet. *Cord.* All these
re out of hope; I'm sure the Man. *Corv.* But *Mosca*—
Mos. Two Cabinets——*Corv.* Is this in earnest?
Mos. One.
f Ebony—— *Corv.* Or do you but delude me?
Mos. The other, Mother of Pearl—I am very busie.
ood faith, it is a Fortune thrown upon me——
ew, one Salt of Agat—— not any seeking.
Lad. Do you hear, Sir?
Mos. A perfum'd Box—'Pray you forbear,
ou see *I* am troubled—— made of an *Onyx*—*Lad.*
How!
Mos. To morrow or next day *I* shall be at leisure
o talk with you all. *Corv.* Is this my large Hopes
ssue?
Lad. Sir, *I* must have a fairer Answer. *Mos.* Madam!
Marry, and shall: 'Pray you, fairly quit my House.
ay, raise no Tempest with your Looks; but hark
emember what your Ladiship offer'd me (you,
o put you in an Heir; go to, think on't:
nd what you said e'en your best Madam did
or Maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
o home, and use the poor Sir *Pol* your Knight well,
or fear I tell some Riddles: Go, be melancholy.
Volp. O, my fine Devil! *Corv.* *Mosca*, 'pray you a
word.
Mos. Lord! will not you take your Dispatch hence
yet?
Methinks (of all) you should have been the Example.
Why should you stay here? with what thought, what
promise?
ot you? do you not know, I know you an Ass?
nd that you would most fain have been a Wittol,
Fortune would have let you? that you are
declar'd Cuckold, on good Terms? This Pearl,
e'll say, was yours? Right: This Diamond?
ll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
may be so. Why, think that these good Works
may help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;
although you be but extraordinary

And

And have it only in Title, it ſufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
Volp. Rare *Moſca!* How his Villany becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all theſe for me.
Corb. *Moſca* the Heir?
Volp. O his four Eyes have found it.
Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a Paraſite-ſlave;
Harlot, t' haſt gull'd me. *Moſ.* Yes, Sir. Stop your (mouth,
Or *I* ſhall draw the only Tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous Wretch,
With the three Legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years ſnufft about,
With your moſt grov'ling Noſe, and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my Patron, Sir?
Are not you he that have to day in Court
Profeſs'd the diſinheriting of your Son?
Perjur'd your ſelf; Go home, and die, and ſtink;
If you but croak a Syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your Porters, go, go, ſtink.
Volp. Excellent Varlet! *Volt.* Now, my faithful *Moſca*,
I find thy Conſtancy. *Moſ.* Sir?
Volt. Sincere. *Moſ.* A Table
Of Porphiry—*I* mar'le you'll be thus troubleſom.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Moſ. Why? who are you?
What? who did ſend for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend Sir! Good faith, *I* am griev'd for you,
That any Chance of mine ſhould thus defeat
Your (I muſt needs ſay) moſt deſerving Travels:
But *I* proteſt, Sir, it was caſt upon me,
And *I* could almoſt wiſh to be without it,
But that the Will o' th' Dead muſt be obſerv'd.
Marry, my joy is, that you need it not,
You have a Gift, Sir, (thank your Education)
Will never let you want, while there are Men,
And Malice, to breed Cauſes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my Fortune, Sir.
If I have any Suits (as I do hope,
Things being ſo eaſie and direct, *I* ſhall not)
I will make bold with your obſtreperous Aid,
(Conceive me) for your Fee, Sir. In mean time,

Yo

You that have so much Law, I know ha' the Conscience
Not to be Covetous of what is mine.
Good Sir, I thank you for my Place; 'twill help
To set up a young Man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, Sir.
Volp. Bid him eat Lettuce well: My witty Mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that *I* could now
Transform thee to a *Venus* —— *Mosca*, go,
Straight take my Habit of *Clarissimo*,
And walk the Streets, be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this Feast? *Mos.* I doubt it will lose them.
Volp. O, my Recovery shall recover all.
That *I* could now but think on some Disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em Questions:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn?
Mos. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canst thou? *Mos.* Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, Sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his
Habit.
Volp. A rare Disguise, and answering thy Brain!
O, I will be a sharp Disease unto 'em.
Mos. Sir, you must look for Curses ——
Volp. Till they burst;
The *Fox* fares ever best when he is curst.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3. *Woman, Politick.*

AM I enough disguis'd? *Mer.* 1. I warrant you.
Per. All my Ambition is to fright him only.
Mer. 2. If you could Ship him away, 'twere excellent.
Mer. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Aleppo*? *Per.* Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' *Book of Voyages*,
And his gull'd Story registred for Truth?
Well, Gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our Discourse,
Keep your Approaches. *Mer.* 1. Trust it to our Care,

Per.

Per. Save you, fair Lady. Is Sir *Pol* within?
Wom. I do not know, Sir. *Per.* Pray you, say unto him
Here is a Merchant, upon earnest Business,
Desires to speak with him.
Wom. I will see, Sir. *Per.* Pray you.
I see the Family is all Female here.
Wom. He says, Sir, he has weighty Affairs of State,
That now require him whole; some other time
You may possess him. *Per.* Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him Tidings. What might be
His grave Affair of State now? how to make
Bolognian Sausages here in *Venice*, sparing
One o' th' ingredients. *Wom.* Sir, he says, he knows
By your Word, *Tidings*, that you are no Statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many Proclamations,
And studied them for Words, as he has done;
But—Here he deigns to come. *Pol.* Sir, I must crave
Your courteous Pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Unkind Disaster 'twixt my Lady and me,
And I was penning my Apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse Disaster;
The Gentleman you met at th' Port to day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd — *Pol.* I, was
A fugitive Punk? *Per.* No, Sir, a Spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the Senate,
That you profest to him to have a Plot
To sell the State of *Venice* to the *Turk*.
Pol. O me!
Per. For which Warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your Study
For Papers—*Pol.* Alas, Sir, I have none, but Notes,
Drawn out of Play-books—*Per.* All the better, Sir.
Pol. And some Essays. What shall I do? *Per.* Sir,
Convey your self into a Sugar-chest,
Or, if you would lie round, a Frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard. *Pol.* Sir, I but talk'd
For Discourse-sake merely. [*They knock*

Per. Heark, they are there.
Pol. I am a Wretch, a Wretch.
Per. What will you do, Sir?
Ha' you ne'er a Curran-But to leap into?
They'll put you to the Rack, you muſt be ſudden.
Pol. Sir, I have an Ingine ——
(*Mer.* 3. Sir *Politick Would-be*?
Mer. 2. Where is he?)
Pol. That *I* have thought upon before-time.
Per. What is it? *Pol.* (I ſhall ne'er endure the Torture.)
Marry, it is, Sir, of a Tortoiſe-ſhell,
Fitted for theſe Extremities: pray you, Sir, help me.
Here *I* have a place, Sir, to put back my Legs,
(Pleaſe you to lay it on, Sir) with this Cap,
And my black Gloves. I'll lie, Sir, like a Tortoiſe,
Till they are gone. *Per.* And call you this an Ingine?
Pol. Mine own Device ——
Good Sir, bid my Wifes Women
To burn my Papers. [*They runſh in.*
Mer. 1. Where's he hid? *Mer.* 3. We muſt
And will ſure find him.
Mer. 2. Which is his Study? *Mer.* 1. What
Are you, Sir? *Per.* I am a Merchant, that came here
To look upon this Tortoiſe?
Mer. 3. How? *Mer.* 1. St. *Mark*!
What Beaſt is this? *Per.* It is a Fiſh.
Mer. 2. Come out here.
Per. Nay, you may ſtrike him Sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a Cart.
Mer. 1. What, to run over him? *Per.* Yes, Sir.
Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.
Mer. 2. Can he not go? *Per.* He creeps, Sir.
Mer. 1. Let's ſee him creep.
Per. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.
Mer. 2. (Heart) I'll ſee him creep, or prick his Guts.
Mer. 3. Come out here.
Per. Pray you Sir, (creep a little.)
Mer. 1. Forth.
Mer. 2. Yet farther. *Per.* Good Sir, (creep.)
Mer. 2. We'll ſee his Legs.
[*They pull off the Shell, and diſcover him.*
Mer. 3.

Mer. 3. Gods so, he has Garters!
Mer. 1. I, and Gloves! *Mer.* 2. Is this
Your fearful Tortoise? *Per.* Now, Sir *Pol*, we are eve
For your next Project *I* shall be prepar'd:
I am sorry for the Funeral of your Notes, Sir.
Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare Motion to be seen in *Fleetstr*
Mer. 2. I, i' the Term.
Mer. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the Fair.
Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy Sight.
Per. Farewel, most Politick Tortoise.
Pol. Where's my Lady?
Knows she of this? *Wom.* I know not, Sir. *Pol.* Enqui
O, I shall be the Fable of all Feasts,
The Freight of the *Gazetti*, Ship-boys Tale;
And, which is worst, even Talk for Ordinaries.
Wom. My Lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, Sir, she will streight to Sea, for Physick.
Pol. And I, to shun this Place and Clime for eve,
Creeping with House on Back, and think it well
To shrink my poor Head in my Politick Shell.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Volpone, Mosca.

[*The first in the Habit of a* Commandatore; *the other, a* Clarissimo.]

AM *I* then like him? *Mos.* O, Sir, you are he:
No Man can sever you.
Volp. Good. *Mos.* But what am *I*?
Volp. 'Fore Heaven, a brave *Clarissimo*, thou becam'st
Pity thou wert not born one. *Mos.* If *I* hold
My made one, 'twill be well. *Volp.* I'll go and se
What News first at the Court. *Mos.* Do so. My
Is out on his Hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd Case,
Except he come to Composition with me.
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano. All. Here.

Mos. Go, recreate your ſelves abroad; go ſport.
So, now *I* have the Keys, and am poſſeſt.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. *I* am his Heir,
And ſo will keep me, till he ſhare at leaſt.
To cozen him of all, were but a Cheat
Well plac'd; no Man would conſtrue it a Sin:
Let his Sport pay for't; this is call'd the Fox-trap.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.

THey ſay, the Court is ſet. *Corv.* We muſt maintain
Our firſt tale good, for both our Reputations.
Corb. Why? mine's no Tale: my Son would there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, *I* had forgot; mine is, *I* am ſure.
But for your Will, Sir. *Corb. I*, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his Patron's dead.
Volp. Signior *Corvino*! and *Corbaccio*! Sir,
Much joy unto you. *Corv.* Of what?
Volp. The ſudden Good
Dropt down upon you — *Corb.* Where?
Volp. (And none knows how.)
From old *Volpone*, Sir. *Corb.* Out, errant Knave.
Volp. Let not your too much Wealth, Sir, make you furious. *Corb.* Away, thou Varlet.
Volp. Why, Sir? *Corb.* Doſt thou mock me?
Volp. You mock the World, Sir;
Did you not change Wills?
Corb. Out, Harlot. *Volp.* O! belike you are the Man, Signior *Corvino*? 'Faith you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: *I* love your Spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your Fortune.
You ſhould ha' ſome would ſwell now, like a Wine-fat,
With ſuch an Autumn — Did he gi' you all, Sir?
Corv. Avoid, you Raſcal.
Volp. Troth, your VVife has ſhewn
Her ſelf a very VVoman: but you are well,

You

You need not care, you have a good Eſtate,
To bear it out, Sir, better by this Chance:
Except *Corbaccio* have a Share? *Corb.* Hence, Varlet.
Volp. You will not be a'known, Sir; why, 'tis wiſe.
Thus do all Gameſters, at all Games, diſſemble.
No Man will ſeem to win. Here comes my Vulture,
Heaving his Beak up i' the Air, and ſnuffing.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Voltore, Volpone.

OUt-ſtript thus, by a Paraſite? a Slave?
Would run on Errands, and make Legs for Crumbs?
VVell, what I'll do ——
Volp. The Court ſtays for your worſhip.
I e'en rejoice, Sir, at your worſhips Happineſs,
And that it fell into ſo learned Hands,
That underſtand the fingering ——
Volt. VVhat do you mean?
Volp. I mean to be a Suitor to your VVorſhip,
For the ſmall Tenement, out of Reparations,
That at the end of your long row of Houſes,
By the *Piſcaria*: It was, in *Volpone*'s time,
Your Predeceſſor, e'er he grew Diſeas'd,
A handſom, pretty, cuſtom'd Bawdy-houſe,
As any was in *Venice*, (none diſpraiſ'd)
But fell with him; his Body and that Houſe
Decay'd together.
Volt. Come, Sir, leave your prating.
Volp. VVhy, if your VVorſhip give me but your Hand,
That I may ha' the Refuſal, I have done.
'Tis a meer Toy to you, Sir, Candle-rents,
As your Learn'd Worſhip knows ——
Volt. What do I know? (*a*
Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, Sir; God decreaſe
Volt. Miſtaking Knave! what, mock'ſt thou my
Misfortune?
Volp. His Bleſſing on your heart, Sir; would 'twere more!
(Now to my firſt again, at the next Corner.)

A C

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Mosca paſſant) *Volpone.*

SEe, in our Habit! ſee the impudent Varlet!
Corv. That *I* could ſhoot mine Eyes at him, like Gun-
Volp. But is this true, Sir, of the Paraſite? (ſtones.
Corb. Again, t'afflict us? Monſter!
Volp. In good faith, Sir,
am heartily griev'd, a Beard of your grave length
hould be ſo over-reach'd, I never brook'd
hat Paraſite's Hair; methought his Noſe ſhould cozen:
here ſtill was ſomewhat in his Look, did promiſe
he Bane of a *Clariſſimo*. *Corb.* Knave—*Volp.* Methinks
et you, that are ſo traded i' the World,
witty Merchant, the fine Bird, *Corvino*,
hat have ſuch mortal Emblems on your Name,
hould not have ſung your Shame, and dropt your Cheeſe,
o let the Fox laugh at your Emptineſs.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the Privilege of the Place,
nd your red ſaucy Cap, that ſeems (to me)
ail'd to your Jolt-head, with thoſe two *Cecchines*,
n warrant your Abuſes; come you hither:
u ſhall perceive, Sir, I do know your Valour well,
nce you durſt publiſh what you are, Sir. *Corv.* Tarry,
ll ſpeak with you. *Volp.* Sir, Sir, another time——
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O God, Sir! *I* were a wiſe Man,
ould ſtand the Fury of a diſtracted Cuckold.
Corb. What, come again? [Moſca *walks by them.*
Volp. Upon 'em, *Moſca*; ſave me.
Corb. The Air's infected where he breaths.
Corv. Let's fly him.
Volp. Excellent Baſiliſk! turn upon the Vulture.

ACT V. SCENE IX.

Voltore, Mosca, Volpone.

WEll, Flesh-fly, it is Summer with you now;
Your Winter will come on. *Mos.* Good Advo
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a *Solœcism* (as Madam says.)
Get you a Biggen more; your Brain breaks loose.
Volt. Well, Sir.
Volp. Would you ha' me beat the insolent Slave?
Throw Dirt upon his first good Clothes? *Volt.* This
Is doubtless some Familiar. *Volp.* Sir, the Court
In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a Mule,
That never read *Justinian*, should get up,
And ride an Advocate. Had you no Quirk
To avoid Gullage, Sir, by such a Creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not don't:
This's but Confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the Heir? *Volt.* A strange, officious,
Troublesom Knave! thou dost torment me. *Volp.* I know
It cannot be, Sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the Wit of Man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That Wealth and Wisdom still should go together.

ACT V. SCENE X.

*Avocatori 4. Notario, Commandadore, Be
rio, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, V
pone.*

ARe all the Parties here? *Not.* All but the Advo
Avoc. 2. And here he comes.
Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to Sentence.
Volt. O, my most honour'd Fathers, let your Mer
Once win upon your Justice, to forgive ——
I am distracted ——

(*Volp.* What will he do now?) *Volt.* O,
I know not which t' addreſs my ſelf to firſt,
Whether your Fatherhoods, or theſe Innocents——
(*Corv.* Will he betray himſelf?) *Volt.* Whom equally
I have abus'd, by my falſe Accuſation:
For which, now ſtruck in Conſcience, here *I* proſtrate
My ſelf at your offended Feet, for Pardon.
Avoc. 1, 2. Ariſe.
Cel. O Heav'n, how juſt thou art! *Volp.* I am caught
In my own Nooſe— *Corv.* Be conſtant, Sir: nought now
Can help, but Impudence.
Avoc. 1. Speak forward. *Com.* Silence.
Volt. It is not Paſſion in me, Reverend Fathers,
Nor only Conſcience, Conſcience, my good Sires,
That makes me now tell Truth. That Paraſite,
That Knave hath been the Inſtrument of all.
Avoc. Where is that Knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go. *Corv.* Grave Fathers,
This Man's diſtracted; he confeſſes it now:
For hoping to be old *Volpone's* Heir,
Who now is dead— *Avoc.* 3. How! *Avoc.* 2. Is *Volpone* dead?
Corv. Dead ſince, Grave Fathers——
Bon. O ſure vengeance! *Avoc.* 1. Stay,
Then he was no Deceiver. *Volt.* O no, none:
The Paraſite, Grave Fathers. *Corv.* He does ſpeak
Out of meer Envy, 'cauſe the Servant's made
The thing he gap't for: Pleaſe your Fatherhoods,
This is the Truth, though I'll not juſtifie
The other, but he may be ſome-deal faulty.
Volt. I, to your Hopes, as well as mine, *Corvino*:
But I'll uſe Modeſty. Pleaſeth you Wiſdoms
To view theſe certain Notes, and but confer them;
All hope Favour, they ſhall ſpeak clear Truth.
Corv. The Devil has enter'd him! *Bon* Or bides in you.
Avoc. 3. We have done ill, by a Publick Officer
To ſend for him, if he be Heir. *Avoc.* 2. For whom?
Avoc. 3. Him that they call the Paraſite. *Avoc.* 3. 'Tis true,
He is a Man of great Eſtate, now left.
Avoc. 3. Go you, and learn his Name, and ſay, the Court
Stays his Preſence here, but to the clearing
Some few Doubts. *Avoc.* 2. This ſame's a Labyrinth!

Av. 1. Stand you unto your first Report. *Corv.* My State,
My Life, my Fame——
Bon. (Where is't?) *Corv.* Are at the Stake.
Av. 1. Is yours so too? *Corb.* The Advocate's a Knave,
And has a forked Tongue— (*Av.* 2. Speak to the Point.)
Corb. So is the Parasite too. *Avoc.* 1. This is Confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your Fatherhoods, read but those.
Corv. And credit nothing the false Spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he is possest, Grave Fathers.

ACT V. SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

TO make a Snare for mine own Neck! and run
My Head into it, wilfully! with Laughter!
When *I* had newly scap't, was free, and clear!
Out of meer Wantonness! O, the dull Devil
Was in this Brain of mine, when *I* devis'd it,
And *Mosca* gave it second; He must now
Help to sear up this Vein, or we bleed dead.
How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy Gingerbread, or to drown Kittins?
Nan. Sir, Master *Mosca* call'd us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the Keys. *And.* Yo
Volp. Did Master *Mosca* take the Keys? why, so!
I am farther in. These are my fine Conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile Wretch was *I*, that could not bear
My Fortune soberly? *I* must ha' my Crotchets!
And my Conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His Meaning may be truer than my Fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the Court;
Thither will *I*, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my Advocate, upon new Hopes:
When *I* provok'd him, then *I* lost my self.

A

ACT V. SCENE XII.

Avocatori, &c.

THese things can ne'er be reconcil'd. He here
Professeth, that the Gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the Gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her Husband, and there left. *Volt.* Most true.
Cel. How ready is Heav'n to those that pray!
Avoc. 1. But that
Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his Impotence.
Corv. Grave Fathers, he is possest; again, I say,
Possest: Nay, if there be Possession,
And Obsession, he has both. *Avo.* 3. Here comes our Officer.
Volp. The Parasite will straight be here, Grave Fathers.
Avoc. 4. You might invent some other Name, Sir Varlet.
Avoc. 3. Did not the Notary meet him?
Volp. Not that I know.
Avoc. 4. His coming will clear all.
Avoc. 2. Yet it is misty.
Volt. May't please your Fatherhoods ———
Volp. Sir, the Parasite [*Volpone whispers the Ad-*
Will'd me to tell you, that his Master lives, [*vocate.*
That you are still the Man, your Hopes the same;
And this was only a Jest ———
Volt. How? *Volp.* Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art sure he lives?
Volp. Do I live, Sir? *Volt.* O me!
I was too violent. *Volp.* Sir, you may redeem it:
They said, you were possest; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. God bless the Man! [*Voltore*
Stop your wind hard, and swell) See, see, see, see! [*falls.*
He vomits crooked Pins! his Eyes are set,
Like a dead Hares, hung in a Poulterer's Shop!
His Mouth's running away! Do you see, Signior?

Now 'tis in his Belly. (*Corv.* I, the Devil!)
Volp. Now in his Throat. (*Corv.* I I perceive it plain.)
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, ſtand clear. See where it flies,
In ſhape of a blue Toad, with Bats Wings!
Do you not ſee it Sir? *Corb.* What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifeſt
Volp. Look! he comes t' himſelf!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worſt is paſt, Sir.
You are diſpoſſeſt. *Avoc.* 1. What Accident is this?
Avoc. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder! *Av.* 3 If he were
Poſſeſt, as it appears, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has been often ſubject to theſe Fits.
Avoc. 1. Shew him that Writing: Do you know it,
Volp. Deny it, Sir, forſwear it, know it not. (Sir)
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my Hand:
But all that it contains, is falſe. *Bon.* O Practice! (then,
Av. 2. What Maze is this! *Av.* 1. Is he not guilty
Whom you there name the Paraſite? *Volt.* Grave Sir
No more than his good Patron, old *Volpone*. (there)
Avoc. 4. Why, he is dead?
Volt. O no, my honour'd Fathers,
He lives—*Avoc.* 1. How! lives?
Volt. Lives. *Avoc.* 2. This is ſubtler yet!
Avoc. 3. You ſaid, he was dead.
Volt. Never. *Avoc.* 3. You ſaid ſo.
Corv. I heard ſo.
Avoc. 4. Here comes the Gentleman, make him way.
Avoc. 3. A Stool
Avoc 4 A proper Man; and, were *Volpone* dead,
A fit Match for my Daughter. *Avoc.* 3 Give him way.
Volp. Moſca, I was a'moſt loſt; the Advocate
Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd:
All's o' the Hinge again—Say, I am living.
Moſ. What baſe Knave is this! Moſt reverend Fa
I ſooner had attended your grave Pleaſure, (then
But that my Order for the Funeral
Of my dear Patron did require me—(*Volp. Moſca!*
Moſ. Whom I intend to bury like a Gentleman.
Volp. Quick, and cozen me of all. *Av.* 2. Still ſtranger
More intricate! *Avoc.* 1. And come about again!

Avoc. 4.
(*Moſ.* W
Volp. Fir
our Voice
he Advoc
olpone was
his Gent'n
Moſ. Wh
eak ſome t
never ſaw
ſtood it you
Volt. The
nd will ma
nd that thi
ith all goo
ſuch an *Ju*
on me, *I a*
which yo
Volp. Moſca
Volp. Wait
en me?)
ward a perf
Moſ. I num
olp. Soft,
I loſe all th
annot be m
olp. They'll
Fox ſhall
ole. Nay, n
Ruins ſhall
hinder ſure
know you
olp. I am *Vol*
his own
a Chimera
Reverend
ſtit but a Sc
near me bri
s. May it p
ns. 1. The
ns. 2. Noth

Avoc. 4. It is a Match, my Daughter is bestow'd.
Mos. Will you gi' me Half?
Volp. First I'll be hang'd. *Mos.* I know
Your Voice is good, cry not so lowd.) *Avoc.* 1. Demand
The Advocate: Sir, did not you affirm
Volpone was alive? *Volp.* Yes, and he is;
This Gent'man told me so, (thou shalt have Half.)
Mos. Whose Drunkard is this same?
Speak some that know him:
I never saw his Face. (I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap. *Volp.* No?) *Avoc.* 1. What say you?
Volt. The Officer told me. *Volp.* I did, grave Fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own Life,
And that this Creature told me. (I was born
With all good Stars my enemies.) *Mos.* Most grave Fa-
Such an Insolence as this must pass (thers,
Upon me, I am silent: 'Twas not this
Was which you sent, I hope. *Avoc.* 2. Take him away.
Volp. Mosca!) *Avoc.* 3. Let him be whipt.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?) *Avoc.* 3. And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his Rank. *Avoc.* 4. Away.
Mos. I humbly thank your Fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft, whipt?
And lose all that I have? If I confess,
It cannot be much more. *Avoc.* 4. Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I must be resolute:
The Fox shall here uncase. (*Mos. Patron.*)
Volp. Nay, now (*He puts off his Disguise.*
My Ruins shall not come alone; your Match
Hinder fate: my Substance shall not glow you,
Nor I know you into a Family. (*Mos.* Why, Patron!)
Volp. I am *Volpone*, and this is my Knave;
This, his own Knave: this, *Avarice's* Fool:
This, a *Chimera* of Wittal, Fool, and Knave:
And, Reverend Fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a Sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.
Mos. May it please your Fatherhoods — *Com.* Silence.
Avoc. 1. The Knot is now undone by Miracle.
Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.

Avoc.

Avoc. 3. Or can more prove
These innocent. *Avoc.* 1. Give 'em their Liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross Crime
Avoc. 2. If this be held the High-way to get Rich
May I be poor. *Avoc.* 3. This's not the Gain, but Torn
Avoc. 1. These possess Wealth, as sick men possess
Which trulier may be said to possess them.
Avoc. 2. Disrobe that Parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honour'd Fathers.
Av. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of
stice? If you can, speak.
Corv. Volt. We beg Favour. *Cel.* And Mercy.
Avoc. 1. You hurt your Innocence, suing for the Gu
Stand forth; and first, the Parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest Minister, if not Plotter,
In all these lewd Impostures; and now, lastly,
Have with your Impudence abus'd the Court,
And Habit of a Gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a Fellow of no Birth, or Blood:
For which, our Sentence is, first, thou be whipt;
Then live perpetual Prisoner in our Gallies.
Volt. I thank you for him.
Mos. Bane to thy Wolvish Nature.
Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the *Saffi*. Thou, *Volpone*,
By Blood and Rank a Gentleman, canst not fall
Under like Censure; but our Judgment on thee
Is, That thy Substance all be straight confiscate
To the Hospital of the *Incurabili*:
And since the most was gotten by Imposture,
By feigning Lame, Gout, Palsie, and such Disease
Thou art to lie in Prison, cramp't with Irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a *Fox*.
Avoc. 1. Thou, *Voltore*, to take away the Scan
Thou hast given all worthy Men of thy Profession,
Art banisht from their Fellowship, and our State.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
Thy Son of all thy State, and confine thee
To the Monastery of *San' Spirito*;
Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well h
Thou shalt be learn'd to dye well. *Corb.* Ha! what sai

Cor. You shall know anon, Sir.
Avoc. 1. Thou, *Corvino*, shalt
straight imbark'd from thine own House, and row'd
round about *Venice*, through the *Grand Canale*,
wearing a Cap, with fair long Asses Ears,
stead of Horns; and so to mount (a Paper
pin'd on thy Breast) to the *Berlino*——*Cor.* Yes,
and have mine Eyes beat out with stinking Fish,
bruis'd Fruit, and rotten Eggs——'Tis well. I am glad
shall not see my Shame yet. *Avoc.* 1. And to expiate
thy Wrongs done to thy Wife, thou art to send her
home to her Father, with her Dowry trebled:
and these are all your Judgments.
(*All* Honour'd Fathers.)
Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin,
When Crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
to think what your Crimes are: Away with them.
Let all that see these Vices thus rewarded,
take Heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
like Beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE.

THE seasoning of a Play, is the Applause.
Now, though the Fox *be punish'd by the Laws,*
yet doth hope there is no Suffering due,
for any Fault which he hath done 'gainst you:
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your Hands.

THE END.

CATILINE
HIS
CONSPIRACY.
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted in the Year 1611.

BY THE

King's MAJESTY's Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

By *BEN. JOHNSON.*

——*His non plebecula gaudet;*
Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana. Horat.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near the *Water-side.*

The Persons of the PLAY.

Sylla's Ghost.

Catiline.
Lentulus.
Cethegus.
Curius.
Autronius.
Vargunteius.
Longimus.
Lecca.
Fulvius.
Bestia.
Aurelia.
Fulvia.
Sempronia.
Gabinius.
Statilius.
Ceparius.
Cornelius.
Volturtius.
Cicero.

Antonius.
Cato.
Catulus.
Crassus.
Galla.
Porter.
Lictors.
Cæsar.
Qu. Cicero.
Syllanus.
Flaccus.
Pomtinius.
Sanga.
Senators.
Allobroges.
Petreius.
Soldiers.
Servants.
Pages.

Chorus.

The SCENE *ROME.*

The Principal Tragœdians wer

Ric. Burbadge.
Alex. Cooke.
Joh. Lowin.
Will. Ostler.
Robt. Robinson.

Joh. Hemings.
Hen. Condel.
Joh. Underwood.
Nic. Tooly.
Will. Eglestone.

CAT

CATILINE.

ACT I.

Sylla's Ghoſt.

DOST thou not feel me, *Rome*? not yet? Is Night
So heavy on thee, and my weight ſo light?
Can *Sylla*'s Ghoſt ariſe within thy Walls
Leſs threatning than an Earthquake, the quick fate
Of thee and thine? Shake not the frighted heads
Of thy ſleep Towers? or ſhrink to their firſt Beds?
Or, as their Ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that ſwell up, and drown thy ſeven proud Hills?
What ſleep is this doth ſeize thee ſo like Death,
And is not it? Wake, feel here my injur'd breath:
Behold I come, ſent from the *Stygian* Sound,
As a dire Vapor that had cleft the ground,
T'ingender with the Night, and blaſt the Day;
Or like a Peſtilence that ſhould diſplay
Infection through the world: which thus I do.

[*Diſcovers* Catiline *in his Study.*

Now be at thy Councels, and into
Thy darker boſome enter *Sylla*'s Spirit;
All that was mine, and bad, thy breaſt inherit.
Alas how weak is that for *Catiline!*
Did I but ſay (vain voice!) all that was mine?
All that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marius* would:
What now, had I a Body again, I could,
Coming from Hell; what Fiends would wiſh ſhould be;
And *Hannibal* could not have wiſh'd to ſee:

Think thou, and practice. Let the long hid Seeds
Of Treason in thee, now shoot forth in Deeds
Ranker than Horror; and thy former Facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new Acts:
Conscience of them provoke thee on to more.
Be still thy Incests, Murders, Rapes before
Thy Sense; thy forcing first a *Vestal* Nun;
Thy Parricide, late, on thy own only Son,
After his Mother; to make empty way
For thy last wicked Nuptials; worse than they
That blaze that act of thy incestuous Life,
Which got thee at once a Daughter and a Wife.
I leave the slaughters that thou didst for me
Of *Senators*, for which, I hid for thee
Thy Murder of thy Brother, (being so brib'd)
And writ him in the List of my prescrib'd
After thy Fact, to save thy little shame:
Thy Incest with thy Sister, I not name.
These are too light. *Fate* will have thee pursue
Deeds, after which no mischief can be new;
The Ruin of thy Countrey: thou wert built
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
What though defeated once th' hast been, and known,
Tempt it again: That is thy act, or none.
What all the several Ills that visit Earth,
(Brought forth by Night, with a sinister birth)
Plagues, Famine, Fire, could not reach unto,
The Sword, nor Surfeits; let thy Fury do:
Make all past, present, future Ill thine own;
And conquer all Example in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but still a fresher Crime
Drown the remembrance: let not mischief cease,
But while it is in punishing, increase.
Conscience and Care die in thee; and be free
Not Heav'n it self, from thy Impiety:
Let Night grow blacker with thy Plots, and Day,
At shewing but thy Head forth, start away
From this half-Sphear: and leave *Rome* a blinded Wa
T' embrace Lusts, Hatreds, Slaughters, Funerals,
And not [illegible] till their own flames

To light them to their Ruines. All the Names
Of thy Confederates too, be no leſs great
In Hell than here: that when we would repeat
Our ſtrengths in muſter, we may name you all,
And *Furies* upon you for *Furies* call.
Whilſt what you do may ſtrike them into fears,
Or make them grieve, and with your miſchief theirs.

Catiline.

IT is decreed. Nor ſhall thy Fate, O *Rome*,
Reſiſt my vow. Two Hills were ſet on Hills
And Seas met Seas to guard thee, I would through:
I plough up Rocks, ſteep as the *Alpes*, in duſt;
And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds;
But I would reach thy Head, thy Head, proud City.
The Ills that I have done cannot be ſafe
But by attempting greater; and I feel
A Spirit within me chides my ſluggiſh hands,
And ſays, they have been innocent too long.
Was I a man bred great as *Rome* her ſelf?
One form'd for all her Honours, all her Glories?
Equal to all her Titles? that could ſtand
Circle up with *Atlas*, and ſuſtain her Name
As ſtrong as he doth Heaven? And was I,
Of all her Brood, mark'd out for the repulſe
By her no voice, when I ſtood *Candidate*,
To be Commander in the *Pontick* War?
I will hereafter call her Step-dame ever!
If ſhe can loſe her Nature, I can loſe
My Piety; and in her ſtony Entrails
Dig me a Seat: where I will live again,
The labour of her Womb, and be a burden
Weightier than all the Prodigies and Monſters
That ſhe hath teem'd with, ſince ſhe firſt knew *Mars*.

Catiline, Aurelia.

WHo's there? *Aur.* 'Tis I. *Cat. Aurelia?*
Aur. Yes, *Cat.* Appear,
And break like day, my Beauty, to this Circle:

Upbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is so long
In mounting to that point, which should give thee
Thy proper splendor. Wherefore frowns my Sweet?
Have I too long been absent from these Lips,
[*He kisseth them.*
This Cheek, these Eyes? What is my trespass? speak.

Aur. It seems you know, that can accuse your self.

Cat. I will redeem it.

Aur. Still you say so. When?

Cat. When *Orestilla*, by her bearing well
These my Retirements, and stoln times for thought,
Shall give their Effects, leave to call her Queen
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.

Aur. You court me now.

Cat. As I would always, Love,
By this *Ambrosiack* Kiss, and this of *Nectar*,
Wouldst thou but hear as gladly as I speak.
Could my *Aurelia* think I meant her less;
When wooing her, I first remov'd a Wife,
And then a Son, to make my Bed and House
Spatious, and fit t' embrace her? These were Deeds
Not t' have begun with, but to end with more
And greater: "He that, building, stays at one
"Floor, or the second, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating;
To make some act of mine answer thy Love:
That Love, that when my State was now quite sunk
Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up again,
And made my emergent Fortune once more look
Above the Main; which now shall hit the Stars,
And stick my *Orestilla* there amongst 'em.
If any Tempest can but make the Billow,
And any Billow can but lift her Greatness.
But I must pray my Love, she will put on
Like Habits with my self. I have to do
With many Men and many Natures. Some
That must be blown and tooth'd; as *Lentulus*,
Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his Blood,
And a vain Dream out of the *Sybill's* Books,
That a third man of that great Family
Whereof he is defcended, the *Cornelii*,

Should be a King in *Rome*: which I have hir'd
The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna and *Sylla* dead. Then bold *Cethegus*,
Whose Valour I have turn'd into his Poyson,
And prais'd so into daring, as he would
Go on upon the Gods, kiss Lightning, wrest
The Engine from the *Cyclops*, and give fire
At face of a full Cloud, and stand his Ire,
When I would bid him move. Others there are,
Whom Envy to the State draws, and puts on
For Contumelies receiv'd, (and such are sure ones)
As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
Both which have been degraded in the *Senate*,
And must have their Disgraces still new rubb'd,
To make 'em smart, and labour of Revenge.
Others whom meer Ambition fires, and dole
Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have feign'd
To their crude hopes, and *I* as amply promis'd:
These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Autronius*.
Some whom their Wants oppress, as th' idle Captains
Of *Sylla*'s Troops: and divers *Roman* Knights
(The profuse wasters of their Patrimonies)
Sothreatned with their Debts, as they will now
Run any desperate Fortune for a Charge.
These for a time we must relieve, *Aurelia*,
And make our House the Safe-guard: like for those
That fear the Law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past, or to come. Such will
From their own Crimes be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, slight Ailings, will be won
With Dogs and Horses, or perhaps a Whore:
Which must be had: and if they venture Lives
For us, *Aurelia*, we must hazard Honours
A little. Get thee store and change of women,
As I have boys; and give 'em time and place,
And all connivence: be thy self, too, courtly;
And entertain, and feast, fit up, and revel;
Call all the great, the fair, and spirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee: and begin a fashion
Of Freedom and Community. Some will thank thee,
Tho' the lowr *Senate* frown, whose heads must ake

In fear and feeling too. We muſt not ſpare
Or coſt or modeſty. It can but ſhew
Like one of *Juno*'s, or of *Jove*'s diſguiſes,
In either thee or me: and will as ſoon,
When things ſucceed, be thrown by, or let fall,
As is a Vail put off, a Viſor chang'd,
Or the *Scene* ſhifted, in our *Theaters*— [*A noiſe without.*
Who's that? It is the voice of *Lentulus.*

Aur. Or of *Cethegus.*

Cat. In, my fair *Aurelia,*
And think upon theſe Arts. They muſt not ſee
How far you are truſted with theſe Privacies;
Tho on their ſhoulders, necks, and heads you riſe.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

IT is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riſeth ſlowly, as her ſullen care
Had all the weights of ſleep and death hung at it!
She is not Roſie-finger'd, but ſwoln black!
Her Face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her ſick Head is bound about with Clouds,
As if ſhe threatned Night e're Noon of Day!
It does not look as it would have a Hail
Or Health wiſh'd in it, as on other Morns.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: Our coming
Is not for Salutation, we have Buſineſs.

Cat. Said nobly, brave *Cethegus.* Where's *Autronius?*

Cet. Is he not come? *Cat.* Not here.

Cet. Not *Vaguntejus?*

Cat. Neither.

Cet. A fire in their Beds and Boſoms,
That ſo will ſerve their Sloth rather than Vertue.
They are no *Romans*, and at ſuch high need
As now. *Len.* Both they, *Longinus*, *Lacca*, *Curius*,
Julvius, *Gabinius*, gave me word laſt night,
By *Lucius Beſtia*, they would all be here,
And early.

Cet. Yes? As you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all ſleep, and are meer Dormice; Flies
A little leſs than dead: more dulneſs hangs

O

On us than on the morn. W' are ſpirit bound,
In Ribs of Ice; our whole Bloods are one Stone;
And Honour cannot thaw us, nor our Wants,
Tho they burn hot as Fevers to our States.
Cat. I muſe they would be tardy at an hour
Of ſo great purpoſe.
Cet. If the Gods had call'd
Them to a purpoſe, they would juſt have come
With the ſame Tortoyſe ſpeed! that are thus ſlow
To ſuch an Action, which the Gods will envy,
In asking no leſs means than all their Powers
Conjoyn'd, t' effect. I would have ſeen *Rome* burnt
In this time, and her Aſhes in an Urn.
The Kingdom of the *Senate* rent aſunder;
And the degenerate talking Gown run frighted
Out of the Air of *Italy*.
Cat. Spirit of Men!
Thou Heart of our great Enterpriſe! how much
I love theſe Voices in thee!
Cet. O, the days
Of *Sylla*'s Sway, when the free Sword took leave
To act all that it would!
Cat. And was familiar
With Entrails, as our *Augurs*.
Cet. Sons kill'd Fathers,
Brothers their Brothers.
Cat. And had Price and Praiſe.
All Hate had Licence given it; all Rage reigns.
Cet. Slaughter beſtrid the Streets, and ſtretch'd himſelf
To ſeem more huge; whilſt to his ſtained thighs
The Gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of Limbs and Bodies through his Arch.
No Age was ſpar'd, no Sex.
Cat. Nay, no Degree.
Cet. Not Infants in the Porch of Life were free.
The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a Day
Leſs by Natures Bounty, not let ſtay.
Virgins, and Widows, Matrons, pregnant Wives,
All died. *Cat.* 'Twas Crime enough, that they had Lives.
To ſtrike but only thoſe that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the Number,

As

As some the Prey. *Cet.* The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a Navy, rather than a Boat,
To ferry over the sad World that came:
The Maws and Dens of Beasts could not receive
The Bodies that those Souls were frighted from;
And ev'n the Graves were fill'd with Men, yet living
Whose Flight and Fear had mix'd them with the Dead.
Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more.
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to stand up in *Rome*. *Len.* Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain. *Cat.* How! *Len.* I mean, not clear
And therefore not to be reflected on.
Cat. The *Sybils* Leaves uncertain! or the Comment
Of our grave, deep, divining Men, not clear!
Len. All Prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without;
And so been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious Ignorance in him
Would faint in the Belief. *Len.* Do you believe it?
Cat. Do I love *Lentulus*, or pray to see it?
Len. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant.
Cat. They' had lost their Science else.
Len. They count from *Cinna*.
Cat. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the Sun is ris'n, must think it.
Len. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth!
Cat. Why, what can they do less? *Cinna* and *Sylla*
Are set, and gone; and we must turn our Eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble *Carbegus*,
But view him with me, here! He looks already
As if he shook a Scepter ore the *Senate*,
And the aw'd Purple dropt their Rods and Axes!
The Statues melt again, and Houshold Gods
In Groans confess the Travels of the City:
The very Walls sweat Blood before the Change;
And Stones start out to Ruin, ere it comes.
Cat. But he, and we, and all are idle still.
Len. I am your Creature, *Sergius*; and what ere
The Great *Cornelian* Name shall win to be,
It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybils* Books,
But *Catiline*, that makes it. *Cat.* I am Shadow

honour'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
ho are the Heirs of *Mars*. *Cet.* By *Mars* himself,
tiline is more my Parent; for whose Vertue
uth cannot make a Shadow great enough,
ough Envy should come too. O, there they are.
ow we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

them.] *Autronius, Varguinteius, Longinus, Cu-rius, Lecca, Bestia, Fulvius, Gabinius, &c.*

HAil, *Lucius Catiline*. *Var.* Hail, noble *Sergius*.
Lon. Hail, *Publius Lentulus*.
Cur. Hail, the third *Cornelius*.
Lec. *Caius Cethegus*, hail.
Cet. Hail, Sloth and Words,
head of Men and Spirits. *Cat.* Nay, dear *Caius* ——
Cet. Are your Eyes yet unseel'd? Dare they look
the dull Face? *Cat.* He's zealous for th' Affair, (Day
nd blames your tardy coming, Gentlemen.
Cet. Unless we had sold our selves, to Sleep and Safe,
nd would be our Slaves Slaves—*Cat.* Pray you forbear.
Cet. The North is not so stark and cold.
Cat. *Cethegus* ——
Bes. We shall redeem all, if your Fire will let us.
Cat. You are too full of Lightning, noble *Caius*.
y, see all Doors be shut, that none approach us
n this part of the House. Go you, and bid
e Priest, he kill the Slave I mark'd last night,
nd bring me of his Blood, when I shall call him:
ll then, wait all without. *Var.* How is't, *Autronius*?
Aut. *Longinus*? *Lon.* *Curius*? *Cur.* *Lecca*?
Var. Feel you nothing?
Lon. A strange unwonted Horror doth invade me,
know not what it is! *Lec.* The Day goes back,
n die my Senses! *Cur.* As at *Arcus* Feast!
[*A Darkness comes over the Place.*
Ful. Darkness grows more and more!
Lon. The *Vestal* Flame, I think, be out.
Gab. What Groan was that? [*A Groan of many People*
Cet. Our Phant'sies, [*is heard under ground.*

Dismiss

Strike Fire out of our ſelves, and force a Day.
Aut. Again it ſounds! [*Aut.*
Bef. As all the City gave it!
Cet. We fear what our ſelves feign.
Var. What Light is this? [*A fiery Light appe*
Cur. Look forth. *Len.* It ſtill grows greater!
Lec. From whence comes it?
Len. A bloody Arm it is, that holds a Pine
Lighted, above the *Capitol*! and now
It waves unto us! *Cat.* Brave, and ominous!
Our Enterpriſe is ſeal'd. *Cet.* In ſpite of Darkneſs,
That would diſcountenance it. Look no more;
We loſe time, and our ſelves. To what we came ſ
Speak *Lucius*, we attend you. *Cat.* Nobleſt *Roman*,
If you were leſs, or that your Faith and Vertue
Did not hold good that Title, with your Blood,
I ſhould not now unprofitably ſpend
My ſelf in Words, or catch at empty Hopes,
By airy ways, for ſolid Certainties.
But ſince in many, and the greateſt Dangers
I ſtill have known you no leſs true than valiant,
And that I taſte in you the ſame Affections,
To will or nill, to think things good or bad,
Alike with me, (which argues your firm Friendſhip)
I dare the boldlier, with you, ſet on foot,
Or lead, unto this great and goodlieſt Action.
What I have thought of it afore, you all
Have heard a part. I then expreſs'd my Zeal
Unto the Glory; now, the Need enflames me.
When I forethink the hard Conditions
Our States muſt undergo, except in time
We do redeem our ſelves to Liberty,
And break the Iron Yoke forg'd for our Necks:
For what leſs can we call it? when we ſee
The Commonwealth engroſs'd ſo by a few,
The Gyants of the State, that do by turns
Enjoy her, and defile her! All the Earth,
Her Kings and *Tetrarchs*, are their Tributaries;
People and Nations pay them hourly Stipends;
The Riches of the World flows to their Coffers,
And not to *Rome's*. While (but thoſe few) the reſt,

wever Great we are, Honeſt, and Valiant,
herded with the Vulgar, and ſo kept,
we were only bred to conſume Corn,
wear our VVooll; to drink the Cities VVater;
grac'd, without Authority, or Mark;
bling beneath their Rods: to whom (if all
ere well in *Rome*) we ſhould come forth bright Axes.
Places, Honours, Offices are theirs,
where they will confer 'em! They leave us
Dangers, the Repulſes, Judgments, VVants;
hich how long will you bear, moſt valiant Spirits?
ere we not better to fall once with Vertue,
draw a wretched and diſhonour'd Breath,
loſe with Shame, when theſe Mens Pride will laugh?
ll the Faith of Gods and Men to queſtion,
Power is in our Hands, our Bodies able,
Minds as ſtrong; o' th' contrary, in them
things grown aged, with their VVealth and Years:
e wants but only to begin the Buſineſs,
iſſue is certain. *Ces. Lon.* On, let us go on.
n. Bef. Go on, brave *Sergius*.
Cat. It doth ſtrike my Soul,
who can ſcape the ſtroke, that hath a Soul,
but the ſmalleſt Air of Man within him?)
ee them ſwell with Treaſure, which they pour
' their Riots, eating, drinking, building,
the Sea! plaining of Hills with Valleys,
raiſing Valleys above Hills; Whilſt we
not to give our Bodies Neceſſaries,
by ha' their change of Houſes, Mannors, Lordſhips;
ſcarce a Fire, or a poor Houſhold *Lar*!
buy rare *Attick* Statues, *Tyrian* Hangings,
an Pictures, and *Corinthian* Plate,
ick Garments, and now new found Gems,
Pompey went for *Aſia*, which they purchaſe
price of Provinces! The River *Phaſi*
not afford 'em Fowl, nor *Lucrine* Lake
ers enow: *Circes* too is ſearch'd,
pleaſe the witty Gluttony of a Meal!
ir ancient Habitations they neglect,
ſet up new; then, if the Echo like not

In

In such a Room, they pluck down those, build new
Alter them too; and, by all frantick ways,
Vex their wild VVealth, as they molest the People,
From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
Or overcome their Riches! not by making
Baths, Orchards, Fish-pools, letting in of Seas,
Here, and then there forcing 'em out again,
With mountainous Heaps, for which the Earth hath
Most of her Ribs, as Entrails; being now
VVounded no less for Marble, than for Gold!
VVe, all this while, like calm, benumb'd Spectators,
Sit till our Seats do crack, and do not hear
The thundring Ruins; whilst at home our wants,
Abroad our Debts do urge us; our States daily
Bending to bad, our Hopes to worse; and what
Is left, but to be crush'd? Wake, wake, brave Fri
And meet the Liberty you oft have wish'd for.
Behold, Renown, Riches, and Glory court you.
Fortune holds out these to you as Rewards.
Me thinks (though I were dumb) th' Affair it self,
The Opportunity, your Needs, and Dangers,
With the brave Spoil the War brings, should invite
Use me your General, or Soldier; neither
My Mind nor Body shall be wanting to you:
And, being *Consul*, I not doubt t' effect
All that you wish, if truth not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be Slaves, than Free.

Cat. Free, free.

Lon. 'Tis Freedom. *Cur.* Freedom we all sand

Cat. Why, these are noble Voices! Nothing wants it
But that we take a solemn Sacrament,
To strengthen our Design. *Cet.* And to to all it.
Deferring hurts, where Powers are so prepar'd.

Aut. Yet, e're we enter into open act,
(VVith favour) 'twere no loss, if 't might be
VVhat the Condition of these Arms would be

Var. I, and the Means to carry us through?

Cat. How, Friends!
Think you that I would bid you grasp the VVind,
Or call you to th' embracing of a Cloud?
Put your known Valour on to dear a Estimate,

And have no other Second than the Danger,
Nor other Garland than the Loſs? Become
Your own Aſſurances. And for the Means,
Conſider, firſt, the ſtark Security
The Commonwealth is in now; the whole *Senate*
Sleepy, and dreaming no ſuch violent Blow;
Their Forces all abroad; of which the greateſt,
That might annoy us moſt, is farthest off,
In *Aſia*, under *Pompey*; thoſe near hand,
Commanded by our Friends; one Army's in *Spain*,
By *Cneus Piſo*; th' other in *Mauritania*,
By *Nuceirius*; both which *I* have firm,
And faſt unto our Plot. My ſelf then ſtanding
Now to be *Conſul*, with my hop'd Colleague
Caius Antonius, one no leſs engag'd
By's wants, than we; and whom I've power to melt,
And caſt in any Mould. Beſide, ſome others,
That will not yet be nam'd, (both ſure, and great ones)
Who, when the time comes, ſhall declare themſelves
Strong for our Party; ſo that no Reſiſtance
In Nature can be thought. For our Reward then,
Firſt, all our Debts are paid; dangers of Law,
Actions, Decrees, Judgments againſt us, quitted;
The Rich men, as in *Sylla*'s times, preſcrib'd,
And Publication made of all their Goods:
That Houſe is yours; that Land is his; thoſe Waters,
Orchards, and Walks, a third's; he has that Honour,
And he that Office: Such a *Province* falls
To *Paganicius*; this t' *Autronius*; that
To bold *Cethegus*; *Rome* to *Lentulus*.
You ſhare the World, her Magiſtracies, Prieſthoods,
Wealth, and Felicity, amongſt you, Friends;
And *Cataline* your Servant. Would you, *Curius*,
Revenge the Contumely ſtuck upon you,
In being removed from the *Senate*? Now,
Now is your time. Would *Publius Lentulus*
Strike, for the like Diſgrace? Now is his time.
Would ſtout *Longinus* walk the Streets of *Rome*,
Facing the *Prætor*? Now has he a time
To ſpurn and tread the *Faſces* into Dirt,
Made of the Ulmers and the *Lictors* Brains.

Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you love?
An Enemy you would kill? What Head's not yours
Whose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what Ra
That th' Husband or glad Parents shall not bring you,
And boasting of the Office? Only spare
Your selves, and you have all the Earth beside,
A Field to exercise your Longings in.
I see you rais'd, and read your forward Minds
High, in your Faces. Bring the VVine and Blood
You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How!
Cat. I have kill'd a Slave,
And of his Blood caus'd to be mixt with Wine.
Fill every Man his Bowl. There cannot be
A fitter Drink to make this *Sanction* in.
Here, I begin the Sacrament to all.
O for a Clap of Thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the Universe,
To tell the World the Fact, and to applaud it.
Be firm, my Hand; not shed a drop, but pour
Fiercenels into me with it, and fell Thirst
Of more and more, till *Rome* be left as Bloodless
As ever her Fears made her, or the Sword.
And when *I* leave to wish this to thee, Step-dame,
Or stop t' effect it, with my Powers fainting,
So may my Blood be drawn up, and so drunk up,
As is this Slaves. *Lon.* And so be mine. *Lon.* And
Aut. And mine. *Var.* And mine.
Cet. Swell me my Bowl yet fuller. [*They*
Here, *I* do drink this, as *I* would do *Cato's*,
Or the new Fellow *Ciceros*, with that Vow
Which *Catiline* hath given. *Cur.* So do *I*.
Lec. And *I*. *Lef.* And *I*. *Ful.* And *I*. *Gab.*
all of us.
Cat. VVhy, now's the business safe, and each
Sirrah, what ail you? [*Catching*
[*He spies one of his Boys not answ*
Pag. Nothing. *Lef.* Somewhat modest.
Cat. Slave *I* will strike your soul out with my
Let me but find you again with such a Face:
You Whelp — *Lef.* Nay, *Lucius*. *Cat.* Are you
When *I* command you to be free, and general

Te all? *Bef.* You'll be observ'd. *Cat.* Arise, and shew
Not any least aversion i' your Look
To him that boards you next, and your Throat opens.
Noble Confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your Suffrages *I* will expect
At the Assembly for the chusing *Consuls*,
And all the Voices you can make by Friends
To my Election. Then let me work out
Your Fortunes, and mine own. Mean while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid Frosts
Have bound up Brooks and Rivers, forc'd wild Beasts
Into their Caves, and Birds into the VVoods,
Clowns to their Houses, and the Country sleeps;
That when the sudden Thaw comes, we may break
Upon 'em like a Deluge, bearing down
All *Rome* before us, and invade the rest
With Cries, and Noise, able to wake the Urns
Of those are dead, and make their Ashes fear.
The Honors that do strike the VVorld, should come
Loud, and unlook'd for; till they strike, be dumb.
Cet. Oraculous *Sergius*! *Len.* God-like *Catiline*!

CHORUS.

CAn nothing Great, and at the height,
Remain so long? but its own Weight
Will ruin it? Or, is't blind Chance,
That still deposes new States t' advance,
And quit the old? Else why must Rome
Be by it self now overcome?
Hath she not Foes enow of those
Whom she hath made such, and enclose
Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except she first become her own?
O watch-ducks of greatest States,
To be obnoxious to thef, Fate!
That cannot keep what they do gain;
And what they raise, so ill sustain!
Rome now is Mistris of the whole
World, Sea and Land, to either Pole;

And even that Fortune will deſtroy
The Power that made it: She doth joy
So much in Plenty, Wealth, and Eaſe,
As now th' Exceſs is her Diſeaſe.
She builds in Gold, and to the Starrs,
As if ſhe threatned Heav'n with Warrs;
And ſeeks for Hell in Quarries deep,
Giving the Fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of Day. Her Women wear
The Spoils of Nations in an Ear,
Chang'd for the Treaſure of a Shell;
And in their looſe Attires do ſwell,
More light than Sails, when all Winds play:
Yet are the Men more looſe than they!
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd, and trimm'd,
More ſleek, more ſoft, and ſlacker Lim'd;
As proſtitute; ſo much, that Kind
May ſeek it ſelf there, and not find.
They eat on Beds of Silk and Gold,
At Ivory Tables, or Wood ſold
Dearer than it; and leaving Plate,
Do drink in Stone of higher Rate.
They hunt all Grounds, and draw all Seas,
Foul every Brook and Buſh, to pleaſe
Their wanton Taſte; and in requeſt
Have new and rare things, not the beſt.
Hence comes that wild and waſt Expence,
That hath enforc'd Romes *Vertue thence,*
Which ſimple Poverty firſt made:
And now Ambition doth invade
Her State, with eating Avarice,
Riot, and every other Vice.
Decrees are bought, and Laws are ſold,
Honours, and Offices, for Gold;
The Peoples Voices, and the free
Tongues in the Senate, bribed be.
Such ruin of her Manners, Rome
Doth ſuffer now, as ſhe's become
(Without the Gods it ſoon gainſay)
Both her own Spoiler, and own Prey.

So, Asia, art thou cruelly even
With us, for all the Blows thee given,
When we, whose Vertue conquer'd thee,
Thou, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.

ACT II.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

THose Rooms do smell extreamly. Bring my Glass
And Table hither. *Galla. Gal.* Madam. *Ful.* Look
Within, i' my blue Cabinet, for the Pearl
Ihad sent me last, and bring it. *Gal.* That from *Clodius*?
Ful. From *Caius Cæsar.* Yo' are for *Clodius* still,
r *Curius.* Sirrah, if *Quintus Curius* come,
am not in fit mood; I keep my Chamber:
ive warning so without. *Gal.* Is this it, Madam?
Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine Ear. *Gal.* Believe me,
t is a rich one, Madam. *Ful.* I hope so:
t should not be worn there else. Make an end,
nd bind my Hair up. *Gal.* As 'twas yesterday?
Ful. No, not the t'other day. When knew you me
ppear two days together in one Dressing?
Gal. Will you ha't i' the Globe, or Spire?
Ful. How thou wilt;
y way, so thou wilt do it, good Impertinence.
y Company, if I slept not very well
ights, would make me an errant Fool, with Questions.
Gal. Alas, Madam ——
Ful. Nay, gentle half o' the Dialogue, cease.
Gal. I do it indeed but for your Exercise,
you Physician bids me. *Ful.* How! does he bid you
nger me for Exercise? *Gal.* Not to anger you,
t stir your Blood a little: There's difference
tween Luke-warm and Boiling, Madam. *Ful.* Jove!
means to cook me, I think. Pray you, ha' done.
Gal. I mean to dress you, Madam *Ful.* O, my *Juno*,
friend to me! Off'ring at Wit too? Why, *Galla*!
Thus hast thou been?

Gal. VVhy, Madam? *Ful.* VVhat hast thou done
VVith thy poor innocent self?
Gal. VVherefore, sweet Madam?
Ful. Thus to come forth, so suddenly, a Wit-worm!
Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream
Of Lady *Sempronia* — *Ful.* O, the wonder is out.
That did infect thee? Well, and how? *Gal.* Methought
She did discourse the best — *Ful.* That ever thou heard'st!
Gal. Yes. *Ful.* I' thy Sleep? Of what was her Discourse?
Gal. O' the *Republick*, Madam, and the State,
And how she was in debt, and where she meant
To raise fresh Sums: She's a great States-woman!
Ful. Thou dream'st all this?
Gal. No, but you know she is, Madam;
And both a Mistriss of the *Latin* Tongue,
And of the *Greek*. *Ful.* I, but I never dreamt it, *Gal.*
As thou hast done; and therefore you must pardon me
Gal. Indeed you mock me, Madam. *Ful.* Indeed, no
Forth with your learned Lady. She has a VVit too!
Gal. A very masculine one. *Ful.* A She-*Critick*, *Gal.*
And can compose in Verse, and make quick Jests,
Modest, or otherwise?
Gal. Yes, Madam. *Ful.* She can sing too?
And play on Instruments? *Gal.* Of all kinds, they say.
Ful. And doth dance rarely? *Gal.* Excellent! So well
As a bald *Senator* made a Jest, and said,
'Twas better than an honest Woman need.
Ful. Tut, she may bear that. Few wife wants
honesties
VVill do their courtship hurt. *Gal.* She's liberal too,
Madam.
Ful. What! of her Money, or her Honour, pr'y thee?
Gal. Of both; you know not which she doth it
least.
Ful. A comely Commendation. *Gal.* Troth, 'tis pity
She is in years. *Ful.* VVhy, *Galla*? *Gal.* For it is
Ful. O, is that all? I thought th' hadst had a Rel
Gal. VVhy, so I have. She has been a fine Lady
And yet she dresses her self (except you, Madam)
One o' the best in *Rome*; and paints, and hides
Her Decays very well. *Ful.* They say, it is
Ra

Rather a Vifor, than a Face, ſhe wears.
Gal. They wrong her verily, Madam; ſhe does ſleek
With Crums of Bread and Milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat Gloves—— But ſhe is fain of late
To ſeek, more than ſhe's ſought to, (the ſame is)
And ſo ſpends that way. *Ful.* Thou know'ſt all! But
What ſay you to *Catiline*'s Lady, *Oreſilla*? (*Gallo*!
There is the Gallant! *Gal.* She does well She has
Very good Sutes, and very rich; but then
She cannot put 'em on; ſhe knows not how
To wear a Garment. You ſhall have her all
Jewels and Gold ſometimes, ſo that her ſelf
Appears the leaſt part of her ſelf. No in troth,
As I live, Madam, you put 'em all down
With your meer ſtrength of Judgment, and do draw too
The World of *Rome* to follow! You attire
Your ſelf ſo diverſly, and with that ſpirit!
Still to the nobleſt Humours! They could make
Love to your Dreſs, altho' your Face were away, they
ſay.
Ful. And Body too, and ha' the better Match on't.
Say they not ſo too, *Galla*? Now, what News
Travels your Count'nance with? *Ser.* If't pleaſe you,
The Lady *Sempronia* is lighted at the Gate. (Madam,
Gal. *Caſtor*, my Dream, my Dream.
Ser. And comes to ſee you.
Gal. For *Venus* ſake, good Madam, ſee her. *Ful.* Peace,
The Fool is wild, I think. *Gal.* And hear her talk,
Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

Sempronia, *Fulvia*, *Galla*.

Fulvia, good Wench, how doſt thou?
Ful. Well, *Sempronia*.
Whither are you thus early addreſt? *Sem.* To ſee
Madia Oreſilla. She ſent for me.
Came to call thee with me; wilt thou go?
Ful. I cannot now, in troth; I have ſome Letters
To write, and ſend away. *Sem.* Alas, I pity thee.
Ha' been writing all this night (and am

So very weary) unto all the *Tribes*,
And *Centuries*, for their Voices, to help *Catiline*
In his Election. We shall make him *Consul*,
I hope, amongst us. *Crassus*, I, and *Cæsar*
Will carry it for him. *Ful.* Does he stand for't?
Sem. He's the chief *Candidate*. *Ful* Who stands beside?
(Give me some Wine, and Powder for my Teeth.
Sem. Here's a good Pearl, in troth. *Ful.* A pretty one.
Sem. A very Orient one!) There are Competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Cassius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that Talker *Cicero*.
But *Catiline* and *Antonius* will be chosen;
For four o' the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius*, will give way:
And *Cicero* they will not chuse. *Ful.* No? why?
Sem. It will be cross'd by the Nobility.
Gal. (How she does understand the common Business!)
Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new Fellow,
An Inmate here in *Rome*, (as *Catiline* calls him)
And the *Patricians* should do very ill
To let the *Consulship* be so defil'd
As't would be, if he obtain'd it! A meer Upstart,
That has no Pedigree, no House, no Coat,
No Ensigns of a Family! *Ful.* He has Vertue.
Sem. Hang Vertue, where there is no Blood; 'tis Vice
And in him Sawcinesse. Why should he presume
To be more Learned, or more Eloquent,
Than the Nobility? or boast any Quality
Worthy a Nobleman, himself not Noble?
Ful. 'Twas Vertue only, at first, made all Men Noble.
Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in *Rome's* poor Age,
When both her *Kings* and *Consuls* held the Plow,
Or Garden'd well: But now we ha' no need
To dig, or sole our Sweat for't. We have Wealth,
Fortune, and Ease; and then their Stock to spend
Of Name, for Vertue, which will beat us out
'Gainst all new Comers, and can never fail us,
While the Succession stays. And we must glorifie
A Mushroom? one of yesterday? a fine Speaker?
'Cause he has suckt at *Athens?* and advance him,

To our own loss. No, *Fulvia*; there are they
Can speak *Greek* too, if need were. *Cæsar* and I
Have sate upon him; so hath *Crassus* too,
And others. We have all decreed his Rest,
For rising farther. *Gal.* Excellent rare Lady!
Ful. Sempronia, you are beholden to my Woman here;
She does admire you. *Sem.* O good *Galla*, how dost thou?
Gal. The better for your learned Ladiship.
Sem. Is this gray Powder a good *Dentifrice*?
Ful. You see I use it. *Sem.* I have one is whiter.
Ful. I may be so.
Sem. Yet this smells well. *Gal.* And cleanses
Very well, Madam, and resists the Crudities.
Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee now?
Which of our great *Patricians*? *Ful.* Faith, I keep
No Catalogue of 'em. Sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the Toy takes their Bloods.
Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,
Thy special Servant, here? *Ful.* My special Servant?
Sem. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *Ful.* He may be yours,
If you do like him. *Sem.* How! *Ful.* He comes not here;
I have forbid him hence. *Sem. Venus* forbid!
Ful. Why? *Sem.* Your so constant Lover.
Ful. So much the rather,
I would have Change. So would you too, I am sure.
And now you may have him. *Sem.* He's fresh yet, *Fulvia*.
Beware how you do tempt me. *Ful.* Faith, for me
He's somewhat too fresh indeed; the Salt is gone,
That gave him season. His good Gifts are done.
He does not yield the Crop that he was wont.
And for the Act, I can have lustier Fellows,
With Backs worth ten of him, and shall please me
(Now that the Land is fled) a Myriad better.
Sem. And those one may command.
Ful. 'Tis true: those Lordlings,
Your Noble *Romans*, they are so imperious, fascie,
Rude, and as boisterous as *Centauri*, leaping
A Lady at first sight. *Sem.* And must be born

Both with, and out, they think. *Ful.* Tut, I'll observe
None of 'em all, nor humour 'em a jot
Longer than they come laden in the Hand,
And say, Here's t'one for th'other.

Sem. Does *Cæsar* give well?

Ful. They shall all give, and pay well, that come here,
If they will have it; and that Jewels, Pearl,
Plate, or round Sums, to buy these. I'm not taken
With a Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull,
As foolish *Leda* and *Europa* were;
But the bright Gold, with *Danae*. For such Price
I would endure a rough, harsh *Jupiter*,
Or ten such thundring Gamesters, and refrain
To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with my much suffering.

Sem. Th'art a most happy Wench, that thus canst make
Use of thy Youth and Freshness, in the Season;
And hast it to make use of. *Ful.* (Which is the happiness.)

Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and keep
Musick, and a continual Table, to invite 'em.

Ful. (Yes, and they study your Kitchen, more than you)

Sem. Eat my self out with Usury, and my Lord too,
And all my Officers, and Friends beside,
To procure Moneys for the needful Charge
I must be at, to have 'em; and yet scarce
Can I atchieve 'em so. *Ful.* Why, that's because
You affect young Faces only, and smooth Chins,
Sempronia, If you'd love beards and bristles,
(One with another, as others do) or Wrinkles ——
Who's that? Look *Galla*. *Gal.* 'Tis the Party, Madam.

Ful. What Party? Has he no name?

Gal. 'Tis *Quintus Curius*.

Ful. Did I not bid 'em say I kept my Chamber?

Gal. Why, so they do. *Sem.* I'll leave you, *Fulvia*.

Ful. Nay, good *Sempronia*, stay.

Sem. In faith, I will not.

Ful. By *Juno* I would not see him.

Sem. I'll not hinder you.

Gal.

Gal. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam.
Sem. No,
Nor shall not, careful *Galla*, by my means.
Ful. As I do live, *Sempronia* ——
Sem. What needs this?
Ful. Go, say *I* am a-sleep, and ill at ease.
Sem. By *Castor*, no, I'll tell him, you are awake,
And very well. Stay *Galla*; farewell *Fulvia*:
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus,
With action, against purpose? *Quiritis Curius*,
She is, i'faith, here, and in disposition.
Ful. Spight with your courtelie! How shall *I* be tortur'd!

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

WHere are you, fair one, that conceal your self,
And keep your Beauty within Locks and Bars
Like a Fools Treasure? (here.
Ful. True, she was a Fool,
When first she shew'd it to a Thief.
Cur. How, pretty sullenness!
Harsh and short? *Ful.* The Fools Artillery, Sir.
Cur. Then take my Gown off, for th' encounter.
Ful. Stay Sir.
I am not in the mood. *Cur.* I'll put you into't.
Ful. Best put your self i' your case again, and keep
Your furious Appetite warm, against you have place for't.
Cur. What! do you coy it?
Ful. No Sir. I am not proud.
Cur. I would you were. You think this state becomes you?
Hercules, it do's not. Look i' your Glass now,
And see how fourvily that countenance shews;
You would be loth to own it. *Ful.* I shall not change it.
Cur. Faith but you must, and slack this bended Brow;
Or shoot less keen: there is a Fortune coming
Towards you, Dainty, that will take these sins,
And let thee alone, to tread upon the Head
Of her own Statue here in *Rome*. *Ful.* I wonder,
To let this promiser in! Did you, good Diligence?

Give him his Bribe again. Or if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is so venturous,
To press thus to my Chamber, being forbidden,
Both by my self and Servants?
Cur. How! This's handsome!
And somewhat a new strain!
Ful. 'Tis not strain'd, Sir.
'Tis very natural. *Cur.* I have known it otherwise,
Between the Parties, though.
Ful. For your fore-knowledge,
Thank that which made it. It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you. *Cur.* No, my Mistris?
Ful. No, though you bring the same materials.
Cur. Hear me,
You over-act when you should under do.
A little call your self again, and think.
If you do this to practise on me or find
At what forc'd distance you can hold your Servant;
That, it be an artificial trick to enflame,
And fire me more, fearing my Love may need it,
As heretofore you ha' done: why, proceed.
Ful. As I ha' done heretofore?
Cur. Yes, when youl'd fain
Your Husbands jealousie, your Servants watches,
Speak softly, and run often to the Door,
Or to the Window, form strange fears that were not
As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure. *Ful.* You are an impudent Fellow.
Cur. And when you might better have done it at the Gate,
To take me in at the Casement. *Ful.* I take you in
Cur. Yes, you my Lady. And then, being a
with you,
To have your well-taught Waiter here, come runn
And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cause,
Crush'd in a Chest, or thrust up in a Chimney.
When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farm;
Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept
Both Eyes, and Beak seal'd up, for the *Softness*.
Ful. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd Tong
I' your rude Mouth, and favouring your self,

Un-manner'd Lord. *Cat.* How now!
Ful. It is your Title, Sir.
Who (since you ha' loſt your own good Name, and
know not
What to loſe more) care not whoſe Honour you wound,
Or Fame you poyſon with it. You ſhould go
And vent your ſelf i' the Region where you live,
Among the Suburb-brothels, Bawds, and Brokers,
Whither your broken Fortunes have deſign'd you.
[*He offers to force her, and ſhe draws her Knife.*
Cat. Nay, then I muſt ſtop your fury, I ſee; and
pluck
The Tragick Viſor off. Come, Lady *Cytheris*,
Know your own Vertues, quickly. I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, a-freſh,
At every turn, for all the *Veins* in you.
Yield, and be pliant, or by *Pollux*——How now?
Will *Lu* turn a *Lucrece*? *Ful.* No, but by *Caſtor*,
Hold off your Raviſhers Hands, I pierce your Heart elſe.
I'll not be put to kill my ſelf, as ſhe did,
For you, ſweet *Tarquin*. What? do you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciouſly! Put not up.
You'll ſooner draw your Weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the *Senate*, who have caſt you forth
Diſgracefully, to be the common Tale
Of the whole City; baſe, infamous Man!
For, were you other, you would there imploy
Your deſperate Dagger. *Cat. Fulvia*, you do know
The ſtrengths you have upon me; do not uſe
Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bear
Almoſt until you break me. *Ful.* I do know, Sir,
So do's the *Senate* too, know you can bear.
Cat. By all the Gods, the *Senate* will ſmart deep
For your upbraidings. I ſhould be right ſorry
To have the means ſo to be veng'd on you,
(At leaſt, the will) as I ſhall ſhortly on them.
But, go you on ſtill; fare you well, dear Lady:
You could not ſtill be fair, unleſs you were proud.
You will repent theſe moods, and ere't be long too,
I ſhall ha' you come about again.
Ful. Do you think ſo?

Cat.

Cur. Yes, and I know so. *Ful.* By what Augury?
Cur. By the fair Entrails of the Matrons Cheeks,
Gold, Pearl, and Jewels here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
Will then (but late) say that she might have shar'd:
And grieving miss.
Ful. Tut, all your promis'd Mountains,
And Seas, I am so stately acquainted with——
Cur. But, when you see the universal Flood
Run by your Coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,
Are sold for Slaves, their Wives for Bond-women,
Their Houses and fine Gardens given away,
And all their Goods, under the Spear at out-cry,
And you have none of this; but are still *Fulvia*,
Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it:
You will advise then, Coiness, with your Cushion,
And look o' your Fingers; say, how you were wish'd;
And so he left you. *Ful.* Call him again, *Galla*:
This is not usual: something hangs on this
That I must win out of him. *Cur.* How now, melt you?
Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my easiness!
But 'tis no miracle: Doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murmuring. *Cur.* Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my Love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour. *Ful.* You do see, I study
How I may please you then. But you think, *Curius*,
'Tis covetise hath wrought me: if you love me
Change that unkind conceit. *Cur.* By my lov'd Soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More than mine own revenge to make thee happy.
Ful. And 'tis that just revenge doth make me happy
To hear you prosecute: and which, indeed,
Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I love Valour
Better than any Lady loves her Face,
Or dwelling, than my felt do's. Let me grow
Still, where I do embrace. But what good means
Has' you t' effect it? Shall I know your Project?
Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious.
Ful. As I can be.
Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then? *Ful.* As close as (Sluts
Of Cockles meet. *Cur.* And print 'em deep?

Ful. Quite through
Our subtle Lips. *Cur.* And often? *Ful.* I will sow 'em
Faster than you can reap. What is your Plot?
Cur. Why, now my *Fulvia* looks like her bright name!
And is her self! *Ful.* Nay, answer me, your Plot;
I pr'y thee tell me, *Quintus*. *Cur.* I, these Sounds
Become a Mistris. Here is Harmony!
When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,
A Lady is a fire: gentle, a light.
[*She kisses and flatters him along still.*
Ful. Will you not tell me, what I ask you? *Cur.* All
That I can think, sweet Love, or my Breast holds,
I'll pour into thee. *Ful.* What is your design then?
Cur. I'll tell thee, *Catiline* shall now be Consul:
But you will hear more shortly.
Ful. Nay, dear love———
Cur. I'll speak it in thine Arms, let us go in.
Rome will be sack'd, her Wealth will be our prize;
By publick ruin, private Spirits must rise.

CHORUS.

GReat Father Mars, *and greater* Jove,
By whose high auspice, Rome, *hath stood*
So long; and first was built in Blood
Of your great Nephew, that then strove
Not with his Brother, but your vices:
Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious Men
Against your wills oppose their wishes
Our Consuls, now are to be made;
O, put it in the publick voice
To make a free and worthy choice:
Excluding such as would invade
The Commonwealth. Let whom we name,
Have wisdom, force-sight, fortitude,
Be more with Faith than Face endu'd,
And study Conscience, above Fame.
Such, as not seek to get the start
In State, by Power, Party, or Bribes,

And

Ambitions Bawds: but move the Tribes
By Vertue, Modesty, Desert.
Such, as to Justice will adhere,
What ever great one it offend:
And from the embraced truth not bend
For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.
That by their deeds will make it known,
Whose Dignity *they do sustain;*
And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
Count the Republicks, not their own.
Such the old Bruti, Decii *were,*
The Cipi, Curtii, *who did give*
Themselves for Rome: *and would not live*
As Men, good only for a year.
Such were the great Camilli, *too;*
The Fabii, Scipio's; *that still thought*
No work at price enough was bought,
That for their Country they could do.
And to her honour, so did knit;
As all their acts were understood
The Sinews of the publick good:
And they themselves, one Soul, with it.
These Men were truly Magistrates;
These neither prattled force, nor form:
Nor did they leave the Helm in storms!
And such they are make happy States.

ACT III.

Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Crassus, Cæs
Chorus, Lictors.

GReat Honours are great burdens: but, on wh
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loa
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any Dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon: and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.

I speak this, *Romans*, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is.
Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatness of your benefit;
For, I ascribe it to your singular grace,
And vow to owe it to no title else,
Except the Gods, that *Cicero* is your *Consul*.
I have no Urns; no dusty Monuments;
No broken Images of Ancestors,
Wanting an Ear, or Nose; no forged Tables
Of long descents, to boast false honours from:
Or be my undertakers to your trust.
But a new Man (as I am still'd in *Rome*)
Whom you have dignified; and more, in whom
Ye have cut a way, and left it ope for vertue
Hereafter, to that place: which our great Men
Held shut up, with all ramparts, for themselves.
Nor have but few of them, in time been made
Your *Consuls*, so; new Men, before me, none:
At my first suit; in my just year; prefer'd
To all competitors; and some the noblest ——
Cra. Now the vein swels. *Cæs.* Up glory.
Cic. And to have
Your loud consents, from your own utter'd Voices;
Not silent Books: nor from the meaner *Tribes*,
But first and last, the universal concourse!
This is my joy, my gladness. But my care,
My industry and vigilance now must work,
That still your Counsels of me be approv'd,
Both by your selves, and those to whom you have
With grudge prefer'd me: two things I must labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.
For every lapse of mine will now be call'd
Your error, if I make such. But, my hope is,
So to bear through, and out, the *Consulship*,
As spight shall ne'er wound you, though it may me.
And for my self, I have prepar'd this strength,
To do so well; as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush:
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envi'd.
Cæs. O confidence! more new than is the Man!

Cic.

Cic. I know well, in what terms I do receive
The Commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good Men fear not, wicked Men expect not.
I know, beside some turbulent practises
Already on foot, and rumors of more dangers ——
Cra. Or you will make them, if there be none.
Cic. Last,
I know, 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
Of the great *Roman* Blood bate, and give way
To my Election. *Cat. Marcus Tullius*, true;
Our need made thee our *Consul*, and thy vertue.
Caf. *Cato*, you will undo him with your praise?
Cato. *Cæsar* will hurt himself with his own envy.
Chor. The Voice of *Cato* is the Voice of *Rome*.
Cato. The Voice of *Rome* is the Consent of Heaven
And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the Helm,
Where thou must render now thy self a Man,
And Master of thy Art. Each petty hand
Can steer a Ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern, and carry her to her ends, must know
His Tides, his Currents; how to shift his Sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair Weathers;
Where her Springs are, her Leaks; and how to stop 'em;
What Sands, what Shelves, what Rocks do threat
The forces, and the natures of all Winds,
Gusts, Storms, and Tempests; when her Keel plougheth Hell,
And Deck knocks Heaven: then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a Pilot.
Cic. Which I'll perform, with all the diligence
And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be lefs,
And that my year conclude it: if it must,
Your Will, lov'd Gods. This Heart shall yet enjoy
A day, an hour is left me, so for *Rome*,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,
To shine for ever glorious in my facts.
The vicious count their years, vertuous their acts.
Chor. Most noble Consul! Let us wait him home.
Caf. Most popular Consul he is grown, methinks!
Cra. How the rout cling to him!

Caſ. And *Cato* leads 'em!
Cra. You, his collegue *Antonius*, are not lookt on.
Ant. Not I nor do I care. *Caſ.* He enjoys reſt,
nd eaſe the while. Let th' others Spirit toil,
d wake it out, that was inſpir'd for turmoil.
Cam. If all reports be true, yet *Caius Caſar*,
time hath need of ſuch a Watch and Spirit.
Caſ. Reports? Do you believe 'em *Catulus*?
y, he does make, and breed 'em for the People;
endear his ſervice to 'em. Do you not taſte
Art that is ſo common? Popular Men,
y muſt create ſtrange monſters, and then quell 'em,
make their Arts ſeem ſomething. Would you have
h an *Herculean* actor in the Scene,
d not his *Hydra*? They muſt ſweat no leſs
r their properties, than t'expreſs their parts.
Cra. Treaſons, and guilty Men are made in States
ſt, to dignifie the Magiſtrates.
Cam. Thoſe States be wretched that are forc'd to
eir Rulers fame with their own infamy. (buy
Cra. We therefore ſhould provide that ours do not.
Caſ. That will *Antonius* make his care.
Ant. I ſhall.
Caſ. And watch the watcher.
Cam. Here comes *Catiline*.
w does he brook his late repulſe?
Caſ. I know not,
hardly lure. *Cat.* *Longinus* too did ſtand?
Caſ. At firſt: but he gave way unto his Friend.
Cam. Who's that's come? *Lentulus*?
Caſ. Yes; he is again
n into the *Senate*. *Ant.* And made *Prator*.
Cam. I know't. He had my ſuffrage, next the *Conſuls*.
Caſ. True, you were there, Prince of the *Senate*, then.

iline, *Antonius*, *Catulus*, *Caſar*, *Craſſus*, *Longinus*, *Lentulus*.

HAil nobleſt *Romans*. The moſt worthy Conſul,
I gratulate your Honour. *Ant.* I could with

It

It had been happier, by your fellowſhip,
Moſt noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the People.
Cati. It did not pleaſe the Gods, who inſtruct
People:
And their unqueſtion'd pleaſures muſt be ſerv'd.
They know what's fitter for us than our ſelves;
And 'twere Impiety to think againſt them.
Catu. You bear it rightly, *Lucius*; and it glads
To find your thoughts ſo even. *Cati.* I ſhall ſtill
Study to make them ſuch to *Rome*, and Heaven.
(I would withdraw with you a little, *Julius*.
Caſ. I'll come home to you: *Craſſus* would not
To ſpeak to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.
Cati. I apprehend you) No, when they ſhall ju
Honours convenient for me, I ſhall have 'em,
With a full hand: I know it. In mean time,
They are no leſs part of the Common-wealth,
That do obey, than thoſe that do command.
Catu. O let me kiſs your Fore-head, *Lucius*.
How are you wrong'd! *Cati.* By whom?
Catu. Publick report.
That gives you out, to ſtomach your repulſe;
And brook it deadly. *Cati.* Sir, ſhe brooks not
Believe me rather, and your ſelf, now of me:
It is a kind of ſlander to truſt rumour.
Catu. I know it And I could be angry with it.
Cati So may not I Where it concerns himſelf,
Who's angry at a ſlander, makes it true.
Catu. Moſt noble *Sergius!* This your temper meri
Cic. Will you do office to the Conſul, *Quintus!*
Caſ. Which *Cato*, and the rout have done the ot
Catu. I wait, when he will go Be ſtill your fe
He wants no ſtate, or honours, that hath vertue.
Cati Did I appear ſo tame as this Man thinks
Look'd I ſo poor? ſo dead? ſo like that nothing,
Which he calls vertuous? O my Breaſt, break quic
And ſhew my Friends my in-parts, leſt they think
I have betraid 'em. (*Lon.* Where's *Gabinius?*
Len. Gone.
Lon. And *Vargunteius?*
Len. Slipt away; all ſhrunk:

ow that he miſt the Conſulſhip.) *Cati.* I am
he ſcorn of Bond-men, who are next to Beaſts.
hat can I worſe pronounce my ſelf, that's fitter?
he Owl of *Rome*, whom Boys and Girls will hout!
hat were I ſet up, for that wooden God,
hat keeps our Gardens, could not fright the Crows,
r the leaſt Bird from muting on my Head.
(*Lon.* 'Tis ſtrange how he ſhould miſs it.
Len. Is't not ſtranger,
he up-ſtart *Cicero* ſhould carry it ſo,
ll conſents, from Men ſo much his Maſters?
Lon. 'Tis true.)
Cati. To what a ſhadow am I melted!
(*Lon. Autronius* wan it but by ſome few Voices.)
Cati. Struck through, like Air, and feel it not. My wounds
loſe faſter, than they'r made. *Len.* The whole deſign,
nd enterpriſe is loſt by't. All Hands quit it,
pon his fail.) *Cati.* I grow mad at my patience.
'is a Viſor that hath poiſon'd me.
ould it had burnt me up, and I died inward:
y heart firſt turn'd to aſhes. (*Lon.* Here's *Cethegus* yet.)

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

REpulſe upon repulſe? An in-mate Conſul?
That I could reach the Axel, where the Pins are,
hich bolt this Frame; that I might pull 'em out,
nd pluck all into Chaos, with my ſelf.
Cet. What, are we willing now?
Cati. Yes, my *Cethegus*.
ho would not fall with all the World about him?
Cet. Not I, that would ſtand on it, when it falls;
nd force new nature out to make another.
hole wiſhings taſte of Woman, not of *Roman*.
et us ſeek other Arms. *Cati.* What ſhould we do?
Cet. Do, and not wiſh; ſomething that wiſhes take not:
o ſudden, as the Gods ſhould not prevent,
or fearce have time to fear. *Cati.* O noble *Cato*!
Cet. It likes me better, that you are not Conſul.
would not go through open Doors, but break 'em;

Swim

Swim to my ends through Blood; or build a Bridge
Of Carcasses; make on, upon the heads
Of Men, struck down like Piles; to reach the lives
Of those remain and stand: Then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.
Cati. How thou dost utter me, brave Soul, that may n
At all times shew such as I am, but bend
Upon occasion? *Lentulus*, this Man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of *Jove*; and rivet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but frown: and let
His own gaunt Eagle fly at him, to tire.
Len. Peace, here comes *Cato*.
Cati. Let him come, and hear.
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all;
I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will undertake this Gyants War, and carry it.
Len. What needs this, *Lucius*?
Lon. Sergius, be more wary.
Cati. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new Consuls Spit,
What is your sowr austerity sent t' explore?
Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters and Racks cannot express from thee
More than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment waits th
Cati. Whose? *Cato*'s? shall he judge me?
Cato. No, the Gods;
Who ever follow those, they go not with:
And *Senate*, who with fire, must purge sick *Rom*
Of noisome Citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. Tis bane to draw
The same Air with thee. *Cet.* Strike him.
Len. Hold, good *Caius*
Cet. Fear'st thou not, *Cato*? *Cato.* Rash *Cethegus*,
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou
Do threat, if *Cato* fear'd. *Cati.* The fire you speak o
If any flames of it approach my Fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruine.
Cato. You hear this, *Romans*.
Cati. Bear it to the Consul.
Cet. I would have sent away his Soul before hi
You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remiss;

is for you we labour, and the Kingdom
romis'd you by the *Sybil's*.
Cati. Which his *Prætor-ship*,
nd some small flattery of the *Senate* more,
Vill make him to forget.
Len. You wrong me, *Lucius*.
Len. He will not need these Spurs.
Cet. The action needs 'em.
hese things, when they proceed not, they go backward.
Len. Let us consult then. *Cet.* Let us first take Arms.
hey that deny us just things now, will give
ll that we ask, if once they see our Swords.
Cat. Our objects must be sought with wounds, not words.

Cicero, Fulvia.

S there a Heaven? and Gods? and can it be
They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
ath *Jove* no Thunder? or is *Jove* become
upid as thou art? O neer-wretched *Rome*,
When both thy *Senate*, and thy Gods do sleep,
nd neither thine, nor their own States do keep!
hat will awake thee, Heaven? what can excite
hine anger, if this practice be too light?
n former drifts partake of former times,
ut this last Plot was only *Catilines*.
), that it were his last. But he, before
ath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.
ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
nd is a swelling, and the last affection
high mind can put off: being both a rebel
nto the Soul, and Reason, and enforceth
ll Laws, all Conscience, treads upon Religion,
nd offereth violence to Natures self.
ut here is that transcends it! A black purpose
o confound Nature: and to ruin that,
hich never Age nor Mankind can repair!
it down, good Lady; *Cicero* is lost
this your Fable: for, to think it true
apteth my Reason. It so far exceeds

All

All insolent Fictions of the Tragick *Scene*!
The Commonwealth yet panting underneath
The stripes and wounds of a late civil War,
Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope;
To seek t'oppress her with new cruelty,
And utterly extinguish her long name,
With so prodigious and unheard of fierceness!
What sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
Mad after change, and desperate in their states,
Wearied, and gall'd with their necessities,
(For all this I allow them) durst have thought it?
Would not the barbarous deeds have been believ'd,
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our Children,
Without this fact had rise forth greater for them?
All that they did, was Piety, to this!
They yet but murdred Kinsfolk, Brothers, Parents,
Ravish'd the Virgins, and perhaps, some Matrons;
They left the City standing, and the Temples:
The Gods and Majesty of *Rome* were safe yet!
These purpose to fire it, to despoil them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
The far-triumphed World: for, unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my Lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And then, to take a horrid Sacrament
In human Blood, for execution
Of this their dire design; which might be call'd
The height of wickedness: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it! *Ful.* I assure your Lordship,
The extream horrour of it almost turn'd me
To Air, when first I heard it; I was all
A Vapour when 'twas told me: and I long'd
To vent it any where. 'Twas such a secret,
I thought it would have burnt me up.

Cic. Good *Fulvia*,
Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good Lord. I know to whom
I have utter'd it. *Cic.* You have discharg'd it, fair
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy servi
Turn most ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds

reward themselves. *Ful.* My Lord, I did it not
To any other aim, but for it self.
To no ambition. *Cic.* You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publique Weal,
And private friendship: and have shewn it, Lady.
Be still your self. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,
And (for your vertuous sake) if I can win him
Yet to the Common-wealth, he shall be safe too.
Ful. I'll undertake, my Lord, he shall be won.
Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work him.

Cicero, Lictor, Fulvia, Curius.

HOw now? Is he come?
Lic. He's here, my Lord. *Cic.* Go presently.
Pray my Colleague *Antonius* I may speak with him,
About some present business of the State;
And (as you go) call on my Brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes*, to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aid me?
Ful. It is my Duty. *Cic.* O, my noble Lord!
I have to chide you, i'faith. Give me your Hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 't shall be gently, *Curius*.
You look upon this Lady? What! do you guess
My Business yet? Come, if you frown, I thunder:
Therefore put on your better Looks and Thoughts.
There's nought but fair and good intended to you;
And I would make those your Complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose
Next Sitting to restore you, as they done
The stupid and ungrateful *Lentulus*,
(Excuse me, that I name you thus together,
For yet you are not such.) Would you, I say,
A Person both of Blood and Honour, mockt
In a long Race of vertuous Ancestors,
Embark your self for such a hellish Action,
With Parricides and Traitors, Men turn'd *Furies*,
Out of the Waste and Ruine of their Fortunes!
(For 'tis Despair that is the Mother of Madness.)
Such as want (that which all Conspirators

But

But they have first) meer Colour for their Mischief?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labo
T' extenuate your Guilt, but quit it clean:
Bad Men excuse their Faults, good Men will leave 'e
He acts the third Crime, that defends the first.
Here is a Lady that hath got the start
In Piety of us all, and for whose Vertue
I could almost turn Lover again, but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an Honour
Hath she atchieved to her self! What Voices,
Titles, and loud Applauses will pursue her
Through every Street! What Windows will be fill
To shoot Eyes at her! What Envy and Grief in Matro
They are not she! When this her Act shall seem
Worthier a Chariot, than if *Pompey* came
With *Asia* chain'd! All this is, while she lives;
But dead, her very Name will be a Statue!
Not wrought for Time, but rooted in the Minds
Of all Posterity; when Brass and Marble,
I, and the *Capitol* it self is Dust!

Ful. Your Honour thinks too highly of me. *Cic.* No
I cannot think enough; and I would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame to follow
The better Precedent. She shews you, *Curius*,
What Claim your Country lays to you, and what D
You owe to it: Be not afraid to break
With Murderers, and Traitors, for the saving
A Life so near and necessary to you,
As is your Countries. Think but on her Right.
No Child can be too natural to his Parent.
She is our Common Mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us; do not Beg, but give it.
He that is void of Fear, may soon be just:
And no Religion binds Men to be Traitors.

Ful. My Lord, he understands it, and will follow
Your saving Counsel; but his Shame yet stays him.
I know that he is coming. *Cur.* Do you know it?

Ful. Yes, let me speak with you.

Cur. O, you are—— *Ful.* What am I?

Cur. Speak not so loud.

Ful. I am what you should be.

Cat.

Come, do you think I'ld walk in any Plot
Where Madam *Sempronia* should take place of me,
And *Fulvia* come i' the *Rere*, or o' the *by*?
That I would be her Second in a Business,
Though it might vantage me all the Sun sees?
It was a silly phant'sie of yours. Apply
Your self to me, and the *Consul*, and be wise;
Follow the Fortune I ha' put you into:
You may be something this way, and with safety.
Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no Whisperings, Lady.
Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way
Wherein he was, how hazardous his Course was.
Cic. How hazardous? How certain to all ruin.
Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
The Gods would sleep to such a *Stygian* Practice,
Against that Commonwealth which they have founded
With so much Labour, and like Care have kept,
Now neer seven hundred Years? It is a Madness,
Therewith Heaven blinds 'em, when it would confound
That they should think it. Come, my *Curius*, (Man,
See your Nature's right; you shall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good Shame no farther. Stand
Firm for your Country, and become a Man
Honour'd and lov'd. It were a noble Life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
What Thanks, what Titles, what Rewards the *Senate*
Will heap upon you, certain, for your Service?
Is not a desperate Action more engage you,
Than Safety should; and wicked Friendship force,
What Honesty and Vertue cannot work.
Ful. He tells you right, Sweet Friend; 'tis saving Counsel.
Cur. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers;
Hers, my Countries: you have form'd me now,
Joining me with what I should be truly.
So I entreat, my Faith may not seem cheaper
For springing out of Penitence. *Cic.* Good *Curius*,
It had be dearer rather; and because
I make it such, hear how I trust you more.
Re-fill your former Face, and mix again
With your lost Spirits; run all their Mazes with 'em;

For such are Treasons: Find their Windings out,
And subtle Turnings, watch their Snakie Ways,
Through Brakes and Hedges, into Woods of Darkness,
Where they are fain to creep upon their Breasts
In Paths ne'er trod by Men, but Wolves and Panthers.
Learn, beside *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and those
Whose Names I have; what new ones they draw in,
Who else are likely; what those great ones are
They do not name; what ways they mean to take;
And whither their Hopes point, to War, or Ruine
By some Surprise. Explore all their Intents;
And what you find may profit the Republick,
Acquaint me with it, either by your self,
Or this your vertuous Friend, on whom I lay
The Care of urging you. I'll see that *Rome*
Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous Mother.
Be secret as the Night. *Gur.* And constant, Sir.
Cic. I do not doubt it; though the time cut off
All Vows. The Dignity of Truth is lost
With much protesting. Who is there! This way,
Lest you be seen and met. And when you come,
Be this your Token to this Fellow. Light 'em.

[*He whispers with him.*

O *Rome*, in what a Sickness art thou fall'n!
How dangerous and deadly! when thy Head
Is drown'd in Sleep, and all thy Body Fev'ry!
No Noise, no Pulling, no Vexation wakes thee,
Thy *Lethargy* is such: or if, by chance,
Thou heav'st thy Eye lids up, thou dost forget
Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper Danger.
I did unreverently, to blame the Gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou snore for thy fill.
Is it not strange, thou shouldst be so diseas'd,
And so secure? But more, that the first Symptoms
Of such a Malady should not rise out
From any worthy Member, but a base
And common Strumpet, worthless to be nam'd
A Hair, or part of thee? Think, think, hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou must use such Men
And lay it to thy Breast, how much the Gods
Upbraid thy foul neglect of them, by making

So vile a thing the Author of thy Safety.
They could have wrought by nobler ways, have ſtruck
Thy Foes with forked Lightning, or ramm'd Thunder;
Thrown Hills upon 'em, in the Act; have ſent
Death, like a Damp, to all their Families;
Or caus'd their Conſciences to burſt 'em. But
When they will ſhew thee what thou art, and make
A ſcornful difference 'twixt their Power and thee,
They help thee by ſuch Aids as Geeſe and Harlots.
How now? What anſwer? Is he come? *Lic.* Your Brother
Will ſtreight be here; and your Colleague *Antonius*
Said, coldly, he would follow me. *Cic.* I, that
Troubles me ſomewhat, and is worth my fear.
He is a Man 'gainſt whom I muſt provide,
That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.
He, though he be not of the Plot, will like it,
And with it ſhould proceed: for, unto Men
Pleſt with their Wants, all Change is ever welcome.
I muſt with Offices and Patience win him,
Make him by Art, that which he is not born,
A Friend unto the Publick, and bellow
The Honour on him, which is by the Senate
Decreed to me; that Benefit will bind him.
In well, if ſome Men will do well for Price:
How are vertuous when the Reward's away.
Nor muſt I be unmindful of my Private,
In which I have call'd my Brother, and the Tribunes,
My Kinſfolk, and my Clients, to be near me.
He that ſtands up 'gainſt Traitors, and their Ends,
Muſt need a double Guard, of Law, and Friends:
Eſpecially in ſuch an envious State,
That ſooner will accuſe the Magiſtrate,
Than the Delinquent: and will rather grieve
The Traitor is not ſaved, than believe.

Cæſ. Cæſar, Catiline.

The Night grows on, and you are for your Manſion.
I'll therefore end in few. Be reſolute,
And put your Enterprize in act. The hour
Hour of depth and danger are out [illegible]

The leſs aſſuredly they are perform'd.
And thence it hapneth, that the braveſt Plots
(Not executed ſtreight) have been diſcover'd.
Say, you are conſtant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched Spirit,
With whom the fear of Puniſhment ſhall work
'Boye all the thoughts of Honour and Revenge.
You are not now to think what's beſt to do,
As in Beginnings; but what muſt be done,
Being thus entred; and ſlip no advantage
That may ſecure you. Let 'em call it Miſchief:
When it is paſt, and proſper'd, 'twill be Vertue.
Th'are petty Crimes are puniſh'd, great rewarded.
Nor muſt you think of Peril, ſince Attempts
Begun with Danger, ſtill do end with Glory;
And, when Need ſpurs, Deſpair will be call'd Wiſdom.
Leſs ought the care of Men or Fame to fright you;
For they that win, do ſeldom receive ſhame
Of Victory, how e'er it be atchiev'd;
And Vengeance, leaſt. For who, beſieg'd with Want,
VVould ſtop at Death, or any thing beyond it?
Come, there was never any great thing yet
Alpired, but by Violence or Fraud:
And he that ſticks (for folly of a Conſcience)
To reach it— *Cat.* Is a good Religious Fool.

Caſ. A ſuperſtitious Slave, and will die a Beaſt.
Good night. You know what *Craſſus* thinks, and I,
By this. Prepare you VVings as large as Sails,
To cut through Air, and leave no Print behind you.
A Serpent, e'er he comes to be a Dragon,
Does eat a Rat; and ſo muſt you a *Conſul*,
That watches. What you do, do quickly, *Sergius*.
You ſhall not ſtir for me, *Cat.* Excuſe me. Lights there.

Caſ. By no means.

Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to *Caſar*.
And like to *Craſſus*.

Caſ. Mind but your Friends Counſels.

Catil.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lecca,

OR I will bear no Mind. How now, *Aurelia*?
Are your Confederates come? the Ladies? *Aur.* Yes.
Cat. And is *Sempronia* there?
Aur. She is *Cat.* That's well.
She has a sulphrous Spirit, and will take
Light at a Spark. Break with them, gentle Love,
About the drawing as many of their Husbands
Into the Plot, as can; if not, to rid 'em.
That'll be the easier practice unto some.
Who have been tir'd with 'em long. Sollicit
Their Aids for Money, and their Servants help,
In firing of the City at the time
Shall be design'd. Promise 'em States, and Empires,
And Men, for Lovers, made of better Clay
Than ever the old Porter *Titan* knew.
Who's that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?
Lec. They are all here.
Cat. Love, you have your Instructions:
I'll trust you with the Stuff you have to work on.
You'll form it? *Porcius*, fetch the Silver Eagle
I ga' you in charge; and pray 'em they will enter.

Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Vargunteius, Longinus, Gabinius, Cepharius, Antronius, &c.

O Friends, your Faces glad me. This will be
Our last, I hope, of Consultation.
Cet. So it had need. *Cur.* We lose Occasion daily.
Cat. I, and our Means: whereof one wounds me most
That was the fairest: *Pife* is dead in *Spain*,
Cat. As we are here. *Len.* And as 'tis thought, by envy
Of *Pompey*'s Followers. *Len.* He too's coming back
Now out of *Asia*. *Cat.* Therefore, what we intend,
We must be swift in. Take your Seats, and hear.
I have already sent *Septimius*
To the *Picene* Territory, and *Julius*,
To raise Force for us in *Apulia*;
Manlius at *Fesule* is (by this time) up,

With the old needy Troops that follow'd *Sylla*:
And all do but expect when we will give
The Blow at home. Behold this Silver Eagle,
'Twas *Marius* Standard in the *Cimbrian* War,
Fatal to *Rome*; and, as our *Augures* tell me,
Shall ſtill be ſo: for which one ominous Cauſe,
I have kept it ſafe, and done it ſacred Rites,
As to a Godhead, in a Chappel built
Of purpoſe to it. Pledge then all your Hands,
To follow it, with Vows of Death and Ruine,
Struck ſilently, and home. So Waters ſpeak
When they run deepeſt. Now's the time, this year,
The twentieth from the firing of the *Capitol*,
As fatal too to *Rome*, by all Predictions;
And in which honour'd *Lentulus* muſt riſe
A King, if he purſue it. *Cur.* If he do not,
He is not worthy the great Deſtiny.

Len. It is too great for me; but what the Gods
And their great Loves decree me, I muſt not
Seem careleſs of. *Cat.* No, nor we envious.
We have enough beſide; all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece, *Spain*, and *Africk* *Cur.* I, and *Aſia* too,
Now *Pompey* is returning. *Cat.* Nobleſt *Romans*,
Me thinks our Looks are not ſo quick and high
As they were wont.

Cur. No? whoſe is not? *Cat.* We have
No Anger in our Eyes, no Storm, no Lightning:
Our Hate is ſpent, and ſum'd away in Vapour,
Before our Hands be at work. I can accuſe
Not any one, but all, of ſlackneſs. *Cat.* Yes,
And be your ſelf ſuch, while you do it. *Cat.* Ha?
'Tis ſharply anſwer'd, *Caius*. *Cat.* Truly, truly.

Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accuſ'd. Leave theſe untimely Quarrels.

Cur. I would there were more *Romes* than one to ruin.

Cat. More *Romes*? More VVorlds.

Cur. Nay then, more Gods, and Natures,
If they took part. *Len.* When ſhall the time be, then?

Cat. I think, the *Saturnals*. *Cat.* 'Twill be too late.

Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a Month.

Cat. A VVeek, a Day, an Hour is too far off:

Now were the fitteſt time. *Cat.* We ha' not laid
All things ſo ſafe and ready. *Cet.* While we are laying,
We ſhall all lie, and grow to Earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. Theſe things
They ſhould be done, e'er thought.
Cat. Nay, now your Reaſon
Forſakes you, *Caius.* Think but what commodity
That time will miniſter; the Cities Cuſtom
Of being then in Mirth and Feaſt— *Len.* Loos'd whole
In Pleaſure and Security—— *Aut.* Each Houſe
Reſolv'd in Freedom—— *Cur.* Every Slave a Maſter—
Len. And they too no mean Aids——
Cur. Made from their hope
Of Liberty— *Len.* Or hate unto their Lords.
Var. 'Tis ſure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt and natural. *Len.* Nay, good *Cethegus*,
Why do your Paſſions now diſturb our Hopes?
Cet. Why do your Hopes delude our Certainties?
Cat. You muſt lend him his way. Think, for the Order,
And Proceſs of it. *Len.* Yes. *Len.* I like not Fire;
'Twill too much waſte my City. *Cet.* Were it Embers,
There will be Wealth enough, rak't out of them,
To ſpring anew. It muſt be Fire, or nothing.
Len. What elſe ſhould fright or terrifie 'em? *Var.* True.
In that Confuſion, muſt be the chief ſlaughter.
Cur. Then we ſhall kill 'em bravelt. *Cet.* And in heaps.
Aut. Strew Sacrifices. *Cur.* Make the Earth an Altar.
Len. And *Rome* the Fire *Lec.* 'Twill be a noble Night.
Var. And worth all *Sylla's* Days.
Cur. When Huſbands, Wives,
Grandſires, and Nephews, Servants, and their Lords,
Virgins, and Prieſts, the Infant, and the Nurſe,
Go all to Hell together in a Fleet.
Cat. I would have you *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the Charge o' the Firing, which muſt be
At a Sign given with a Trumpet, done
In twelve chief Places of the City at once.
The Flax and Sulphur are already laid
In at *Cethegus* Houſe; ſo are the Weapons.
Gabinius, you, with other Force, ſhall ſtop
The Pipes and Conduits, and kill thoſe that come

For Water. *Cur.* What shall I do? *Cat.* All will have Employment, fear not: Ply the Execution.

Cur. For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. *Cat.* I will be At hand, with the Army, to meet those that scape: And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey*'s House, To seise his Sons alive; for they are they Must make our peace with him. All else cut off, As *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads, or Mowers A Field of Thistles, or else, up, as Plows Do barren Lands, and strike together Flints And Clods, th' ungrateful *Senate* and the People; Till no Rage gone before, or coming after, May weigh with yours, though Horror leapt her self Into the Scale; but, in your violent Acts, The fall of Torrents, and the noise of Tempests, The boyling of *Caybdis*, the Seas wildness, The eating force of Flames, and wings of Winds, Be all out-wrought by your transcendent Furies. It had been done e'er this, had I been *Consul*; We had had no stop, no let. *Len.* How find you *Antonius*? *Cat.* Th' other has won him, lost: that *Cicero* VVas born to be my opposition, And stands in all our ways. *Cur.* Remove him first. *Cet.* May that yet be done sooner? *Cat.* VVould it were done. *Cur. Cat.* I'll do't. *Cet.* It is my Province; none usurp it. *Len.* What are your Means? *Cat.* Enquire not. He shall die. Shall, was too slowly said. He's dying. That Is yet too slow. He's dead. *Cat.* Brave, only *Rome*, Whose Soul might be the Worlds Soul, were that dying Refuse not yet the Aids of these your Friends. *Len.* Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him. *Cat.* And under the pretext of Clientele, And Visitation, with the morning Hail, VVill be admitted. *Cet.* What is that to me? *Var.* Yes, we may kill him in his Bed, and safely. *Cet.* Safe is your way then, take it. Mine's mine own. *Cat.* Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perswade, The Morning is the fittest time. *Len.* The Night

VVill

will turn all into Tumult. *Len.* And perhaps
Miss of him too. *Cat.* Entreat and conjure him
by all our Names—*Len.* By all our Vows and Friendships.

Sempronia, Aurelia, Fulvia. [*To them.*

WHat! is our Council broke up first? *Aur.* You say,
Women are greatest Talkers. *Sem.* We ha' done,
and are now fit for action. *Len.* Which is Passion.
There's your best activity, Lady. *Sem.* How
knows your wife Fatness that?
Len. Your Mothers Daughter -
ha teach me, Madam. *Cat.* Come *Sempronia*, leave him;
he is a Giber; and our present Business
is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*
bids me, you ha' done most masculinely within,
and play the Orator. *Sem.* But we must hasten
to our Design as well, and execute;
not hang still in the Fever of an Accident.
Cat. You say well, Lady. *Sem.* I do like our Plot
exceeding well; 'tis sure, and we shall leave
little to Fortune in it. *Cat.* Your Banquet stays.
Aurelia, take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?
Sem. O, the two Lovers are coupling. *Cur.* In good faith,
she's very ill with sitting up. *Sem.* Would'd have her
laugh, and lie down? *Ful.* No, faith, *Sempronia*,
I am not well: I'll take my leave, it draws
toward the Morning. *Curius* shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me: my Health
must respect. *Aur.* Farewel, good *Fulvia*.

[*Curius whispers this to* Fulvia.

Cur. Make haste, and bid him get his Guards about him
Vaguntius and *Cornelius*
we undertane it, should *Catiline* miss:
for Reason, that they think his open Rashness
will suffer easier discovery
than their Attempt, so vailed under Friendship.
I bring you to your Coach. Tell him, betide,
Cæsar's coming forth here. *Cat.* My Sweet Madam,
will you be gone? *Ful.* I am, my Lord, in truth,
sick in opinion. *Cat.* I do wish

You had all your Health, ſweet Lady. *Lentulus*,
You'll do her Service. *Len.* To her Coach, and Duty.

Catiline.

WHat Miniſters Men muſt for practice uſe!
The raſh, th' ambitious, needy, deſperate,
Fooliſh, and wretched, ev'n the Dregs of Mankind,
To Whores, and Women! Still it muſt be ſo.
Each have their proper place, and in their Rooms
They are the beſt. Grooms fitteſt kindle Fires,
Slaves carry Burdens, Butchers are for Slaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks, for Poyſons;
As theſe for me: Dull ſtupid *Lentulus*,
My Stale, with whom I talk; the raſh *Cethegus*
My Executioner; and fat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Cepurius*, *Cimber*,
My Labourers, Pioneers, and Incendiaries:
With theſe Domeſtick Traitors, Boſom-thieves,
Whom Cuſtom hath call'd Wives; the readieſt Help
To betray heady Huſbands, rob the eaſie,
And lend the Moneys on Returns of Luſt.
Shall *Catiline* not do now, with theſe Aids,
So ſought, ſo ſorted, ſomething ſhall be call'd
Their Labour, but his Profit? and make *Caſar*
Repent his vent'ring Counſels to a Spirit
So much his Lord in Miſchief? when all theſe
Shall, like the Brethren ſprung of Dragons Teeth,
Ruin each other, and he fall amongſt em,
With *Craſſus*, *Pompey*, or who elſe appears
But like, or near a great one. May my Brain
Reſolve to Water, and my Blood turn Phlegm,
My Hands drop off, unworthy of my Sword,
And that b' inſpired of it ſelf to rip
My Breaſt for my loſt Entrails, when I leave
A Soul that will not ſerve; and who will, are
The ſame with Slaves, ſuch Clay I dare not fear.
The Cruelty I mean to act, I wiſh
Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my Name;
Whilſt After-ages do toil out themſelves
In thinking for the like, but do it leſs:

And were the Power of all the Fiends let loose,
With Fate to boot, it should be still Example,
When, what the *Gaul* or *Moor* could not effect,
Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of spite,
Shall be the Work of one, and that my Night.

Cicero, Fulvia, *Quintus*.

I Thank your Vigilance. Where's my Brother, *Quintus*?
Call all my Servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,
And say it to your self, you are my Savers:
But that's too little for you; you are *Romes*.
What could I then hope less? O Brother! now
The Engines I told you of are working,
The Machin 'gins to move. Where are your Weapons?
Arm all my Houshold presently, and charge
The Porter, he let no Man in till day.
Qui. Not Clients, and your Friends?
Cic. They wear those Names,
That come to murder me. Yet send for *Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus*; those I dare trust:
And *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinius*, the *Prætors*,
By the back way. *Qui.* Take care, good Brother *Marcus*,
Your Fears be not form'd greater than they should;
And make your Friends grieve, while you Enemies laugh.
Cic. 'Tis Brothers Counsel, and worth thanks. But do
As I entreat you. I provide, not fear.
Was *Cæsar* there, say you? *Ful. Curius* says he met him
Coming from thence. *Cic* O, so. And had you a Council
Of Ladies too? Who was your Speaker, Madam?
Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her *Greek* and *Figures*,
And ever and anon would ask us if
The witty *Consul* could have mended that,
Or Orator *Cicero* could have said it better?
Cic. She's my gentle Enemy. Would *Catiline*
Had no more danger in him. But my Guards
Are you, great Powers, and th' unbated Strengths
Of a firm Conscience, which shall arm each Step
Mine for the State; and teach me slack no Pace
For fear of malice. How now, Brother? *Qui. Cato*,

And

And *Quintus Catulus* were coming to you;
And *Craſſus* with 'em. I have let 'em in
By th' Garden. *Cic.* What would *Craſſus* have? *Qui.* Me
Some whiſpering 'bout the Gate, and making doubt
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?
But I do think, they are your Friends and Clients,
Are fearful to diſturb you. *Cic.* You will change
T' another thought anon. Ha' you giv'n the Porter
The Charge I will'd you?
Qui. Yes. Withdraw, and hearken.

Vargunteius, Cornelius, Porter, Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Craſſus.

THE Door's not open yet.
Cor. You were beſt to knock.
Var. Let them ſtand cloſe then; and, when we are in
Ruſh after us. *Cor.* But where's *Catiline*? *Var.* He
Has left it, ſince he might not do't his way.
Por. Who's there? *Var.* A Friend, or more.
Por. I may not let
Any Man in, till day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy Reaſon
Por. I am commanded ſo. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope
We are not diſcover'd. *Var.* Yes, by Revelation.
Pr'y thee, good Slave, who has commanded thee?
Por. He that may beſt, the *Conſul*.
Var. We are his Friends.
Por. All's one. *Cor.* But give your Name.
Var. Doſt thou hear, Fellow?
I have ſome inſtant Buſineſs with the *Conſul*.
My Name is *Vargunteius*.
Cic. True, he knows it, [*Cicero ſpeaks to him.*
And for what friendly Office you are ſent.
Cornelius too is there? *Var.* We are betray'd.
Cic. And deſperate *Catiline*, is he not?
Var. Speak you, he knows my Voice.
Cic. What ſay you to't?
Cor. You are deceiv'd, Sir. *Cic.* No, 'tis you are ſo
Poor miſled men. Your States are yet worth Pity,
If you would hear, and change your ſavage minds.
Leave to be mad; forſake your Purpoſes

Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror;
The Commonwealth hath Eyes, that wake as sharply
Over her Life, as yours do for her Ruin.
Be not deceiv'd, to think her Lenity
Will be perpetual; or, if Men be wanting,
The Gods will be, to such a calling Cause.
Consider your Attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of 'em. It doth make me tremble,
There should those Spirits yet breath, that when they
Live honestly, would rather perish basely. (cannot
Cato. You talk too much to 'em, *Marcus*, they are lost.
Go forth, and apprehend 'em. *Cato.* If you prove
This Practice, what should let the Commonwealth
To take due Vengeance? *Var.* Let us shift away.
The Darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll say,
Some have abus'd our Names. *Con.* Deny it all.
Cato. *Quintus*, what Guards ha' you? Call the *Tribunes*
And raise the City. *Consul*, you are too mild. (Add,
The foulness of some Facts takes thence all Mercy.
Report it to the *Senate* Hear! The Gods
[*It thunders and lightens violently on the sudden.*
Show angry with your Patience. 'Tis their Care,
And must be yours, that guilty Men escape not.
As Crimes do grow, Justice should rowse it self.

CHORUS.

What is this, Heavens, you prepare
With so much swiftness, and so sudden rising?
Has are no Sons of Earth that dare,
Again, Rebellion? or the Gods surprising?
The World doth shake, and Nature fears;
But is the Tumult, and the Horror greater
In our Minds, than in our Ears: (*Chor.*
So much Rome's Faults (now grown her Fate) do threat
The Chief and People run about,
Each Order, Age, and Sex amaz'd at other;
All at the Ports all thronging out,
As if their Safety were to quit their Mother:
And find they the same Dangers there,
From which they make such hasts to be preserved:

For

For guilty States do ever bear
The Plagues about them which they have deserved,
And till those Plagues do get above
The Mountains of our Faults, and there do sit;
We see 'em not. Thus still we love
The Evil we do, until we suffer it.
But most, Ambition, that near Vice
To Vertue, hath the Fate of Rome *provoked;*
And made that now Rome's *self no price*
To free her from the Death wherewith she's yoked.
That restless Ill that still doth build
Upon success, and ends not in aspiring:
But there begins; and ne'er is fill'd
While ought remains that seems but worth desiring.
Wherein the Thought, unlike the Eye,
To which things far seem smaller than they are,
Deems all Contentment plac'd on high:
And thinks there's nothing great but what is far.
O, that in time Rome *did not cast*
Her Errors up, this Fortune to prevent;
T' have seen her Crimes e're they were past,
And felt her Faults before her Punishment.

ACT IV.

Allobroges.

Divers Senators pass by, quaking and trembling.

CAN these Men fear, who are not only ours,
But the World's Masters? Then I see the Gods
Upbraid our Suff'rings, or would humble them,
By sending these affrights while we are here:
That we might laugh at their ridiculous Fear,
Whose names we trembled at beyond the *Alps*.
Of all that pass, I do not see a Face
Worthy a Man; that dares look up, and stand
One Thunder out: but downward all, like Beasts,
Running away from every flash is made.

The falling world could not deserve such baseness.
Are we imploy'd here by our Miseries,
Like superstitious Fools (or rather Slaves)
To plain our Griefs, Wrongs and Oppressions,
To a meer clothed *Senate*, whom our Folly
Hath made, and still intends to keep our Tyrants?
It is our base petitionary breath
That blows 'em to this Greatness; which this prick
Would soon let out, if we were bold and wretched.
When they have taken all we have, our Goods,
Crop, Lands and Houses, they will leave us this:
A Weapon and an Arm will still be found,
The naked left, and lower than the ground.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

DO; urge thine Anger still: good Heaven and just.
Tell guilty Men what Powers are above them.
In such a confidence of wickedness
'Twas time they should know something fit to fear.
Catu. I never saw a Morn more full of Horror.
Cato. To *Catiline* and his: But to Just Men,
The Heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,
That with his breath the Hinges of the World
Did crack, we should stand upright, and undear'd.
Cic. Why, so we do, good *Cato.* Who be these?
Catu. Ambassadors from the *Allobroges*,
I take 'em, by their habits.
All. I, these Men
Even of another Race; let's sue to these,
There's hope of Justice with their Fortitude.
Cic. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
We pray you to forbear us: On the morrow,
What Suit you have, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(Whose Patronage your State doth use) but know it,
And on the *Consuls* Word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an Answer worth your Patience.
All. We could not hope for more, most worthy *Consul.*
This Magistrate hath struck an awe into me,
And by his Sweetness won a more regard

Unto

Unto his Place, than all the boiſtrous Moods
That ignorant Greatneſs practiſeth, to fill
The large unfit Authority it wears.
How eaſie is a Noble Spirit diſcern'd
From harſh and ſulphurous matter that flies out
In Contumelies, makes a noiſe, and ſtinks!
May we find good and great Men; that know how
To ſtoop to Wants, and meet Neceſſities,
And will not turn from any equal Suits.
Such Men, they do not ſuccour more the Cauſe
They undertake with favour and ſucceſs,
Than by it their own Judgments they do raiſe,
In turning juſt Mens Needs into their Praiſe.

The Senate.

PRA. Room for the *Conſuls* Fathers, take your place
Here in the Houſe of *Jupiter* the *Stayer*,
By Edict from the *Conſul*, *Marcus Tullius*,
You're met, a frequent *Senate*. Hear him ſpeak.
Cic. What may be happy and auſpicious, ſtill
To Rome *and hers.* Honour'd and Conſcript Fathers
If I were ſilent, and that all the Dangers
Threatning the State and you, were yet to hid
In Night, or Darkneſs thicker in their Breaſts,
That are the black Contrivers; ſo that no
Beam of the Light could pierce 'em; yet the Voice
Of Heav'n, this Morning, hath ſpoke loud enough
T' inſtruct you with a feeling of the Horror,
And wake you from a Sleep as ſtark as Death.
I have of late ſpoke often in this *Senate*
Touching this Argument, but ſtill have wanted
Either your Ears or Faith; So incredible
Their Plots have ſeem'd, or I ſo vain, to make
Theſe things for mine own Glory and falſe Greatneſs
As hath been given out. But be it ſo.
When they break forth, and ſhall declare themſelves
By their too foul Effects, then, then the Envy
Of my juſt Cares will find another Name.
For me, I am but one, and this poor Life
So lately aim'd at, not an Hour yet ſince,

ey cannot with more eagerneſs purſue,
an I with gladneſs would lay down, and loſe,
buy *Romes* Peace, if that would purchaſe it.
t when I ſee they'ld make it but the ſtep
more and greater; unto yours, *Romes*, all;
would with thoſe preſerve it, or then fall.
Caſ. I, I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!
how his Gorget peers above his Gown;
tell the People in what danger he was.
was abſurdly done of *Vaguntcius*,
name himſelf before he was got in.
Cot. It matters not, ſo they deny it all:
d can but carry the lye conſtantly.
ill *Catiline* be here?
Caſ. I have ſent for him.
Cot. And ha' you bid him to be confident?
Caſ. To that his own neceſſity will prompt him.
Cot. Seem to believe nothing at all that *Cicero*
lates us. *Caſ.* It will mad him.
[Quintus Cicero *brings in the Tribunes and Guards.*
Cot. O, and help
e other Party. Who is that? his Brother?
hat new Intelligence has he brought him now?
Caſ. Some Cautions from his Wife, how to behave him.
Cic. Place ſome of them without, and ſome bring in.
ank their kind Loves. It is a comfort yet,
at all depart not from their Countries Cauſe.
Caſ. How now, what means this Muſter, *Conſul*
Antonius?
Ant. I do not know, ask my Colleague, he'll tell you.
re is ſome Reaſon in State that I muſt yield to;
d I have promiſ'd him: Indeed he has bought it,
th giving me the *Province*.
Cic. I pardon,
ouve me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
draw theſe arms, and aids for your defence;
more, againſt a Citizen of *Rome*,
n here amongſt you, a *Patrician*,
an, I muſt confeſs, of no mean Houſe,
no ſmall Vertue, if he had employ'd
e Excellent Gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,

Unto

Unto the good, not ruin of the State.
But being bred in's Father's needy Fortunes,
Brought up in's Sisters Prostitution,
Confirm'd in civil Slaughter, entring first
The Common-wealth, with Murder of the Gentry;
Since both by Study and Custom conversant
With all Licentiousness. What could be hop'd
In such a Field of Riot, but a course
Extream pernicious? Tho I must protest,
I found his Mischiefs sooner with mine Eyes
Than with my Thought; and with these Hands
Before they touch'd at my suspicion.

Cæs. What are his Mischiefs, *Consul*? you declare
Against his Manners, and corrupt your own:
No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
Lose his own Innocence.

Cic. The Noble *Cæsar*
Speaks God-like truth. But when he hears I can
Convince him, by his Manners, of his Mischiefs,
He might be silent; and not cast away
His Sentences in vain, where they scarce look
Toward his Subject.

Cato. Here he comes himself.
If he be worthy any good man's voice,
That good man sit down by him: *Cato* will not.

[Catiline *sits down, and* Cato *rises from*

Catu. If *Cato* leave him, I'le not keep aside.

Cati. What Face is this the *Senate* here puts on
Against me, *Fathers!* Give my Modesty
Leave to demand the cause of so much strangeness.

Cæs. It is reported here, you are the Head
To a strange Faction, *Lucius*.

Cic. I, and will
Be prov'd against him.

Cati. Let it be. Why, *Consul*,
If in the Common-wealth there be two Bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a Head;
The other strong and healthful, but hath none:
If I do give it one, do I offend?
Restore your selves unto your temper, *Fathers*;
And, without perturbation, hear me speak.

Rest

emember who I am, and of what place,
hat petty fellow this is that oppoſes ;
e that hath exercis'd his Eloquence
ill to the bane of the Nobility :
boaſting inſolent tongue-man.
Cato. Peace, lewd Traytor,
wash thy Mouth. He is an honeſt man,
nd loves his Countrey ; would thou didſt ſo too.
Cati. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him.
Cato. No ;
hou art too impudent.
Cato. *Catiline*, be ſilent.
Cati. Nay then, I eaſily fear, my juſt defence
ill come too late to ſo much prejudice !
(*Caſ.* Will he ſit down ?)
Cati Yet let the world forſake me,
y Innocence muſt not.
Cato. Thou innocent ?
are the *Furies*. *Cic.* Yes, and *Ate* too.
ſt thou not bluſh, pernicious *Catiline* ?
hath the paleneſs of thy Guilt drunk up
y Blood, and drawn thy Veins as dry of that
is thy Heart of Truth, thy Breaſt of Vertue ?
Whither at length wilt thou abuſe our patience ?
till ſhall thy Fury mock us ? To what licence
ues thy unbridled boldneſs run it ſelf ?
all the nightly Guards, kept on the Palace,
e Cities Watches, with the Peoples Fears,
e Concourſe of all good men, this ſo ſtrong
s fortified Seat here of the *Senate*,
e preſent looks upon thee, ſtrike thee nothing ?
ſt thou not feel thy Counſels all laid open ?
d ſee thy wild Conſpiracy bound in
ith each man's knowledge ? which of all this Order
ſt thou think ignorant (if they'll but utter
eir Conſcience to the right) of what thou didſt
ſt Night, what on the former, where thou went,
hom thou didſt call together, what your Plots were ?
Age and Manners ! This the *Conſul* ſees,
e *Senate* underſtands, yet this Man lives !
ves ? I, and comes here into Counſel with us ;

Pau-

Partakes the Publick Cares: and with his Eye
Marks and points out each Man of us to slaughter.
And we, good Men, do satisfie the State,
If we can shun but this Man's Sword and Madness.
There was that Vertue once in *Rome*, when good m
Would, with more sharp Coercion, have restrain'd
A wicked Citizen, than the deadliest Foe.
We have that Law still, *Catiline*, for thee;
An Act as grave, as sharp: The State's not wanti
Nor the Authority of this *Senate*; we,
We that are *Consuls*, only fail our selves.
This twenty days the Edg of that Decree
We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,
As in a Sheath, which drawn, should take thy Hea
Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
Thy wicked Confidence, but to confirm it.
I could desire, grave *Fathers*, to be found
Still merciful, to seem, in these main perils
Grasping the State, a Man remiss and slack;
But then I should condemn my self of Sloth
And Treachery. Their Camp's in *Italy*,
Pitch'd in the Jaws here of *Hetruria*;
Their Numbers dailing increasing, and their Gener
Within our Walls: nay, in our Counsel! plotting
Hourly some fatal mischief to the Publick.
If, *Catiline*, I should command thee now,
Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,
Whether all good Men would not think it done
Rather too late, than any Man too cruel.

Cato. Except he were of the same Meal and Bar

Cic. But that which ought to have been done s
since,
I will, and (for good Reason) yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no Man is found
So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thy self,
But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right.
While there is one that dares defend thee, live;
Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou liv'st;
Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress
From working least Commotion to the State.
I have those Eyes and Ears shall still keep guard,

ld ſpial on thee, as they have ever done,
d thou not feel it. What then canſt thou hope?
neither Night can with her Darkneſs hide
y wicked Meetings, nor a Private Houſe
n in her Walls contain the guilty whiſpers
thy Conſpiracy: If all break out,
be diſcover'd, change thy mind at laſt,
d loſe thy thoughts of Ruin, Flame and Slaughter.
member how I told, here to the *Senate*,
t ſuch a day thy Lictor, *Caius Manlius*,
uld be in Arms. VVas I deceived, *Catiline*?
in the Fact, or in the Time? the Hour?
uld too in this *Senate*, that thy purpoſe
as on the Fifth (the Kalends of *November*)
have ſlaughter'd this whole Order: which my cau-
de many leave the City. Canſt thou here (tion
ay, but this thy black Deſign was hindred
t very day by me? Thy ſelf clos'd in
Within my ſtrengths, ſo that thou could'ſt not move
ainſt a publick Reed? VVhen thou wert heard
ſay upon the parting of the reſt,
at would'ſt content thee with the Murder of us
t did remain. Hadſt thou no hope beſide,
a ſurprize by Night, to take *Praeneſte*?
ere when thou can'ſt, didſt thou not find the place
de good againſt thee with my Aids, my VVatches?
y Garriſons fortified it. Thou doſt nothing *Sergius*;
u canſt endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
t I both ſee and hear it; and am with thee,
and before, about and in thee too.
ll but to mind thy laſt Nights buſineſs. Come,
ake no Circumſtance: at *Lecca*'s Houſe,
e Shop, and Mint of your Conſpiracy,
mong your Sword-men, where ſo many Aſſociates
th of thy Miſchief and thy Madneſs met.
'ſt thou deny this? VVherefore art thou ſilent?
eak, and this ſhall convince thee: Here they are,
e ſee in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
you Immortal Gods! in what Clime are we?
at Region do we live in? in what Air?
at Common-wealth or State is this we have?

Here,

Here, here, amongſt us, our own Number, *Fathers*,
In this moſt holy Council of the world
They are that ſeek the Spoil of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the Sun, and find not their Ambition.
Theſe I behold, being *Conſul*; nay, I aſk
Their Counſels of the State, as from good *Patriots*
Whom it were fit the Axe ſhould hew in pieces.
I not ſo much as wound yet with my Voice.
Thou waſt laſt Night with *Lecca*, *Catiline*,
Your Shares of *Italy* you there divided;
Appointed who, and whither each ſhould go;
What Men ſhould ſtay behind in *Rome*, were choſe
Your Offices ſet down; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the City, for the fire;
Thy ſelf (thou affirm'dſt) waſt ready to depart,
Only a little let there was that ſtay'd thee,
That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, ſtept forth
Three of thy Crew, to rid thee of that Care;
Two undertook this Morning, before Day,
To kill me in my Bed. All this I knew,
Your Convent ſcarce diſmiſs'd, arm'd all my Servan
Call'd both my Brother and Friends, that our y
Clients
You ſent to viſit me; whoſe Names I told
To ſome there, of good place, before they came.
Cato. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirm it.
Caſ. He's loſt and gone. His Spirits have forſook h
Cic. If this be ſo, why, *Catiline*, doſt thou ſtay?
Go where thou mean'ſt. The Ports are open; forth
The Camp abroad wants thee, their Chief, too lo
Lead with thee all thy Troops out. Purge the Ci
Draw dry that noiſom, and pernicious Sink,
Which left behind thee, would infect the World.
Thou wilt free me of all my Fears at once,
To ſee a Wall between us. Doſt thou ſtop
To do that now commanded; which before,
Of thine own choice, thou'ſt prone to? Go. The Co
Bids thee, an Enemy, to depart the City.
Whither, thou'lt aſk? to Exile? I not bid
Thee that. But aſk my Counſel, I perſwade it.

What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a Soul, without thine own foul knot,
Not fears and hates thee. What Domeſtick Note
Of private filthineſs, but is burnt in
On thy Life? What cloſe and ſecret ſhame
Is not grown one with thine own Infamy?
What Luſt was ever abſent from thine Eyes?
What lewd Fact from thy Hands? what wickedneſs
From thy whole Body? where's that Youth drawn in
Within thy Nets, or catch'd up with thy baſts,
Whose whole Rage thou haſt not borne a Sword,
And to whoſe Luſts thou haſt not held a Torch?
My latter Nuptials I let paſs in ſilence;
Where ſins incredible on ſins were heapt:
Which I not name, leſt in a Civil State
So monſtrous Facts ſhould either appear to be,
Or not to be reveng'd. Thy Fortunes too
I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.
I come to that which is more known, more publick;
The Life and Safety of us all by thee
Treated and ſought. Stood'ſt thou not in the Field
When *Lepidus* and *Tullus* were our *Conſuls*,
Upon the day of Choice, arm'd, and with Forces,
To take their Lives, and our chief Citizens?
When not thy Fear, nor Conſcience chang'd thy Mind,
Nor the meer Fortune of the Common-wealth
Withſtood thy active malice? Speak but right,
How often haſt thou made attempt on me?
How many of thy Aſſaults have I declin'd
With ſhifting but my Body (as we'ld ſay),
Parries thy Dagger from thy Hand, how oft?
How often hath it fain, or ſlipt by chance?
And can thy ſide not want it: which how vow'd,
And with what Rites, 'tis ſacred of thee, I know not,
But till thou mak'ſt it a Neceſſity,
I fix it in the *Body of a Conſul*.
Now let me loſe this way, and ſpeak to thee,
Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,
Nor pity, of which none is owing thee.
Cat. No more than unto *Tantalus* or *Tityus*.
Cic. Thou can'ſt e'en while into this *Senate*. Who

Or

Of ſuch a frequency, ſo many Friends
And Kindred thou haſt here ſaluted thee?
VVere not the Seats made bare upon thy entrance?
Riſe not the Conſular Men, and left their places
So ſoon as thou ſat'ſt down? and fled thy ſide,
Like to a Plague or Ruin? Knowing how oft
They had been by thee mark'd out for the Shambles
How doſt thou bear this? Surely, if my Slaves
At home fear'd me with half th' affright and horror
That here thy Fellow-Citizens do thee,
I ſhould ſoon quit my Houſe, and think it need too.
Yet thou dar'ſt tarry here? Go forth at laſt,
Condemn thy ſelf to flight and ſolitude.
Diſcharge the Common-wealth of her deep Fear.
Go; into Baniſhment, if thou wait'ſt the word.
VVhy doſt thou look? They all conſent unto it.
Doſt thou expect th' Authority of their Voices,
VVhoſe ſilent wills condemn thee? VVhile they ſ
They approve it; while they ſuffer it, they decree it
And while they are ſilent to it, they proclaim it.
Prove thou there honeſt, I'le endure the Envy.
But there's no thought thou ſhouldſt be ever ſo,
VVhom either ſhame ſhould call from filthineſs,
Terror from danger, or diſcourſe from Fury.
Go; I intreat thee: yet why do I ſo?
VVh n I already know they're ſent afore,
That tarry for thee in Arms, and do expect thee
On th' *Aurelian* way. I know the day
Set down 'twixt thee and *Manlius*; unto whom
The Silver Eagle too is ſent before:
VVhich I do hope ſhall prove to thee as baneful
As thou conceiv'ſt it to the Common-wealth.
But may this wiſe and ſacred *Senate* ſay,
VVhat mean'ſt thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know
That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be chief
Of an inteſtine VVar; that he is the Author
Of ſuch a wickedneſs; the caller out
Of men of mark in miſchief, to an a tion
Of ſo much Horror; Prince of ſuch a Treaſon;
VVhy doſt thou ſend him forth? why let him go?
This is to give him Liberty and Power:

Rather thou should'ſt lay hold upon him, ſend him
To deſerv'd death, and a juſt puniſhment.
To theſe ſo holy Voices thus I anſwer.
If I did think it timely, *Conſcript Fathers*,
To puniſh him with death, I would not give
The Fencer uſe of one ſhort Hour to breathe;
But when there are in this grave Order ſome,
Who with ſoft Cenſures ſtill do nurſe his Hopes;
Some that with not believing have confirm'd
His Deſigns more, and whoſe Authority
The weaker, as the worſt Men too have follow'd:
I would now ſend him where they all ſhould ſee
Clear as the Light, his Heart ſhine; where no man
Could be ſo wickedly, or fondly ſtupid,
But ſhould cry out, he ſaw, touch'd, felt and graſpt it.
Then, when he hath run out himſelf; led forth
His deſp'rate party with him; blown together
Aids of all kinds, both ſhipwrack'd Minds and For-
Not only the grown Evil that now is ſprung (tunes:
And ſprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and weeded;
But the Stock, Root, and Seed of all the Miſchiefs,
Shaking the Commonwealth. Where ſhould we take
Such a ſwarm of Traitors only him,
Our Cares and Fears might ſeem a while reliev'd,
But the main peril would bide ſtill inclos'd
Deep in the Veins and Bowels of the State,
As Humane Bodies labouring with Fevers,
Which they are toſt with heat, if they do take
Cold water, ſeem for that ſhort ſpace much eas'd,
But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
Therefore, I ſay, let all this wicked Crew
Depart, divide themſelves from good Men, gather
Their Forces to one Head; as I ſaid oft,
Let 'em be ſever'd from us with a wall;
Let 'em leave off attempts upon the *Conſul*
In his own Houſe; to circle in the *Prator*;
Beſiege the Court with weapons; to prepare
Darts and Balls, Swords, Torches, Sulphur, Brands:
Nay, let it be writ in each Man's Forehead
What thoughts he bears the Publick. I here promiſe,
Moſt *Conſcript*, to you, and to my ſelf,

That Diligence in us *Conſuls*, for my Honour'd
Colleague abroad, and for my ſelf at home;
So great Authority in you; ſo much
Vertue in theſe the Gentlemen of *Rome*;
Whom I could ſcarce reſtrain to day, in Zeal,
From ſeeking out the Parricide to ſlaughter;
So much conſent in all good Men and Minds,
As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
All ſhall be clear, made plain, oppreſs'd, reveng'd.
And with this *Omen* go, pernicious Plague,
Out of the City, to the wiſh'd Deſtruction
Of thee and thoſe that, to the Ruin of her,
Have tane that bloody and black Sacrament.
Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *Stayer*
Both of this City and this Empire, wilt
(With the ſame Auſpice thou didſt raiſe it firſt)
Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples,
And Buildings of this City; from our Walls,
Lives, States and Fortunes of our Citizens,
This Fiend, this Fury, with his Complices.
And all th' offence of good Men (theſe known Trayt
Unto their Countrey, Thieves of *Italy*,
Joyn'd in ſo damn'd a League of Miſchief) thou
Wilt with perpetual Plagues, alive and dead,
Puniſh for *Rome*, and ſave her innocent Head.

Cati. If an Oration, or high Language, *Father*,
Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it;
H' has ſtove to emulate this Mornings Thunder,
With his prodigious Rhetorick. But I hope
This *Senate* is more grave than to give credit
Raſhly to all the Vomits, 'gainſt a Man
Of your own Order; a *Patrician*;
And one whoſe Anceſtors have more deſerv'd
Of *Rome* than this Man's Eloquence could utter,
Turn'd the beſt way: as ſtill it is the worſt.

Cato. His Eloquence hath more deſerv'd to day,
Speaking thy Ill, than all thy Anceſtors
Did in their good: and that the State will find,
Which he hath ſav'd.

Cati. How, he? were I that Enemy
That he would make me: I'ld not with the State

More wretched than to need his preservation.
What do you make him, *Cato*, such a *Hercules*?
An *Atlas*? a poor petty Inmate!

Cato. Traytor.

Cati. He save the State? A Burgess Son of *Arpinum*.
The Gods would rather twenty *Romes* should perish,
Than have that Contumely stuck upon 'em,
That he should share with them in the preserving
A Shed or Sign-post. *Cato.* Peace, thou Prodigy.

Cati. They would be forc'd themselves again, and lost
In the first rude and indigested heap;
Ere such a wretched Name as *Cicero*
Should sound with theirs.

Cato. Away, thou impudent Head.

Cati. Do you all back him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leave you, *Fathers*, I will go. [*He turns full-*
ly—my fine dainty Speaker— *(Slyly on Cicero.*

Cic. What now, *Fury*?
Wilt thou assault me here?

(Cleo. Help, aid the *Consul.*)

Cati. See, *Fathers*, laugh you not? who threatned him?
In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious Orator,
Hope of so brave a Death as by this Hand.

(Cato. Out of the Court with the pernicious traytor.)

Cati. There is no Title that this flattering *Senate*,
Or Honour the base Multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy *Catiline's* Anger.

(Cato. Stop,
Stop that portentous Mouth.)

Cati. Or when it shall
I look thee dead.

Cato. Will none restrain the Monster?

Cato. Parricide.

Cic. Butcher, Traytor, leave the *Senate*.

Cati. I am gone, to banishment, to please you, *Fathers*.
Shall headlong forth?

Cato. Still dost thou murmur, Monster?

Cati. Since I am thus put out, and made a ——

Cic. What?

Cato. Not guiltier than thou art.

Cati. I will not burn

Without my Funeral Pile. *Cato.* What ſays the Fiend?
Cati. I will have matter, Timber.
Cato. Sing out, Scriech-owl.
Cati. It ſhall be in ——
Catu. Speak thy imperfect Thoughts.
Cati. The common Fire, rather than mine own.
For fall I will with all, e're fall alone.
Cra. He's loſt, there is no hope of him. *Caſ.* Unleſs
He preſently take Arms; and give a blow,
Before the *Conſuls* forces can be levi'd.
Cic. What is your pleaſure, *Fathers*, ſhall be done?
Catu. See, that the Commonwealth receive no loſs.
Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the *Conſuls*.
Cra. 'Tis time. *Caſ.* And need.
Cic. Thanks to this frequent *Senate*.
But what decree they unto *Curius*,
And *Fulvia*? *Catu.* What the *Conſul* ſhall think meet.
Cic. They muſt receive reward, though't be not known;
Leſt when a State needs Miniſters they ha' none.
Cato. Yet *Marcus Tullius* do not I believe,
But *Craſſus* and this *Caſar* here ring hollow.
Cic. And would appear ſo, if that we durſt prove 'em.
Cato. Why dare we not? What honeſt act is that
The *Roman Senate* ſhould not dare and do?
Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous Act,
To ſtir too many Serpents up at once.
Caſar and *Craſſus*, if they be ill Men,
Are mighty ones; and we muſt ſo provide,
That while we take one Head from this foul *Hydra*,
There ſpring not twenty more. *Cato.* I prove your Counſel.
Cic. They ſhall be watch'd and look'd too. Till they
Declare themſelves, I will not put 'em out
By any queſtion. There they ſtand. I'll make
My ſelf no Enemies, nor the State no Traytors.

Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinius, Longinus, Statilius.

FAlſe to our ſelves? All our deſign's diſcover'd
To this State-cat? *Cat.* I, had I had my way,

He had mew'd in Flames at home, not i' the *Senate*:
I had ſing'd his Furs by this time. *Cat.* Well there's
No time of calling back, or ſtanding ſtill.
Friends be your ſelves; keep the ſame *Roman* Hearts
And ready Minds you had yeſter-night. Prepare
To execute what we reſolv'd. And let not
Labour, or danger, or diſcovery fright you.
I'll to the Army: you (the while) mature
Things here at home. Draw to you any Aids
That you think fit, of Men of all Conditions,
Of any Fortunes that may help a War.
I'll bleed a Life, or win an Empire for you.
Within theſe few days look to ſee my Enſigns
Here at the Walls: Be you but firm within.
Mean time, to draw an envy on the *Conſul*,
And give a leſs ſuſpicion of our Courſe,
Let it be given out here in the City,
That I am gone an innocent Man to exile
Into *Maſſilia*, willing to give way
To Fortune and the Times; being unable
To ſtand ſo great Faction, without troubling
The Commonwealth: whoſe peace I rather [illegible],
Than all the glory of Contention,
Or the ſupport of mine own Innocence.
Farewel the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the reſt; and thou my better Genius,
The brave *Cethegus*: when we meet again,
We'll ſacrifice to Liberty. *Cet.* And Revenge.
That we may praiſe our hands once. *Len.* O you *Fates*,
Give *Fortune* now her Eyes, to ſee with whom
She goes along, that ſhe may ne're forſake him.
Cat. He needs not her nor them. Go but on, *Sergius*.
A valiant Man is his own Fate and Fortune.
Len. The Fate and Fortune of us all go with him.
Gab. Sta. And ever guard him.
Cat. I am all your Creature.
Len. Now Friends 'tis left with us. I have already
Dealt by *Umbrenus* with the *Allobroges*,
Diſpeſant in *Rome*; whoſe State I hear,
Is diſcontent with the great Uſuries
They are oppreſs'd with: and have made Complaints

Divers unto the *Senate*, but all in vain.
These Men I have thought (both for their own Oppres-
As also that by Nature, they are a People (sion,
Warlike and fierce, still watching after change,
And now in present hatred with our State)
The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn
To our Society, and to aid the War.
The rather for their Seat; being next Bord'rers
On *Italy*; and that they abound with Horse:
Of which one want our Camp doth only labour.
And I have found 'em coming. They will meet
Soon at *Sempronia*'s House, where I would pray you
All to be present, to confirm 'em more.
The sight of such Spirits hurt not, nor the Store.
Gal. I will not fail. *Sta.* Nor I.
Cur. Nor I. *Cet.* Would I
Had somewhat by my self apart to do.
I ha' no Genius to these many Counsels.
Let me kill all the *Senate* for my share,
I'll do it at next sitting. *Len.* Worthy *Caius*,
Your presence will add much. *Cet.* I shall mar more.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

THE State's beholden unto you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care. And those *Allobroges*
Are more than wretched, if they lend a hitting
To such perswasion. *San.* They, most worthy *Consul*,
As Men employ'd here, from a grieved State,
Groaning beneath a multitude of Wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of ease
To be expected to their Evils from hence,
Were willing at the first to give an ear
To any thing that sounded Liberty:
But since, on better Thoughts, and my urg'd Reasons
They are come about, and won to the true side.
The Fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.
Cic. What is that same *Umbrenus* was the Agent?
San. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* cit, and known unto their State.
Cic. Are th' Ambassadors come with you? *San.*

Cic. Well, bring 'em in, if they be firm and honeſt.—
Never had Men the means ſo to deſerve
Of *Rome* as they. A happy wiſh'd occaſion,
And thruſt into my hands for the diſcovery,
And manifeſt Conviction of theſe Traytors.
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*. My worthy Lords,
Confederates of the *Senate*, you are welcome.
Underſtand by *Quintius Fabius Sanga*,
Your careful Patron here, you have been lately
Sollicited againſt the Common-wealth
By one *Umbrenus* (take a ſeat I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be Aſſociates
In their intended VVar. I could adviſe,
That Men whoſe Fortunes are yet flouriſhing,
And are *Romes* Friends, would not without a Cauſe
Become her Enemies; and mix themſelves
And their Eſtates, with the loſt hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whoſe meer deſpair doth arm 'em:
That were to hazard Certainties for Air,
And undergo all danger for a Voice.
Believe me Friends, loud Tumults are not laid
VVith half the eaſineſs, that they are rais'd.
All may begin a VVar, but few can end it.
The *Senate* have decreed, that my Colleague
Shall lead their Army againſt *Catiline*,
And have declar'd both him and *Manlius* Traytors.
Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their Troops defeat. Honours are promis'd
To all will quit 'em; and Rewards propos'd
Even to Slaves that can detect their Courſes.
Here in the City, I have by the *Praetors*
And *Tribunes*, plac'd my Guards and VVatches ſo,
That not a Foot can tread, a Breath can whiſper,
But I have knowledge. And be ſure, the *Senate*
And People of *Rome*, of their accuſtom'd Greatneſs,
VVill ſharply and ſeverely vindicate,
Not only any Fact, but any Practiſe
Or Purpoſe 'gainſt the State. Therefore my Lords,
Conſult of your own ways, and think which hand
Is beſt to take. You now are prudent Tutors
For ſome redreſs of wrongs: I'll undertake

Not only that shall be assur'd you: but
What Grace, or Priviledge else, *Senate* or People,
Can call upon you worthy such a Service,
As you have now the way and means to do 'em,
If but your Wills consent with my Designs.

All. We covet nothing more, most worthy *Consul.*
And how so e're we have been tempted lately
To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
We are not yet so wretched in our Fortunes,
Nor in our Wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship prodigally of that price,
As is the *Senate*, and the People of *Rome*,
For hopes that do precipitate themselves.

Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this then
(When shall you speak with *Lentulus* and the rest?

All. We are to meet anon at *Brutus* House.

Cic. Who? *Decius Brutus?* He is not in *Rome.*

Sen. O, but his Wife *Sempronia. Cic.* You instruct me
She is a chief.) Well, fail not you to meet 'em;
And to express the best Affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, give the Commonwealth
And *Senate* loft to 'em. Promise any Aids
By Arms or Counsel. What they can desire
I would have you prevent. Only say this,
You have had dispatch in private by the *Consul*,
Of your Affairs, and for the many fears
The State's now in, you are will'd by him this Evening
To depart *Rome:* which you by all fought means
Will do, of reason to decline Suspicion.
Now for the more Authority of the business
They have trusted to you, and to give it Credit
With your own State at home, you would desire
Their Letters to your *Senate* and your People,
Which shewn, you durst engage both Life and Hono
The rest should every way answer their hopes.
Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
And as you give me notice at what Port
You will go out, I'll ha' you intercepted,
And all the Letters taken with you: So
As you shall be Redeem'd in all Opinions,

And they convicted of their manifeſt Treaſon.
Ill Deeds are well turn'd back upon their Authors:
And 'gainſt an Injurer, the Revenge is juſt.
This muſt be done now. *All.* chearfully and firmly.
We're they would rather haſte to undertake it,
Than ſtay to ſay ſo. *Cic.* With that confidence, go:
Make your ſelves happy, while you make *Rome* ſo.
By *Sanga*, let me have notice from you. *All.* Yes.

Sempronia, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, Longinus, Volturtius, Allobroges.

WHen come theſe Creatures, the Ambaſſadors?
I would fain ſee 'em. Are they any Scholars?
Len. I think not, Madam.
Sem. Ha' they no *Greek*? *Len.* No ſurely.
Sem. Fie, what do I here? waiting on 'em then,
if they be nothing but meer States-men? *Len.* Yes
our Ladiſhip ſhall obſerve their Gravity,
and their Reſervedneſs, their many Cautions,
ting their Perſons. *Sem.* I do wonder much,
hat States and Common-wealths employ not Women
o be Ambaſſadors, ſometimes! we ſhould
o as good publick Service, and could make
honourable Spies (for ſo *Thucidides*
alls all Ambaſſadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus*?
Ce. Do you ask me? Am I your Scout or Bawd?
Len. O, *Cæſar*, it is no ſuch buſineſs. *Ce.* No?
hat does a Woman at it then? *Sem.* Good Sir,
ome are of us can be as exquiſite Traytors,
e're a Male-conſpirator of you all.
Ce. I, at Smock treaſon, Matron, I believe you,
d if I were your Husband; but when I
ruſt to your Cob-web boſoms any other,
me there dye a Fly, and feaſt you, Spider.
Len. You are too ſowre, and hath, *Cethegus*. *Ce.* Yes
kind and courtly. I'ld be torn peices,
th wild *Hippolytus*, nay prove the death
ry Limb over, e're I'ld truſt a Woman
th wind, could I retain it.
es, Sir, they'll be truſted

With as good Secrets yet as you have any:
And carry 'em too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your Heart.
Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in Tongue, or Carriage, good *Calipso*:
Lon. Th' Ambassadors are come.
Cet. Thanks to thee *Mercury*,
That so hast rescu'd me. *Len.* How now, *Voltureius*?
Vol. They do desire some speech with you in private.
Len. O! 'tis about the Prophesie belike,
And promise of the *Sibylls*. *Gab.* It may be.
Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?
Gab. No good Lady,
You may partake: I have told 'em who you are.
Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and here too.
Cet. Can these or such be any aids to us?
Look they, as they were built to shake the World,
Or be a moment to our Enterprise?
A thousand such as they are could not make
One Atom of our Souls. They should be Men
Worth Heavens fear, that looking up but thus
Would make *Jove* stand upon his Guard, and draw
Himself within his Thunder; which amaz'd,
He should discharge in vain and they unhurt.
Or if they were like *Capaneus* at *Thebes*,
They should hang dead upon the highest Spires,
And ask the second Bolt to be thrown down.
Why *Leontulus* talk you so long? This time
Had been enough, t' have scatter'd all the Stars,
T' have quench'd the Sun and Moon, and made the
Despair of day, or any light but ours. (World
Len. How do you like this Spirit? In such Men
Mankind doth live. They are such Souls as these
That move the World. *Sem.* I, though he beat me
I yet must do him right. He is a Spirit
Of the right *Martian* breed. *All.* He is a *Man*!
Would we had time to live here and admire him.
Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the Counsel
And I commend your care: It was but reason,
To ask our Leaves, and we had prepar'd them.
Come in, and we will take an Oath, and seal 'em.

You shall have Letters too to *Catiline*,
To visit him i' the way, and to confirm
The Association. This our Friend, *Volturtius*,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great General
That we are ready here; that *Lucius Bestia*
The *Tribune* is provided of a Speech,
To lay the envy of the VVar upon *Cicero*;
That all but long for his approach and Person;
And then you are made Free-men as our selves.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pomtinius, Sanga.

I Cannot fear the VVar but to succeed well,
Both for the honour of the Cause, and worth
Of him that doth Command. For my Colleague,
Being so ill affected with the Gout,
Will not be able to be there in Person;
And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, must
If need take charge o' the Army; who is much
The better Soldier, having been a *Tribune*,
Consul, *Lieutenant*, *Prætor* in the VVar
Hide Thirty years, so conversant i' the Army,
As he knows all the Soldiers by their Names.
Sa. They'll fight then bravely with him.
Pom. I, and he
Will lead 'em on as bravely. *Cic.* They have a Foe
Will ask their Braveries, whose necessities
Will arm him like a Fury. But however
I trust it to the Manage and the Fortune
Of good *Petreius*, who's a worthy Patriot:
Quintus Celer, with three Legions too,
Will stop their course for *Gallia*. How now *Fabius*?
Fa. The Train hath taken. You must instantly
Impale your Guards upon the *Milvian* Bridge:
For by that way they mean to come. *Cic.* Then thither
Pomtinius and *Flaccus*, I must pray you
To lead that force you have; and seize them all:
Let not a Person scape. Th' Allobrodes
Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
I send you aid. I, in mean time, will call
Curius to me, *Gabinius* and *Cethegus*,

Statilius,

Statilius, *Cethegus*, and all these,
By several Messengers: who no doubt will come
Without sense or suspicion. Prodigal Men
Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have 'em
I'll place those Guards upon 'em, that they start not.
San. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*?
Cic. A States anger
Should not take knowledge either of Fools or Women.
I do not know whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
So foul a Treason, or must undergo
The envy of so many great Mens fate.
But happen what there can, I will be just,
My Fortune may forsake me, not my Vertue:
That shall go with me, and before me still,
And glad me doing well, though I hear ill.

Prators, Allobroges, Volturtius.

Fla. Stand, who goes there?
All. We are th' *Allobroges*,
And Friends of *Rome*. *Pom.* If you be so, then yield
Your selves unto the *Prators*, who in name
Of the whole *Senate* and the People of *Rome*,
Yet, till you clear your selves, charge you of Practise
Against the State. *Vol.* Dye Friends, and be not taken.
Fla. What Voice is that? Down with 'em all.
All. We yield.
Pom. What's he stands out? Kill him there.
Vol. Hold, hold, hold,
I yield upon Conditions. *Fla.* We give none
To Traitors, strike him down. *Vol.* My name's *Volturtius*,
I know *Pomtinius*. *Pom.* But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these trayterous Terms.
Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my Life.
Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.
Vol. Promise to do your best. I am not so guilty
As many others I can name; and will,
If you will grant me favour. *Pom.* All we can
Is to deliver you to the Consul. Take him,
And thank the Gods that thus have saved *Rome*.

C 11

CHORUS.

NOw do our Ears before our Eyes,
Like men in Miſts,
Diſcover who'ld the State ſurpriſe,
And who reſiſts?
And as theſe Clouds do yield to light,
Now do we ſee
Our Thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which ſeem'd t'agree?
Of what ſtrange Pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But as new Airs our Ears invade,
Still cenſure ſo?
That now do hope, and now do fear,
And now envy;
And then do hate, and then love dear,
But know not why:
Or if we do, it is ſo late,
As our beſt mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.
How have we chang'd and come about
In every doome,
Since wicked Catiline went out,
And quitted Rome?
One while we thought him innocent;
And then w' accus'd
The Conſul, for his malice ſpent,
And power abus'd.
Since that, we hear he is in Arms,
We think not ſo:
Yet change the Conſul with our harms,
That let him go.
So in our cenſure of the State,
We ſtill do wander;
And make the careful Magiſtrate,
The mark of ſlander.
What Age is this, where honeſt Men,
Plac'd at the Helm,

A Sea of some foul Mouth or Pen,
Shall over-whelm?
And call their diligence deceit;
Their vertue vice;
Their watchfulneſs but lying in wait;
And Blood the price.
O, let us pluck this evil Seed
Out of our Spirits;
And give to every noble Deed
The name it merits.
Leſt we ſeem faln (if this endure)
Into thoſe times,
To love Diſeaſe; and brook the Cures
Worſe than the Crimes.

ACT V.

Petreius. [*The Army*

IT is my Fortune and my Glory, Soldiers,
This day to lead you on; the worthy *Conſul*
Kept from the honour of it by Diſeaſe:
And I am proud to have ſo brave a Cauſe
To exerciſe your Arms in. We not now
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th'extent, and bounds o'th' People of *Rome* ſhall be;
But to retain what our great Anceſtors,
With all their Labours, Counſels, Arts, and Actions,
For us were purchaſing ſo many years.
The quarrel is not now of Fame or Tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto Confederates,
For which the Army of the People of *Rome*
Was wont to move: but for your own Republick,
For the rais'd Temples of th' immortal Gods,
For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires.
For the dear ſouls of your lov'd Wives and Children,
Your Parents Tombs your Rites, Laws, Liberty,
And briefly, for the ſafety of the World:
Againſt ſuch Men, as only by their Crimes

Are known; thrust out by Riot, Want, or Rashness.
One sort, *Sylla's* old Troops, left here in *Fesule*,
Who suddenly made rich in those dire Times,
Are since, by their unbounded vast expence,
Known needy and poor; and have but left t' expect
From *Catiline* new Bills, and new Prescriptions
These Men (they say) are Valiant; yet, I think 'em
Not worth your pause: For either their old Vertue
Is in their Sloth and Pleasures lost; or, if
It tarry with 'em, so ill match to yours,
As they are short in Number or in Cause.
The second sort are of those (City-beasts,
Rather than Citizens) who whilst they reach
After our Fortunes, have let fly their own;
These wheland'd in Wine, swell'd up with Meats, and
Sick hourly whoredoms, never left the side (weakned
Of *Catiline* in *Rome*; nor here are loos'd
From his Embraces: such as (trust me) never
Striding or in using well their Arms,
Watching, or other Military Labour,
Did exercise their Youth; but learn'd to Love,
Drink, Dance, and Sing, make Feasts and be fine Gamsters:
And these will wish more hurt to you than they bring
The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of Furies, (you.
Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Out-laws, Thieves,
The Murderers of their Parents, all the Sink
And Plague of *Italy* met in one Torrent,
To take, to day, from us the Punishment,
Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
And who in such a Cause, 'gainst such Fiends,
Would not now with himself all Arm and Weapon?
Cut such Poysons from the Earth, and let
Their Blood out to be drawn away in Clouds,
And pour'd on some inhabitable Place,
Where the hot Sun and Slime breeds nought but Monsters?
Chiefly when this iust joy shall crown our side,
That the least Man that falls upon our Party
This day (as some must give their happy Names
To Fate, and that eternal Memory
Of the best Death, will with it, for their Country)
Shall walk at pleasure in the Tents of rest;

And

And see far off, beneath him, all their Host
Tormented after Life: and *Catiline* there
Walking a wretched and less Ghost than he.
I'll urge no more: Move forward with your Eagles,
And trust the *Senates* and *Romes* Cause to Heaven.
Arm. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

Cæsar, Crassus.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*,
When *Catiline* was gone. *Cra.* I gave 'em lost,
Many days since. *Cæs.* But, wherefore did you bear
Their Letter to the *Consul*, that they sent you
To warn you from the City? *Cra.* Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For aught I could assure me: if they meant
I should be safe among so many, they might
Have come as well as writ. *Cæs.* There is no loss
In being secure. I have of late too ply'd him
Thick with Intelligencies, but they have been
Of things he knew before. *Cra.* A little serves
To keep a Man upright on these State-bridges,
Although the Passage were more dangerous.
Let us now take the standing part. *Cæs.* We must,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet,
I would fain help these wretched Men. *Cra.* You cannot
Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves.

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

I Will not be wrought to it, Brother *Quintus*.
There's no Man's private enmity shall make
Me violate the Dignity of another.
If there were Proof 'gainst *Cæsar*, or who ever,
To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both
Shall know, the *Consul* will not, for their grudge,
Have any Man accus'd or named falsly.
Qui. Not falsly: but if any Circumstance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturtius*,
Would carry it. *Cic.* That shall not be fought by me,

If it reveal it self, I would not spare
You, Brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.
Cato. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more than great)
Thou hadst thy Education with the Gods.
Cic. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the rest.
This Office I am sorry, Sir, to do you.

The Senate.

What may be happy ſtill and fortunate,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Pleaſe you, *Fathers*,
To break theſe Letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I fear,
You intreat at ſuch a time as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The Weapons hither from *Cethegus* Houſe?
Sta. They are without. *Cic.* Be ready with *Volturcius*,
To bring him when the *Senate* calls; and ſee
None of the reſt confer together. *Fathers*,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
Or not your fear, what you find practis'd there?
Caſ. It hath a Face of horror! *Cra.* I am amaz'd!
Cato. Look there
Sil. Gods! Can ſuch Men draw common Air?
Cic. Although the greatneſs of the miſchief, *Fathers*,
Hath often made my Faith ſmall in this *Senate*,
But ſince my calling *Catiline* out (for now
I do not fear the envy of the World,
Which the Deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive; when thoſe I meant
Should follow him, did not) I have ſpent both days
And nights in watching what their fury and rage
Is bent on, that ſo ſtaid againſt my thought:
And that I might but take 'em in that light,
Here when you met their Treaſon with your Eyes,
Your minds at length would think for your own ſafety.
And now 'tis done. There are their Hands and Seals.
Their Perſons too are ſafe, thanks to the Gods.
Being in Volturcius and the *Allobroges*.
Which be the Men were truſted with their Letters.
Sil. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing: I

Was

Was travelling for *Gallia*, and am ſorry ——
Cic. Quake not *Volturtius*, ſpeak the truth, and hop
Well of this *Senate*, on the *Conſuls* word.
Vol. Then I knew all. But truly I was drawn in
But t'other day *Cæſ.* Say what thou know'ſt, and fear no
Thou haſt the *Senates* Faith, and *Conſuls* word
[*He anſwers with fear and Interruption*
To fortifie thee. *Vol.* I was ſent with Letters —
And had a Meſſage too — from *Lentulus* —
To *Catiline* — that he ſhould uſe all Aids —
Servants, or others — and come with his Army,
As ſoon unto the City as he could —
For they were ready, and but ſtaid for him —
To intercept thoſe that ſhould flee the Fire —
Theſe Men (the *Allobroges*) did hear it too.
All. Yes, *Fathers*, and they took an Oath to us,
Beſides their Letters, that we ſhould be free;
And urg'd us for ſome preſent aid of Horſe.
Cic. Nay, here be other Teſtimonies, *Fathers*,
[*The Weapons and Arms are brought for*
Cethegus Armoury. *Cra.* What, not all theſe?
Cic. Here's not the hundred Part. Call in the Feast
That we may know the Arms to all theſe Weapons
Come my brave Sword-player, to what active uſe
Was all this Steel provided? *Cet.* Had you ask'd
In *Sylla's* days, it had been to cut Throats;
But now it was to look on only: I lov'd
To ſee good Blades, and feel their Edge, and Point
To put a Helm upon a Block, and cleave it,
And now and then to ſtab an Armour through.
Cic. Know you that Paper? That will ſtab you thro
Is it your hand? Hold, ſave the pieces. Traytor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy Fury? *Cet.* I did write
I know not what; nor care not: That Fool *Lentul*
Did dictate, and I t'other Fool did ſign it.
Cic. Bring in *Statilius*: Does he know his hand t
And *Lentulus*. Reach him that Letter. *Sta.* I
Confeſs it all. *Cic.* Know you that ſeal yet, *Pul*
Len. Yes, it is mine *Cic.* Whoſe Image is that on it
Len. My Grand-fathers.
Cic. What, that renown'd good Man,

That did so only embrace his Countrey, and lov'd
His fellow Citizens! Was not his Picture,
Though mute, of Power to call thee from a Fact
So foul — *Len.* As what impetuous *Cicero*?
Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.
Look upon these. Do not these Faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence? *Len.* What are these to me?
I know 'em not. *All.* No, *Publius*? we were with you
At *Brutus* House. *Vol.* Last night.
Len. What did you there?
Who sent for you? *All.* Your self did. We had Letters
From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,
Gabinius Cimber, all but from *Longinus*,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly in Person after us (he said)
To take the charge o' the Horse, which we should levy.
Cic. And he is fled to *Catiline* I hear.
Len. Spies? Spies? *All.* You told us too o' the *Sybils*
And how you were to be a King this year, (Books,
The Twentieth from the burning of the *Capitol*,
That three *Cornellii* were to Reign in *Rome*,
Of which you were the last: and prais'd *Cethegus*,
And the great Spirits were with you in the Action.
Cat. These are your honourable Ambassadors,
My Soveraign Lord. *Cat.* Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*.
All. Besides *Gabinius*, your Agent nam'd
Umbronius, *Sercius Sylla*, *Vaguntcius*,
And divers others. *Vol.* I had Letters from you
To *Catiline*, and a Message, which I have told
Into the *Senate* truly word for word:
In which I hope they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that same wicked *Cimber*,
And thought no hurt at all. *Cic. Volturtius*, peace.
Where is thy Vitor or thy Voice now *Lentulus*?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?
All so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy Eloquence and Impudence,
And thy ill Nature too, have left thee at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, *Gabinius*,
The Engineer of all. Shew him that Paper,
Do he do know it? *Gab.* I know nothing. *Cic.* No?

Gab.

Gab. No. Neither will I know. *Cat.* Impudent Head
Stick it into his Throat; were I the *Conſul*,
I'ld make thee eat the miſchief thou haſt vented.
Gab. Is there a Law for't, *Cato*? *Cat.* Doſt thou
After a Law, that would'ſt have broke all Laws
Of Nature, Manhood, Conſcience, and Religion?
Gab. Yes I may ask for't. *Cat.* No, pernicious Cur
Th' inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked Perſon. *Gab.* I, but *Cato*
Does nothing but by Law. *Cat.* Take him aſide.
There's Proof enough though he confeſs not. *Gab.* S
I will confeſs. All's true your Spies have told you,
Make much of 'em. *Cat.* Yes, and reward 'em well,
For fear you get no more ſuch. See they do not
Dye in a Ditch, and ſlink now you ha' done with 'em
Or beg o' the Bridges here in *Rome*, whoſe Arches
Their active induſtry hath ſav'd. *Cic.* See *Fathers*
What Minds and Spirits theſe are, that being convi
Of ſuch a Treaſon, and by ſuch a Cloud
Of Witneſſes, dare yet retain their boldneſs?
What would their Rage have done, if they had conque
I thought when I had thruſt out *Catiline*,
Neither the State nor I ſhould need t' have fear'd
Lentulus ſleep here, or *Longinus* fat,
Or this *Cethegus* raſhneſs; it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our Walls,
As one that had the Brain, the Hand, the Heart.
But now we find the contrary! Where was there
A People griev'd, or a State diſcontent,
Able to make or help a War 'gainſt *Rome*,
But theſe, th' *Allobroges*, and thoſe they found?
Whom had not the juſt Gods been pleas'd to make
More Friends unto our ſafety than their own,
As it then ſeem'd, neglecting theſe Mens offers,
Where had we been? or where the Common-wealth?
When their great Chief had been call'd home; this M
Their abſolute King (whoſe noble Grand-father,
Arm'd in purſuit of the ſeditious *Gracchus*,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that
Which he would ſpoil) had gather'd all his Aids
Of Ruffians, Slaves, and other Slaughter-men?

ven us up for murder to *Cethegus*?
e other rank of Citizens to *Gabinius*?
e City to be fir'd by *Cassius*?
d *Italy*, nay the World, to be laid waft
ried *Catiline* and his Complices?
y but the thought of it before you *Fathers*,
nk but with me you faw this glorious City,
e Light of all the Earth, Tower of all Nations,
denly falling in one Flame. Imagine
u view'd your Countrey buried with the heaps
flaughter'd Citizens that had no Grave;
is *Lentulus* here, raigning, (as he dreamt)
d thofe his Purple *Senate*; *Catiline* come
th his fierce Army; and the cries of Matrons,
e flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,
nks of the living, with the dying Groans
every fide t' invade your Senfe; until
e Blood of *Rome* were mixed with her Aftes!
is was the Spectacle thefe Fiends intended
pleafe their Malice. *Cet.* I, and it would
ve been a brave one, *Conful*. But your Part
d not then been fo long as now it is:
hould have quite defeated your Oration,
d fit that fine rhetorical Pipe of yours
the firft Scene. *Cat.* Infolent Monfter! *Cic. Fathers*,
it your Pleafures they fhall be committed
no lome fafe, but a free Cuftody,
til the *Senate* can determine farther?
Sen. It pleafeth well. *Cic.* Then *Marcus Craffus*,
ke you charge of *Gabinius*: fend him home
to your Houfe. You *Cæfar*, of *Statilius*.
egus fhall be fent to *Cornificius*:
d *Lentulus* to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
o now is *Ædile*. *Cat.* It were beft, the *Prators*
ould em to their Houfes, and deliver'd 'em.
c. Let it be fo. Take 'em from hence. *Caf.* But firft
t *Lentulus* put off his *Praetorfhip*.
Len. I do refign it here unto the *Senate*.
Caf. So, now there's no Offence done to Religion.
Cat. Cæfar, 'twas pioufly and finely urg'd.
c. What do you decree to th' *Allobroges*,

That

That were the Lights to this Discovery?

Cra. A free Grant from the State, of all their Suits

Caf. And a Reward out of the Publick Treasure.

Cat. I, and the Title of Honest Men, to crown 'em.

Cic. What to *Voltumius? Caf.* Life, and Favour's we

Vol. I ask no more. *Cat.* Yes, yes, some Mony, thou nee

'Twill keep thee honest; want made thee a Knave. (

Syl. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pontinius*, the *Prætors*,
Have publick Thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
For their good Service. *Cra.* They deserve it all.

Cat. But what do we decree unto the *Consul*,
Whose Vertue, Counsel, Watchfulness, and Wisdom
Hath freed the Commonwealth, and without Tumu
Slaughter, or Blood, or scarce raising a Force,
Rescu'd us all out of the Jaws of Fate?

Cra. We owe our Lives unto him, and our Fortun

Caf. Our Wives, our Children, Parents, and our Go

Syl. We all are saved by his Fortitude.

Cat. The Commonwealth owes him a *Civick* Garland
He is the only Father of his Country.

Caf. Let there be Publick Prayer, to all the Gods,
Made in that Name, for him. *Cra.* And in these word
For that he hath, by his Vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the Flame, the Senate *from the Sword,*
And all her Citizens from Massacre.

Cic. How are my Labours more than paid, grave
In these great Titles, and decreed Honours! (th
Such as to me, first of the Civil Robe,
Of any Man since *Rome* was *Rome*, have hapned;
And from this frequent *Senate*; which more glads
That I now see yo' have sense of your own safety.
If those good days come no less grateful to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great Danger,
Than those wherein w' are born, and brought to ligh
Because the gladness of our Safety is certain,
But the condition of our Birth not so;
And that w' are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the sense of Joy: Why should not then
This Day, to us and all Posterity
Of ours, be had in equal Fame and Honour,
With that when *Romulus* first rear'd these Walls,

Wh

When ſo much more is ſaved, than he built?
Caſ. It ought. *Cra.* Let it be added to our *Faſti*.
Cic. What Tumult's that?
Fla. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,
Going to *Catiline*, and ſays he was ſent
By *Marcus Craſſus*, whom he names to be
Guilty of the Conſpiracy. *Cic.* Some lying Varlet.
Take him away to Priſon. *Cra.* Bring him in.
And let me ſee him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Craſſus*.
Keep him up cloſe, and hungry, till he tell
By whoſe pernicious Counſel he durſt ſlander
So great and good a Citizen. (*Cra.* By yours,
I fear, 'twill prove.) *Syl.* Some o' the Traitors, ſure,
To give their Action the more Credit, bid him
Name you, or any Man. *Cic.* I know my ſelf,
And all the Tracts and Courſes of this Buſineſs,
Craſſus is noble, juſt, and loves his Country.
Fla. Here is a Libel too, accuſing *Caſar*,
From *Lucius Veſtius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.
Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the Court.
Caſ. A Trick on me too? *Cic.* It is ſome mens malice.
I laid to *Curius*, I did not believe him.
Caſ. Was not that *Curius* your Spy, that had
Reward decreed unto him the laſt *Senate*,
With *Fulvia*, upon your private Motion?
Cic. Yes.
Caſ. But he has not that Reward yet? *Cic.* No.
Let not this trouble you, *Caſar*; none believes it.
Caſ. It ſhall not, if that he have no Reward.
But if he have, ſure I ſhall think my ſelf
Any untimely and unſafely honeſt,
Where ſuch as he is may have Pay t' accuſe me.
Cic. You ſhall have no wrong done you, noble *Caſar*,
To all Contentment. *Caſ. Conſul*, I am ſilent.

Catiline. [*The Army.*

Never yet knew, Soldiers, that in Fight
Words added Vertue unto valiant Men;
Nor that a General's Oration made
An Army fall or ſtand: But how much Prowels,

Habitual

Habitual or natural, each Mans Breast
Was Owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
Whom neither Glory, or Danger can excite.
'Tis vain t' attempt with Speech; for the Minds fear
Keeps all brave Sounds from entring at that Ear.
I yet would warn you some few things, my Friends,
And give you Reason of my present Counsels.
You know, no less than I, what State, what Point
Our Affairs stand in; and you all have heard
What a calamitous Misery the Sloth
And Sleepiness of *Lentulus* hath pluck'd
Both on himself, and us; how, whilst our Aids
There, in the City look'd for, are defeated;
Our entrance into *Gallia* too is stopt:
Two Armies wait us; one from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaul-Provinces*: And where we are,
(Although I most desire it) the great want
Of Corn and Victuals forbids longer stay.
So that of need we must remove; but whither,
The Sword must both direct, and cut the Passage.
I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
To have your Valours and your Souls about you,
And think you carry in your labouring hands
The things you seek, Glory, and Liberty,
Your Country, which you want now, with the fat
That are to be instructed by our Swords.
If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us.
We shall not want Provision, nor Supplies.
The Colonies and Free Towns will be open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no Place,
Nor Friend, to shelter those whom their own Forts
And ill-us'd Arms have left without Protection.
You might have liv'd in Servitude, or Exile,
Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the Great ones;
But that you thought those things unfit for Men:
And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
For no Man ever yet chang'd Peace for War,
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose
There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for your selves, than they for others.
He's base that trusts his Feet, whose Hands are arm

Me thinks I see *Death* and the *Furies* waiting
What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leisure
For the great Spectacle. Draw then your Swords;
And if our Destiny envy our Vertue
The Honour of the Day, yet let us care
To sell our selves at such a Price as may
Undo the World to buy us, and make *Fate*,
While she tempts ours, fear her own Estate.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this hasty calling of the *Senate*?
Sen. We shall know streight. Wait till the *Consul* speaks.
Tom. *Fathers Conscript*, bethink you of your Safeties,
And what to do with these Conspirators:
Some of their Clients, their Freed-men, and Slaves,
Join to make Head: There is one of *Lentulus* Bawds
Runs up and down the Shops, through every Street,
With Money, to corrupt the poor Artificers,
And needy Tradesmen, to their aid. *Cethegus*
Hath sent too to his Servants, who are many,
Chosen, and exercis'd in bold Attemptings,
That forthwith they should arm themselves, and prove
His Rescue: All will be in instant Uproar,
If you prevent it not with present Counsels.
We have done what we can to meet the Fury,
And will do more. Be you good to your selves.
Cic. What is your pleasure, *Fathers*, shall be done?
Thou, you are *Consul* next design'd;
Your Sentence of these Men. *Syl.* 'Tis short, and this.
Since they have sought to blot the name of *Rome*
Out of the World, and raize this glorious Empire
With her own Hands, and Arms turn'd on her self,
I think it fit they die: And could my Breath
Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
An Article of Time, or Eye of Light,
Longer, to poyson this our Common air.
Sen. I think so too.
Sen. And I. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I.
Cic. Your Sentence, *Caius Cæsar*.
Cæs. *Conscript Fathers*,

In great Affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their Sentence, to be free
From either Hate or Love, Anger or Pity:
For where the leaſt of theſe do hinder, there
The Mind not eaſily diſcerns the Truth.
I ſpeak this to you in the Name of *Rome*,
For whom you ſtand; and to the preſent Cauſe:
That this foul Fact of *Lentulus*, and the reſt,
Weigh not more with you than your Dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your Paſſion,
Than to your Honour. If there could be found
A Pain or Puniſhment equal to their Crimes,
I would deviſe, and help: But if the greatneſs
Of what they ha' done, exceed all Mans Invention,
I think it fit to ſtay where our Laws do.
Poor petty States may alter, upon humour,
Where, if th' offend with anger, few do know it,
Becauſe they are obſcure; their Fame and Fortune
Is equal, and the ſame. But they that are
Head of the World, and live in that ſeen height,
All Mankind knows their Actions. So we ſee,
The greater Fortune hath the leſſer Licence.
They muſt not favour, hate, and leaſt be angry:
For what with others is call'd Anger, there
Is Cruelty and Pride. I know *Syllanus*,
Who ſpoke before me, a juſt, valiant Man,
A Lover of the State, and one that would not,
In ſuch a Buſineſs, uſe or Grace or Hatred;
I know too, well, his Manners and Modeſty:
Nor do I think his Sentence cruel, (for
'Gainſt ſuch Delinquents what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our State:
Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,
Our Laws give Exile, and not Death. Why then
Decrees he that? 'Twere vain to think, for fear;
When, by the diligence of ſo worthy a *Conſul*,
All is made ſafe and certain. Is't for Puniſhment?
Why, Death's the end of Evils, and a Reſt,
Rather than Torment: It diſſolves all Griefs;
And beyond that, is neither Care nor Joy.
You live, my Sentence would not have 'em die.

Now then? ſet free, and increaſe *Catiline*'s Army?
So will they, being but baniſh'd. No, *Grave Fathers*,
I judge 'em, firſt, to have their States confiſcate;
Then, that their Perſons remain Priſoners
In the Free Towns, far off from *Rome*, and ſever'd;
Where they might neither have Relation,
Hereafter, to the Senate, or the People.
Or, if they had, thoſe Towns then to be mulcted,
As Enemies to the State, that had their Guard.
Sen. 'Tis good and honourable, *Cæſar* hath utter'd.
Cic. Fathers, I ſee your Faces and your Eyes
All bent on me, to note of theſe two Cenſures,
Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
And anſwering the Dignity of the Speakers,
The greatneſs of th' Affair, and both ſevere.
One urgeth Death; and he may well remember
This State hath puniſh'd wicked Citizens ſo.
The other Bonds, and thoſe perpetual, which
He thinks found out for the more ſingular Plague.
Decree which you ſhall pleaſe: You have a *Conſul*,
Not readier to obey, than to defend
Whatever you ſhall act, for the Republick;
And meet with willing Shoulders any Burden,
In any Fortune, with an even Face,
Though it were Death; which to a valiant Man
Can never happen foul, nor to a *Conſul*
Is immature, or to a wiſe-man wretched.
Sil. Fathers, I ſpake but as I thought the Needs
Of th' Commonwealth requir'd. *Cat.* Excuſe it not.
Cic. Cato, ſpeak your Sentence. *Cat.* This it is.
When here diſpute on kinds of Puniſhment,
And hand conſulting what you ſhould decree
Againſt thoſe of whom you rather ſhould beware:
This Miſchief is not like thoſe common Facts,
Which, when they are done, the Laws may proſecute.
But thus, if you provide not ere it happen,
When it is hap'ned, will not wait your Judgment.
And *Caius Cæſar* here hath very well,
And manfully diſcours'd of Life and Death,
For he thought thoſe things a pretty Fable,
That are deliver'd us of Hell and Furies,

Or of the divers way that ill Men go
From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly Places.
And therefore he would have these live, and long too;
But far from *Rome*, and in the small Free Towns,
Lest here they might have Rescue: As if Men
Fit for such Acts were only in the City,
And not throughout all *Italy*; or, that Boldness
Could not do more, where it found least resistance?
'Tis a vain Counsel, if he think them dangerous:
Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In so great fear of all Men, stand unfrighted,
He gives me cause, and you, more to fear him.
I am plain, *Fathers*. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do;
With Faces, as you trusted to the Gods,
That will have sav'd you; and they can do't: But
They are not Wishings, or base womanish Prayers,
Can draw their Aids; but Vigilance, Counsel, Action
Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
'Tis Sloth they hate, and Cowardise. Here you have
The Traitors in your Houses; yet you stand,
Fearing what to do with 'em: Let 'em loose,
And send 'em hence with Arms too, that your Mercy
May turn your Misery, as soon as't can.
O, but they are Great Men, and have offended
But through Ambition: We would spare their Honour
I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their Fame,
Or Modesty, or either God, or Man:
Then I would spare 'em. But as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these Men, were to commit
A greater Wickedness than you would revenge.
If there had been but time and Place for you
To have repair'd this Fault, you should have made it
It should have been your Punishment, to have felt
Your tardy Error: but Necessity
Now bids me say, Let 'em not live an Hour,
If you mean *Rome* should live a Day. I have done.

Sen. *Cato* hath spoken like an Oracle.

Cad. Let it be so decreed. *Sen.* We are all [illegible]

Syl. And had been base, had not his Virtue [illegible]

Sen. Go forth, most worthy *Consul*, well and [illegible]

Caſ. I am not yet chang'd in my Sentence, *Fathers.*
Cic. No matter. What be thoſe? *Sen.* Letters for *Caſar*.
Cic. From whom? Let 'em be read in open *Senate*.
Sen. they come from the Conſpirators;
Cic. ave to have 'em read, for the Republick.
Caſ. *Cato*, read you it. 'Tis a Love-letter,
Cat. your dear Siſter, to me: though you hate me.
Cic. not diſcover it *Cat.* Hold thee, Drunkard. *Conſul*,
Cic. forth, and confidently. *Caſ.* You'll repent
Cic. rathneſs, *Cicero*. *Pra.* *Caſar* ſhall repent it.
Cic. Hold, Friends.
Pra. He's ſcarce a Friend unto the Publick.
Cic. No violence. *Caſar*, be ſafe. Lead on.
Cic. here are the Publick Executioners?
Cic. 'em wait on us. On to *Spinther's* Houſe.
Cic. Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the ſad Revengers
Cic. Capital Crimes againſt the Publick, take
Cic. Man unto your Juſtice; ſtrangle him.
Len. Thou doſt well, *Conſul*. 'Twas a Caſt at Dice,
Cic. Fortune's Hand, not long ſince, that thy ſelf
Cic. ould'ſt have heard theſe, or other words as fatal.
Cic. Lead on to *Quintus Cornificius* Houſe.
Cic. Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Cic. eath that he hath deſerv'd, and let it be
Cic. id, he was once. *Cet.* A Beaſt, or, what is worſe,
Cic. Slave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the Name
Cic. or all that's baſe, hereafter; that would let
Cic. is Worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
Cic. is Body into —— Ha! art thou not mov'd?
Cic. Juſtice is never angry. Take him hence.
Cet. O, the Whore *Fortune*, and her Bawds the *Fates*!
Cic. hat put theſe Tricks on Men, which knew the way
Cic. Death by a Sword. Strangle me, I may ſleep;
Cic. hall grow angry with the Gods elſe. *Cic.* Lead
Cic. Caius *Caſar*, for *Statilius*.
Cic. Bring him, and rude *Gabinius* out. Here, take 'em
Cic. your cold Hands, and let 'em feel Death from you.
Cic. I thank you, you do me a pleaſure.
Cic. And me too.
Cat. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou muſt now ſtand up,
Cic. and call it happy *Rome*, thou being *Conſul*,

Great

Great Parent of thy Country, go, and let
The old Men of the City, ere they die,
Kiſs thee; the Matrons dwell about thy Neck;
The Youths and Maids lay up 'gainſt they are old,
What kind of Man thou wert, to tell their Nephews
VVhen, ſuch a Year, they read, within our Laſt
Thy *Conſulſhip*. VVho's this? *Petreius*? *Cic.* VVelcome
VVelcome, renowned Soldier. VVhat's the News?
This Face can bring no ill with't unto *Rome*
How does the worthy *Conſul*, my Colleague?

Pet. As well as Victory can make him, Sir.
He greets the *Fathers*, and to me hath truſted
The ſad Relation of the Civil Striſe;
For, in ſuch VVar, the Conqueſt ſtill is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the Houſe of *Concord*?

Cat. No, happy *Conſul*: Here let all Ears take
The Benefit of this Tale. If he had Voice
To ſpread unto the Poles, and ſtrike it through
The Center, to th' *Antipodes*, it would ask it.

Pet. The Straits and Needs of *Catiline* being ſuch,
As he muſt fight with one of the two Armies,
That then had neer enclos'd him; it pleas'd *Fate*
To make us th' Object of his deſperate Choice,
VVherein the Danger almoſt poiz'd the Honour:
And as he roſe, the Day grew black with him,
And *Fate* deſcended nearer to the Earth,
As if ſhe meant to hide the name of things
Under her Wings, and make the VVorld her Quarry.
At this we rous'd, left one ſmall Minutes ſtay
Had left it to be inquir'd, what *Rome* was:
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great Cauſe, in form of Battel ſtood:
VVhilſt *Catiline* came on, not with the Face
Of any Man, but of a Publick Ruin:
His Counte'nance was a Civil VVar it ſelf:
And all his Hoſt had ſtanding in their Looks
The Paleneſs of the Death that was to come.
Yet cried they out like Vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our Fates.
Rome ſtaid we longer for 'em: but Himſelf
Struck the firſt Stroke; and with it fled a Life,

A Vital

Which cut, it seem'd a narrow Neck of Land
Had broke between two mighty Seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the Slaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides
Meet, and not yield. The *Furies* stood on Hills,
Circling the Place, and trembled to see Men
Do more than they; while Piety left the Field,
Griev'd for that Side, that in so bad a Cause
They knew not what a Crime their Valour was.
The Sun stood still, and was, behind the Cloud
The Battel made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted Horse, whom still the Noise drove backward.
And now had fierce *Envy*, like a Flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then it self;
Had not the Fortune of the Commonwealth
Come, *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.
Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his Troops
Cover'd that Earth they had fought on, with their Trunks
(Ambitious of great Fame, to crown his Ill,
Added all his Fury, and ran in
Arm'd with a Glory high as his Despair)
Into our Battel, like a *Lybian* Lion
Upon his Hunters, fearful of our Weapons,
Sudds of Wounds, plucking down Lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with Death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that Rebellion 'gainst the Gods,
Where a holding forth *Medusa*'s Head,
One of the Gyant-Brethren felt himself
Now Marble at the killing Sight, and now
Himself made Stone, began t' inquire, what Flint,
What Rock it was, that crept through all his Limbs,
And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd;
So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in us,
Became his Tomb: Yet did his Look retain
Rage of his Fierceness, and his Hands still mov'd,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the State
With those Rebellious Parts. *Cat.* A brave bad Death!
Had this been honest now, and for his Country,
Who 'gainst it, who had ere fallen greater?

Cic.

Cic. Honour'd *Petreius*, *Rome*, not I, must thank y
How modeſtly has he ſpoken of himſelf!
Cat. He did the more.
Cic. Thanks to the immortal Gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my Labours,
My VVatchings, and my Dangers. Here conclude
Your Praiſes, Triumphs, Honours, and Rewards,
Decreed to me: Only the Memory
Of this glad Day, if I may know it live
Within your Thoughts, ſhall much affect my Conſcie
Which I muſt always ſtudy before Fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
And ever is ill got, without the firſt.

THE END.

THE ALCHEMIST. A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1610.

By the KINGS MAJESTY'S Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

——*petere inde coronam,*
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ. LUCRET.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near the *Water-side.*

The Perſons of the PLAY

Subtle, the Alchemiſt.
Face, the Houſe-keeper.
Dol. Common, their Colleague.
Dapper, a Clerk.
Drugger, a Tabacco-man.
Love wit, Maſter of the Houſe.
Epicure Mammon, a Knight.
Surly, a Gameſter.
Tribulation, a Paſtor of *Amſterdam*.
Ananias, a Deacon there.
Kaſtril, the angry *Boy*.
Da. Pliant, his Siſter, a Widow.

Neighbours, Officers, Mutes.

The SCENE

LONDON.

The Principal Comœdians were

Ric. Burbadge.
Joh. Lowin.
Will. Condel.
Alex. Cooke.
Rob. Armin.
Joh. Hemings.
Will. Oſtler.
Jul. Underwood.
Nic. Tooly.
Will. Egleſtone.

TH

THE ALCHEMIST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,
His Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there.
Eaſe him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Cozeners at large; and only wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
Each for a Share, and all begin to act.
Much Company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
Selling of Flies, flat Bawdry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume are gone.

PROLOGUE

FOrtune, that favours Fools, these two short Hours
We wish away, both for your sakes, and ours,
Judging Spectators; and desire in place,
To th' Author Justice, to our selves but Grace.
Our Scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No Countries Mirth is better than our own:
No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, Squire, Impostor, many Persons more,
Whose Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have still been Subject for the Rage,
Or Spleen of Comick Writers. Though this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
However the Age be livers in doth endure
The Vices that she breeds, above their Cure.
But when the whol'som Remedies are sweet,
And in their working Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit so much diseas'd,
But will with such fair Cordialives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply,
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'ld think, or wish, were done
They are so natural Follies, but so shown,
As even the Doers may see, and yet not own.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, Dol Common.

Elieve't. I will. *Sub.* Thy word. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for
ne ——
Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you—— *Sub.* What to do?
ck Figs
ut at my —— *Fac.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your
ghts.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you
admen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep loose. I'll Gum your
ith good Strong-water, an' you come. (Sil.
Dol. Will you have
e Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
ark, I hear some body. *Fac.* Sirrah— *Sub.* I shall mar
l that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Fac. You most notorious Whelp, you insolent Slave,
re you do this? *Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Fac.* Why, who
al, my Mungril? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
ce you know not your self—— *Fac.* Speak lower, Rogue.
Sub. Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,
ce, plain, Livery three-pound-thrum, that kept
ur Masters Worships House here in the *Friers*,
the Vacations—— *Fac.* Will you be lo lowd?
ub. Since by my means, translated Suburb Captain.
Fac. By your means, Doctor Dog?
ub. Within Man's memory,
all this I speak of. *Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
en countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
ll but collect, Sir, where I met you first.
ub. I do not hear well. *Fac.* Not of this, I think it.
d I shall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie Corner*,
ding your meal of Steam in, from Cooks Stalls;

Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteously coftive, with your pinch'd-horn-nofe,
And your Complexion of the *Roman* Wafh,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder-corns fhot at th' *Artillery-yard.*
Sub. I wifh you could advance your Voice a little.
Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the feveral Ru
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghils, before day
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloke,
That fcarce would cover your no Buttocks——
Sub. So, Sir!
Fac. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trad
Could not relieve your Corps with fo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to fee a Fire;
I ga' you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaffes, your Materials;
Built you a Fornace, drew you Cuftomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; let you, befide,
A Houfe to practife in— *Sub.* Your Maffer's Houfe?
Fac. Where you have ftudied the more thriving Sk
Of Bawd'ry fince. *Sub.* Yes, in your Maffer's Hou
You and the Rats here kept poffeffion.
Make it not ftrange. I know yo' were one could ke
The Buttry-hatch ftill lock'd, and fave the Chipp
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ*-men,
The which, together with your *Chriftmas* Vails
At *Poft and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, fome twenty Marks,
And gave you credit to converfe with Cobwebs,
Here, fince your Miftris Death hath broke up Hou
Fac. You might talk fofter, Rafcal. *Sub.* No, you
I'll thunder you in pieces; I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeft in his Hand and Voice.
Fac. The Place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your Clothes.
Thou Vermin, have I tane thee out of Dung,
So poor, fo wretched, when no living thing

Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Dust, and Watring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I' the *Third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?
Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quintessence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philosopher's Work*?
Put thee in Words and Fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimensions?
Thy Rules to cheat at Horse-race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture else?
Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?
And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadst had no Name —
Dol. Will you undo your selves with Civil War?
Sub. Never been known, past *Equi clibanum*,
The heat of Horse-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-house darker than deaf *John's*; been lost
To all Mankind, but Laundresses and Tapsters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Fac. Sirrah ———
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil ———
Fac. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus lowd.
Sub. And hang thy self, I care not.
Fac. Hang thee, Collier,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me ———
Dol. (O, this 'll overthrow all.)
Fac. Write thee up Bawd in *Paul's*, have all thy Tricks
Of cozening with a hollow Coal, Dust, Scrapings,
Searching for rings lost with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houses,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glass,
Told in Red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worse than *Gamaliel Ratsey's*. *Dol.* Are you found?
Is you your Smiles, Masters? *Fac.* I will have

A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impostures,
Shall prove a true *Philosophers Stone*, to Printers.
Sub. Away, you Trencher-Rascal.
Fac. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Prisons —— *Dol* Will you be
Your own Destructions, Gentlemen? Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Basket.
Sub. Cheater. *Fac.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Fac.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purse.
Fac. Witch. *Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? Slight
Have yet some care of me, o' your Republick ——
Fac. Away, this Brach I'll bring thee, Rogue, within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Tricesimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Noose, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.
Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockscomb
will you?
[*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glass*
And you, Sir, with your *Menstrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that shines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marshal,
For ne'er a snarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and shall it now be said,
Ye've made most courteous shift to cozen your selves
You will accuse him? You will bring him in
Within the *Statute*? Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friars* will trust
So much as for a Feather! And you too
Will give the Cause, forsooth? You will insist,
And claim a Primacy in the Divisions?
You must be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite*? All things in common?

With

Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a *Term*,
Or, by this Hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you. *Fac.* 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, so it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do not we
Sustain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your Part exceed to day, I hope
Ours may to morrow match it. *Sub.* I, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring Mastiff! I, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. *Sub. Dorothee*, Mistris *Dowsabel*,
My precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Because o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation*?
Sub. Not I, by Heaven——
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna* —— help me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my self.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.
Sub. What should I swear?
Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the Common Work.
Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside,
Only us'd those Speeches as a Spur
To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?
Fac. 'Slid, prove to day, who shall fluark best.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work close, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the stronger for this Breach, with me.
Dol. Why, so, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A Dish of Tobes, scurvy, precise Neighbours,
That scarce have fain'd twice in the King came in)
A Feast of Laughter at our Follies? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t'have but a Hole to thrust your Heads in,
For which you should pay Easter-rent? No, agree,
Or may *Don Provost* ride a Feasting long,

In his old Velvet Jerkin and ſtain'd Scarfs,
(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)
Ere we contribute a new Crewel Garter
To his moſt Worſhipped Worſhip. *Sub.* Royal *Dol!*
Spoken like *Clariana*, and thy ſelf.
Fac. For which at Supper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph
And not be ſtyl'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Dol Singular: The longeſt Cut, at Night,
Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.
Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the Windo', *Dol*.
Pray Heav'n,
The Maſter do not trouble us this Quarter.
Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
O' the Plague, he's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, he's buſie at his Hop yards now:
I had a Letter from him. If he do,
He'll ſend ſuch word, for airing o' the Houſe,
As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.
Sub. Who is it, *Dol*?
Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Fac.* O,
My Lawyers Clerk, I lighted on laſt night
In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have
(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To ride with at Horſes, and win Cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who ſhall do't? *Fac.* Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do? *Fac.* Not be ſeen, away
Seem you very reſerv'd.
Sub. Enough. *Fac.* God b' w' you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have ſtaid, but

ACT I. SCENE II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

CAptain, I am here.
Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, *Doctor*.

Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In truth.
I am very sorry, Captain. *Fac.* But I thought
Sure I should meet you. *Dap.* I, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch last night to one
That dines to day at the Sheriffs, and so was rob'd
Of my pass-time. Is this the Cunning-man?
Fac. This is his Worship. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor?
Fac. Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Fac. I. *Dap.* And how?
Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say— *Dap.* Not so, good Captain.
Fac. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should you
wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Fac. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is such a thing —— And then he says, *Read*'s Matter
Falling so lately —— *Dap. Read*? He was an Ass,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Fac.* It was a Clerk, Sir.
Dap. A Clerk?
Fac. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
better, I think —— *Dap.* I should, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I shew'd the *Statute* to you? *Fac.* You
did so.
Dap. And will I tell then? By this Hand of Flesh,
Would it might never write good Court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiaus*?
Fac. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here ——
As one would say, Do you think I am a *Turk*?
Fac. I'll tell the Doctor so.
Dap. Do, good sweet Captain.
Fac. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiaus*.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Answer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love— But this
Exceeds my power, not can. *Fac.* Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,

One

One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Claimster*:
Let that, Sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear ——— *Fac.* He has
Four Angels here —— *Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.
Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these
Spirits?
Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my peril.
'Fore Heav'n, I scarce can think you are my Friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Fac. I draw you? A Horse draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together — *Dap.* Nay, good Captain.
Fac. That know no difference of Men.
Sub. Good words, Sir.
Fac. Good deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.
'Slight, I bring you
No cheating *Ching'r the Clough*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as *Five and fifty*, and *Flush*,
And spit out secrets like hot Custard — *Dap.* Captain.
Fac. Nor any melancholick Under-scribe,
Shall tell the *Vicar*; but a special Genteel,
That is the Heir to Forty Marks a Year,
Conforts with the small Poets of the time,
Is the sole Hope of his old Grandmother,
That knows the Law, and writes you six fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket; and can court
His Mistris out of *Ovid*. *Dap.* Nay, dear Captain.
Fac. Did you not tell me so? *Dap.* Yes, but I'd have you
Use Master Doctor with some more respect.
Fac. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet
Head.
But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An Article of Breath with such a Puckfoist ——
Come let's be gone. *Sub.* Pray you let me speak with
you.
Dap. His Worship calls you, Captain. *Fac.* I am sorry
I e're imbark'd my self in such a Business.
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Fac. Will he take then?

Sub. First, hear me——
Fac. Not a Syllable, 'leſs you take.
Sub. Pray ye, Sir ——
Fac Upon no Terms, but an *Aſſumpſit.*
Sub. Your Humour muſt be Law.
[*He takes the Money.*
Fac. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir —— *Fac.* No whiſpering.
Sub. 'Fore Heaven, you do not apprehend the Loſs
You do your ſelf, in this *Fac.* Wherein? For what?
Sub. Marry, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the Money i' the Town.
Fac. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up Gameſter after Gameſter,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.
If I do give him a *Familiar*,
Give you him all you play for; never ſet him:
For he will have it. *Fac.* You are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for Cups and Horſes,
A Rifling *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars.*
Dap. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.
Sub. I told you ſo. *Fac.* 'Slight, that's a new Buſineſs!
I underſtood you, a tame Bird, to fly
Once in a Term, or ſo, on *Friday* Nights
When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* I, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I ſhall leave the Law,
And therefore —— *Fac.* Why, this changes quite the Caſe!
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you pleaſe, Sir;
All's one to him, I ſee. *Fac.* What! for that Money?
I cannot with my Conſcience: Nor ſhould you
Make the Requeſt, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
To add Conſideration. *Fac.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?
Sub. I ſay then, not a Mouth ſhall eat for him
In any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Fac.* Indeed!

Sub.

Sub. He'll draw you all the Treasure of the Realm,
If it be set him. *Fac.* Speak you this from Art?
Sub. I, Sir, and Reason too, the Ground of Art.
H' is o' the only best Complexion,
The Queen of *Fairy* loves. *Fac.* What! is he! *Sub.*
Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—
Fac. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.
Fac. Will he win at Cards too?
Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Isaac*,
You'ld swear, were in him; such a vigorous Luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.
Fac. A strange Success, that some Man shall be born
Sub. He hears you, Man——
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Fac. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please; my Venture follows you.
Fac. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him trusty, and
make him.
He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win some five thousand Pound, and send us two o' it.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Fac.* And you shall
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? nothing, I, Sir.
Fac. Nothing? [*Face takes him aside.*
Dap. A little, Sir. *Fac.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.
Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Fac.* The Doctor
Swears that you are——
Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.
Fac. Allied to the Queen of *Fairy*.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter— *Fac.* Yes, and that
Yo' were born with a Caul o' your Head.
Dap. Who says so? *Fac.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are mistaken. *Fac.* How?
Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you

t the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand Pound,
ou'll send us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By Jove,
Sir,
'll win ten thousand Pound, and send you half.
I he's no Oath. *Sub.* No no, he did but jest.
Fac. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
o take it so. *Dap.* I thank his Worship. *Fac.* So:
nother Angel. *Dap.* Must I? *Fac.* Must you? 'Slight,
What else is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When must he come for his *Familiar*?
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, good Sir!
here must a World of Ceremonies pass,
ou must be bath'd and fumigated first:
esides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not rise
ill it be Noon. *Fac.* Not, if she danc'd, to night.
Sub. And she must bless it. *Fac.* Did you never see
er Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your Aunt of
Fairy?
Sub. Not since she kist him in the Cradle, Captain;
an resolve you that. *Fac.* Well, see her Grace,
What ere it cost you, for a thing that I know.
t will be somewhat hard to compass; but
owever, see her. You are made, believe it,
f you can see her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
nd very rich; and if she take a Fancy'e,
e will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
his, she may hap to leave you all she has!
is the Doctor's fear. *Dap.* How will't be done then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
ut lay to me, Captain, 'tis for her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll for her Grace. *Fac.* Enough.
Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*
om (Conduct him forth by the back way.)
, against one a cloak prepare your self:
ll when you must be taking; only take
ree drops of Vinegar in at your Nose,
o at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;
en bath your Fingers ends, and wash your Eyes,
o sharpen your Five Senses, and cry *Hum*
ice, and then *Bus* as often; and then come.

Fac.

Fac. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.
Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bellowing
Some Twenty Nobles 'mong her Graces Servants,
And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know
What grace her Grace may do you in clean Linnen.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Subtle, Drugger, Face.

COme in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth I can do you no good till after-noon.)
What is your Name, say you? *Abel Drugger?* *Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Sub. A Seller of Tobacco? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.
Free of the *Grocers?* *Dru.* I, an't please you. *Sub.* Well—
Your Business, *Abel?* *Dru.* This, an't please your Worship,
I am a young Beginner, and am building
Of a new Shop, an't like your Worship, just
At corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't.)
And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worship,
Which way I should make my Door, by *Necromancy,*
And where my Shelves; and which should be for
Boxes,
And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir,
And I was wish'd to your Worship by a Gentleman,
One Captain *Face,* that says you know Men: *Placet,*
And their good *Angels,* and their bad. *Sub.* I do,
If I do see 'em— *Fac.* What! my honest *Abel?*
Thou art well met here. *Dru.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking,
Just as your Worship came here, of your Worship.
I pray you speak for me to Master *Doctor.*
Fac. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, *Abel,* an honest Fellow;
He lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with Sack-lees or Oil,
Nor washes it in Mucadel and Grains,
Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasie Leather, or pils'd Clouts:

keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,
ell like Conserve of Roses, or *French* Beans.
has his Maple Block, his Silver Tongs,
Chaffer Pipes, and Fire of Juniper,
neat, spruce, honest Fellow, and no Goldsmith.
Sub. 'S is a fortunate Fellow, that I am sure on ——
Fat. Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel*!
Sub. And in right way to'ward Riches ——
Fat. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer
will be of the Clothing of his Company,
next Spring call'd to the Scarlet; spend what he can.
Fat. What, and so little Beard? *Sub.* Sir, you must think,
may have a Receit to make Hair come:
he'll be wise, preserve his Youth, and fine for't;
Fortune looks for him another way.
Fat. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amus'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
Metaposcopy, which I do work by;
certain Star i' the Forehead, which you see not.
your Chestnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
does never fail: and your long Ear doth promise.
I guess't, by certain spots too, in his Teeth,
and on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.
Fat. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger. Look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?
Dap. Yes indeed, Sir.
Sub. The Thumb, in *Chiromancy*, we give *Venus*;
the fore finger, to *Jove*; the midst, to *Saturn*;
the ring, to *Sol*; the least, to *Mercury*:
who was the Lord, Sir, of in the *Horoscope*,
the *Ascendent* of life being *Libra*; which fore-shew'd,
he should be a Merchant, and should trade with Balance.
Fat. Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest *Nab*?
Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*,
that shall yield him, such a commodity
of drugs —— This is the West, and this the South?
Dap. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And those are your two Sides?
Dap. I, Sir.

Sub.

Sub. Make me your Door, then, South; your Broad-side, West:
And, on the East-side of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the names of those *Mercurial* Spirits,
That do fright Flyes from Boxes. *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a Load-stone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The rest,
They'll seem to follow. *Fac.* That's a secret, *Nab!*
Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court *fucus* to call City-dames.
You shall deal much with *Minerals*. *Dru.* Sir, I have
At home, already— *Sub.* I, I know, you have *Arsnike*,
Vitriol, *Sal-tartre*, *Argaile*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Distiller,
And give a Say (I will not say directly,
But very fain) at the *Philosophers stone*.
Fac. Why, how now, *Abel!* is this true? *Dru.* Good Captain,
What must I give? *Fac.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what Wealth (he says, spend what thou canst)
Th'art like to come too. *Dru.* I would gi' him a Crown.
Fac. A Crown! and toward such a Fortune? Heart!
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee?
Dru. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half year.
Fac. Out on thee *Nab*! 'Slight, there was such an offer!
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee!
Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Do's raise him in the World. *Dru.* I would intreat
Another favour of his Worship. *Fac.* What is't, *Nab*?
Dru. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them. *Fac.* That he shall *Nab*!
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst Afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his Shelves. *Fac.* Now, *Nab?*
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab? Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both your
Worſhips.
Fac. Away.
Why, now you ſmoky perſecuter of Nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſome-thing's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coal, and your cor'ſive Waters,
Your Croſslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And, yet, you think, I am at no expence,
In ſearching out theſe Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Coſt me more Money, than my ſhare oft comes too,
In theſe rare Works. *Sub.* You are pleaſant, Sir. How now?

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Face, Dol, Subtle.

WHat ſays my dainty *Dolkin? Dol.* Yonder Fiſh-wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſs,
The Bawd of *Lambeth. Sub* Heart, I cannot ſpeak with 'em.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Through the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars.*
But I have ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon* — *Sub.* Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earneſt of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub. Face*, go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too ——
Dol. Why, what's the matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for
Him the Suns riſing: 'Marvel, he could ſleep! (him
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium*, our *great work*, the *Stone*;
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which,
He, this Month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away,
Methinks I ſee him entring Ordinaries,
Dheaning for the Pox, and Plaguy houſes,
Viſiting his Doſe, walking *Moore-fields* for Lepers,
And offering Citizens-wives Pomander-bracelets,

As

As his preſervative, made of the *Elixir*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the High-ways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd, of her long ſleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall do more than ſhe,
In her beſt to love to Mankind, ever could.
If his Dream laſt, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mammon, Surly.

COme on, Sir. Now, you ſet your Foot on Shore
In *novo Orbe*; Here's the rich *Peru*:
And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon's Ophir!* He was ſayling to't,
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronunce the happy word, *Be Rich.*
This day you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi.*
You ſhall no more deal with the hollow Dye,
Or the frail Card. No more be at charge of keeping
The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that muſt
Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the Commodity. No more
Shall thirſt of Sattin, or the Covetous hunger
Of Velvet Entrails, for a rude-ſpun Cloke,
To be diſplaid at *Madam Auguſta's*, make
The Sons of *Sword*, and *Hazzard* fall before
The Golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:
Or go a feaſting, after Drum and Enſign.
No more of this. You ſhall ſtart up young Viceroys,
And have your Punques, and Pumpions, at your
And unto thee I ſpeak it firſt, *Be Rich.*
Where is my *Subtle*, there? within hough?
He'll come to you, by and by.

Sam. That's his Fire-drake,
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,
Till he fetch Nature up, in her own Center.
You are not faithful, Sir. This night, I'll change
All, that is Metal, in thy House, to Gold.
And, early in the Morning, will I send
To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,
And buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?
Sam. Yes, and I'll purchase *Devonshire*, and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies*! You admire now?
Sur. No faith. *Sam.* But when you see th' effects
Of the great Medicine!
If which one part projected on a hundred
Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,
Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*;
Nay, to a thousand, to *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.
But, if my Eyes do cozen me so (and I
Giving 'em no occasion) sure I'll have
A Whore, shall pisse 'em out, next day. *Sam.* Ha! Why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the *flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by it's Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Respect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In Eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourscore, a Child.
Sur. No doubt, he's that already. *Sam.* Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our *Philosophers* have done
The antient *Patriarchs* after the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knives Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Mustard of it:
Become stout *Marses*, and beget young *Cupids*.
Sur. The deuce a *Vestal* or *Pict-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the Fire a-live, there. *Sam.* 'Tis the secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd gainst all Infections,

Cures

Cures all Diſeaſes, coming of all Cauſes;
A month's Grief in a day; a years in twelve:
And, of what Age ſoever, in a month.
Paſt all the Doſes of your drugging Doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o' the Kingdom, in three Months. *Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Players ſhall ſing your Praiſes, then,
Without their Poets. *Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Mean tim
I'll give away ſo much unto my Man,
Shall ſerve th' whole City, with preſervative,
Weekly; each Houſe his Doſe and at the rate —
Sur. As he that built the Water-work, do's wi
Water?
Mam You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith I have a Humo
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot tranſmute me. *Mam. Pertinax Surly*,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll ſhew you a Book, where *Moſes*, and his Siſter,
And *Solomon* have written of the Art;
I, and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How!
Mam. O' the *Philoſopher's Stone*, and in high *Dutch*
Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*? *Mam.* He di
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. *Sur.* Wh
Paper?
Mam On Cedar Board. *Sur.* O that, indeed (they ſa
Will laſt 'gainſt Worms. *Mam* 'Tis like your *Iriſh* Wo
'Gainſt Cob-webs I have a piece of *Jaſon's* Fleece, t
Which was no other than a Book of *Alchamy*,
Writ in large Sheep-ſkin, a good fat Ram-vellum.
Such was *Pythagoras's* Thigh, *Pandora's* Tub;
And, all that Fable of *Medeas* Charms,
The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace,
Still breathing Fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragons Teeth, *Mercury* Sublimate,
That keeps the whiteneſs, hardneſs, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into *Jaſon's* Helm,
(Th' *Alembick*) and then ſow'd in *Mars* his Field,
And thence ſublim'd ſo often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' *Heſperian* Garden, *Cadmus* Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of *Midas*, *Argus* Eyes,
Ba

...race his *Demogorgon*, thousands more,
...l abstract Riddles of our *Stone*. How now?

ACT II. SCENE II.

Mammon, Face, Surly.

DO we succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?
Fac. The Evening will set red upon you, Sir;
...u have colour for it, Crimson: the red *Ferment*
...e done his Office, Three Hours hence, prepare you
...o see Projection. *Mam. Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
...gain, I say to thee, aloud, *Be Rich.*
...is day, thou shalt have Ingots: and, to Morrow,
...ke Lords th' affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
...ches the *Bolts-head*? *Fac.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
...at were, but now, discover'd to her Master.
Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs*! My only care is,
...here to get stuff enough now, to project on,
...is Town will not half serve me. *Fac.* No, Sir? Buy
...e covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true. *Fac.*
...t 'em stand bare, as do their Auditory. (Yes.
...ap 'em, new, with Shingles. *Mam.* No, good Thatch:
...uch will lye light upo' the Rafters, *Lungs*.
...gs, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace;
...ill restore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
...ll in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
...ur'd with the Fume, o' the Metals. *Fac.* I have blown, Sir,
...ld for your Worship; thrown by many a Coal,
...when 'twas not Beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
...o keep your heat still even; These Bleard-eyes
...ave wak'd, to read your several Colours, Sir,
...of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lyon*, the *Crow*,
...the *Peacocks Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And, lastly,
...Hast thou discovered the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni*?
Fac. Yes Sir. *Mam.* Where's Master? *Fac.* At's Prayers, Sir, he,
...good Man, he's doing his Devotions,
...for success. *Mam. Lungs*, I will set a Period
...to thy Labours: Thou shalt be the Master

Of

Of my *Seraglio*. *Fac.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hea
I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do me
To have a Liſt of Wives and Concubines,
Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
Alike with me: and I will make me a Back
With the *Elixir*, that ſhall be as tough
As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a night.
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it *Blood*? *Fac.* Both *Blood a*
Spirit, Sir.
Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up; not ſu
Down is too hard. And then, mine Oval Room
Fill'd with ſuch Pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glaſſes
Cut in more ſubtil Angles, to diſperſe,
And multiply the Figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succuba*. My Miſts
I'll have of Perfume, vapor'd 'bout the Room,
To loſe our ſelves in; and my Baths, like Pits
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And row us dry in Goſſamour and Roſes.
(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby*?) — Where I ſpy
A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer,
Have a ſublime pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand Pound, to be my Cuckold.
Fac. And I ſhall carry it? *Mam.* No. I'll ha' no Bas
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of Divines,
That I can get for Money. My meer Fools,
Eloquent Burgeſſes, and then my Poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtilly of the *Fart*.
Whom I will entertain ſtill for that Subject.
The few that would give out themſelves, to be
Court and Town-Stallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who are known moſt innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I beg, to make me *Eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fan me with Ten Eunuch Tails
A piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind.
We will be brave, *Puff*, now we ha' the *Medicine*
My Meat ſhall all come in in *Indian* Shells,

Dishes of Agat set in Gold, and studded
With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
The Tongues of Carps, Dormise, and Camels Heels.
Boil'd i' the Spirit of *Sol*, and dissolv'd Pearl,
(*Apicius* Diet, 'gainst the *Epilepsie*)
And I will eat these Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.
My Foot-boy shall eat Pheasants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my self will have
The Beards of Barbels serv'd, in stead of Sallads;
Oil'd Mushroomes; and the swelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Dress'd with an exquisite, and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my Cook, There's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *Face.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-sarsnet, soft, and light
As Cob-webs; and for all my other Rayment,
It shall be such as might provoke the *Persian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fishes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradise*, and Eastern Air—
Sur. And do' you think to have the *Stone*, with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the *Stone*.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A Pious, Holy, and Religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.
Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it:
My venture brings it me. He, honest Wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Fasting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do' it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poyson.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

GOod morrow, Father. *Sub.* Gentle Son, good morrow,
And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An Heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the juſt Point: prevent your day at morning.
This argues ſomething, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal Appetite.
Take heed, you do not cauſe the Bleſſing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my Labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not proſper, where my love and zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (Heaven I call to witneſs, with your ſelf,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,
To pious Uſes, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Luſts, employ
So Great and Catholick a Bliſs, be ſure,
A Curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret way. *Mam.* I know, Sir.
You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtive of belief
Toward your *Stone*: would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Robe*.
We have a *Medicine* of the *triple Soul*,
The *glorified Spirit*. Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it. **Ulen ſpiegel.**
Fac. Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Regiſter,
And let your heat ſtill leſſen by degrees,
To the *Aludels*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the *Bolts-head* yet? *Fac.* Which, on *D.* Sir? *Sub.*
What's the Complexion? *Fac.* Whitiſh. *Sub.* Infuſe Vinegar,
To draw his *volatile ſubſtance*, and his *Tincture*:
And let the Water in *Glaſs E.* be ſeaſon'd,
And put into the *Gripes egg*. Lute him well;
And leave him cloſ'd in *Balneo*. *Fac.* I will, Sir.
Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to canting

Sub. I' have another work, you never ſaw, Son,
That three days ſince paſt the *Philoſophers wheel*,
In the lent heat of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o'Nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me? *Sub.* VVhat need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam!* O, but——
Sub. VVhy, this is covetiſe! *Mam.* No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all in pious uſes,
Founding of Colledges, and *Grammar* Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hoſpitals,
And now, and then, a Church. *Sub.* How now?
Fac. Sir, pleaſe you,
Shall I not change the *feltre*? *Sub.* Marry, yes.
And bring me the Complexion of *Glaſs B.*
Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub.* Yes, Son, were I aſſur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorifie it. But I hope the beſt:
I mean to tinct *C.* in *Sand-heat*, to morrow,
And give him *Imbibition*. *Mam.* Of white Oyl?
Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F.* is come over the *Helm* too,
I thank my Maker, in S. *Maries Bath*,
And ſhews *Lac Virginis*. Bleſſed be Heaven.
I ſent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd*.
Out of that *Calx*, I' ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.
Mam. By powring on your *rectified water*?
Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanor*.
How now? VVhat colour ſays it? *Fac.* The ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your *Crowes head*?
Sur. Your Cocks-coumb's, is't not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.
That work wants ſomething. *Sur.* (O, I look'd for this.
The Hay is a pitching.) *Sub.* Are you ſure, you loos'd 'em
Their own *menſtrue*? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digeſtion*,
According as you bade me, when I ſet
The *Liquor of Mars* to *Circulation*,
In the ſame heat. *Sub.* The proceſs, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the token, Sir, the *Retort* broke,
And what was ſav'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,
And ſeal'd with *Hermes* Seal. *Sub.* I think 'twas ſo.

VVe should have a new *Amalgama.* (*Sur.* O, this Fene
Is rank as any Pole-cat.) *Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en dye; we have enough beside,
In *Embrion. H.* ha's his *white shirt* on? *Fac.* Yes, Sir,
He's ripe for *inceration*: He stands warm,
In his *Ash fire.* I would not, you should let
Any dye now, if I might counsel, Sir,
For lucks sake to the rest. It is not good.
Mam. He says right. *Sur.* I, are you bolted?
Fac. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I' have seen th'ill Fortune. What is some three Ounce
Of fresh *materials?* *Mam.* Is't no more? *Fac.* No more, Si
Of Gold, t' *Amalgame*, with some six of *Mercury.*
Mam. Away, here's Money. What will serve?
Fac. Ask him, Sir.
Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him Nine pound: y
may gi' him Ten.
Sur. Yes, Twenty, and be cozen'd, do. *Mam.* There 't
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it s
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferiour Works, are at *fixation*,
A third is in *ascension.* Go your ways.
Ha' you set the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia?*
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philosophers* Vinegar. Fa
Sur. We shall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do y
make *Projection?*
Sub. Son, be not hasty, I *exalt* our *Medicine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoso*,
And giving him solution; then *congeal* him;
And then *dissolve* him; then again *congeal* him;
For look, how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Vertue.
As, if at first one Ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred.
After his fifth, a thousand thousand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal, into pure
Silver or Gold, in all Examinations,
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here against Afternoon,
Your Brass, your Pewter, and your Andirons.
Mam. Not those of Iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may ſend my Spits?
Sub. Yes, and your Racks.
Sub. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
ſhall he not? *Sub.* If he pleaſe. *Sur.* To be an Aſs.
Sub. How, Sir!
Mam. This Gent'man you muſt bear withal:
told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And little Hope, Sir;
t much leſs Charity, ſhould I gull my ſelf.
Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd, Sir, in our Art,
ems ſo impoſſible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
hat you ſhould hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
lieve that Eggs are hatch'd ſo? *Sur.* If I ſhould?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater Miracle.
o Egg but differs from a Chicken more
han Metals in themſelves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
he Egg's ordain'd by Nature to that end,
nd is a Chicken in *potentia*.
Sub The ſame we ſay of Lead, and other Metals,
hich would be Gold, if they had time. *Mam.* And that
r Art doth further. *Sub.* I, for 'twere abſurd
o think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
erfect i' the inſtant. Something went before.
here muſt be remote Matter. *Sur.* I, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we ſay— *Mam.* I, now it heats: ſtand Father,
nd him to duſt — *Sub* It is, of the one part,
humid Exhalation, which we call
ercurius liquidus, or the *unctuous Water*;
th' other part, a certain crafs and viſcous
ortion of Earth; both which, concorporate,
o make the Elementary Matter of Gold
hich is not yet *propria materia*,
t common to all Metals, and all Stones.
, where it is forſaken of that moiſture,
d hath more drineſs, it becomes a Stone;
here it retains more of the humid fatneſs,
turns to *Sulphur*, or to *Quickſilver*,
ho are the Parents of all other Metals.

Nor can this remote Matter ſuddenly
Progreſs ſo from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow Gold, and leap o're all the Means.
Nature doth firſt beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds ſhe to the perfect. Of that aiery
And oily Water, *Mercury* is engendred;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one
(Which is the laſt) ſupplying the place of Male,
The other of the Female, in all Metals.
Some do believe *Hermaphrodcity*.
That both do act and ſuffer. But theſe two
Make the reſt ductile, malleable, extenſive.
And even in Gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our Fire, and Gold in them;
And can produce the *ſpecies* of each Metal
More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.
Beſide, who doth not ſee, in daily practice,
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Waſps,
Out of the Carcaſſes and Dung of Creatures;
Yea, Scorpions of an Herb, being rightly plac'd?
And theſe are living Creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than Metals. *Mam.* Well ſaid, Father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, Sir, with an Argument,
He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, leave.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, Sir, I'll believe
That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of Game,
Somewhat like Tricks o' the Cards, to cheat a Man
With charming. *Sub.* Sir?
Sur. What elſe are all your Terms,
Whereon no one o' your Writers 'grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Med'cine*, and your *Chryſoſperme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*, your *Blood*,
Your *Marcheſite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magneſia*,
Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*,
And then your *Red Man*, and your *White Woman*,
With all your *Baths*, your *Menſtrues*, and *Materials*,
Of *Piſs* and *Egg-ſhells*, *Women Terms*, *Mans Blood*,

Hair o'th' Head, burnt Clouts, Chalk, Mosse, and Clay,
Powder of Bones, Scalings of Iron, Glass,
And Worlds of other strange *Ingredients*,
Would burst a Man to name? *Sub.* And all these, nam'd,
Intending but one thing; which Art our Writers
Us'd to obscure their Art. *Mam.* Sir, so I told him,
Because the simple Idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the Knowledge
Of the *Ægyptians* writ in mystick *Symbols*?
Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
Are not the choicest *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the Fountains and first Springs of Wisdom,
Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that *Sysiphus* was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless Stone, only because
He would have ours common. Who is this? [*Doll is seen.*
God's precious — What do you mean? Go in, good Lady,
Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet? *Fac.* Sir?
Sub. You very Knave! do you use me thus?
Fac. Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in, and see, you Traitor. Go.
Mam. Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good Sir?
I have not seen you thus distemper'd. Who is't?
Sub. All Arts have still had, Sir, their Adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant. What now? [*Face returns.*
Fac. 'Twas not my fault, Sir; she would speak with you.
Sub. Would she, Sir? Follow me.
Mam. Stay, *Lungs*. *Fac.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam. How! Pray thee stay.
Fac. She's mad, Sir, and sent hither ——
Mam. Stay Man, what is she? *Fac.* A Lords Sister, Sir.
She'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Why sent hither?
Fac. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sur.* Why Rascal!
Fac. Look you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.
Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
too scrupulous that way. It is his Vice.

No, h' is a rare Phyſician, do him right,
An excellent *Paracelſian*, and has done
Strange Cures with *Mineral Phyſick*. He deals all
With Spirits, he. He will not hear a word
Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe*'s.
How now, *Lungs*! [Face again.

Fac. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your VVorſhip all. This muſt not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Fac. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare Scholar,
And is gone mad with ſtudying *Braughton*'s VVorks.
If you but name a word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir. (*Lungs!*

Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her,

Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.

Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, **Ulen.**
One word. *Fac.* I dare not, in good faith.

Mam. Stay, knave.

Fac. H' is extream angry that you ſaw her, Sir.

Mam. Drink that. What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her fit?

Fac. O, the moſt affableſt creature, ſir! ſo merry!
So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you up, like *Quick-ſilver*,
Over the Helm; and *circulate*, like *Oyl*,
A very *Vegetal*: Diſcourſe of *State*,
Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing ———

Mam. Is ſhe no way acceſſible? no means,
No trick, to give a man a taſte of her —— wit ———
Or ſo? —— **Ulen.** *Fac* I'll come to you again, Sir.

Mam. *Surly*, I did not think, one o' your breeding
Would traduce Perſonages of worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*,
Your friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *Philoſophical* Bawds.
'Their *Stone* is Letchery enough to pay for,
Without this Bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuſe your ſelf.

know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
the Original of this Diſaſter. Her brother
'a told me all *Sur.* And yet you ne're ſaw her
ill now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
ne o' the treacherouſeſt memories, I do think,
'all mankind. *Sub.* What call you her brother?
Mam. My Lord ——
e wi' not have his Name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory! *Mam.* O' my faith—
Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
ill we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
'one I honour, and my Noble Friend,
nd I reſpect his houſe. *Sur.* Heart! can it be,
hat a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
ye Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
ith his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard means
gull himſelf? And this be your *Elixir*,
ur *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,
ve me your honeſt trick, yet, at *Primero*,
Glack; and take your *lutum ſapientis*,
ur *magiſterium ſimplex*: I'll have Gold before you,
nd with leſs danger of the *Quick-ſilver*,
the hot *Sulphur*.
Sub. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir, [*To* Sub.
ſee you meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
ne half hour hence, and upon earneſt buſineſs.
, if you pleaſe to quit us, now; and come
[*He whiſpers* Mammon.
gain within two hours, you ſhall have
Matter buſie examining o' the works;
I will ſteal you in unto the party,
t you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
'll meet the Captains Worſhip? *Sur.* Sir, I will
, by Attorny, and to a ſecond purpoſe.
, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me:
ſoaming this Commander doth confirm it.
Face! Why, h' is the moſt authentick Dealer
ſe commodities! The *Superintendent*
ll the quaintſt Traffickers in Town.
their *Velure*, and does appoint,

VVho lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
VVhich Gown; and in what Smock; what Fall; what
Him will I prove, by a third perſon, to find (Tyre
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
VVhich, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,
You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep.
Fac. Sir, He does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir *Epicure*, I ſhall leave you?
Mam. I follow you, ſtraight.
Fac. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid ſuſpicion.
This Gent'man has a par'lous head,
Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,
Be conſtant to thy promiſe? *Fac.* As my life, Sir.
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and
praiſe me?
And ſay, I am a noble Fellow? *Fac.* O, what elſe, Sir
And, that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empreſs; and your ſelf King of *Bantam*.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Fac. VVill I, Sir? *Mam. Lungs*, my *Lungs*!
I love thee. *Fac.* Send your ſtuff, Sir, that my Maſter
May buſie himſelf about projection.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, Rogue: Take, go.
Fac. Your Jack, and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a Villain—I will ſend my Jack,
And the VVeights too. Slave, I could bite thine
Away, thou doſt not care for me. *Fac.* Not I, Sir?
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my
weaſel,
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
VVith the beſt Lords Vermine of 'em all. *Fac.*
Sir.
Mam. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-Palatine* —
Fac. Good Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, not

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

HAs he bit? Has he bit?
Fac. And ſwallow'd too, my *Subtle.*
ha' giv'n him Line, and now he plays, yfaith.
Sub. And ſhall we twitch him?
Fac. Thorow both the Gills.
wench is a rare bait, with which a man
ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight firks mad.
Sub. Dol, my Lord *Whatſ'hums* Siſter, you muſt now
ar your ſelf **ſtatelich.** *Dol.* O, let me alone,
not forget my Race, I warrant you.
keep my diſtance, laugh, and talk aloud;
ve all the tricks of a proud ſcurvy Lady,
d be as rude as her woman. *Fac.* VVell ſaid, *Sanguine.*
ub. But will he ſend his Andirons?
ac. His Jack too;
's Iron mooing-horn: I ha' ſpoken to him. VVell,
uſt not loſe my wary Gameſter, yonder.
ub. O *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
ac. I, if I can ſtrike a fine hook into him, now,
Temple-Church, there I have caſt mine Angle.
ell, pray for me. I'll about it.
ub. VVhat, more Gudgeons! [*Our kupeka.*
ſcout, ſcout; ſtay, *Face*, you muſt go to the door:
y God it be my *Anabaptiſt.* VVho is't, *Dol?*
ol. I know him not. He looks like a Gold-end-man.
ub. Gods ſo! 'tis he, he ſaid he would ſend.
at call you him?
Juſtified Elder, that ſhould deal
Mammon's Jack and Andirons! Let him in.
, help me off, firſt, with my Gown. Away
ac, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now,
new tune, new geſture, but old language,
idlow is ſent from one negotiates with me
the *Stone* too; for the *holy Brethren*
Amſterdam, the *cal'd Saints*: that hope

To

To raise their *Discipline* by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Ananias.

WHere is my drudge? *Fac.* Sir.
Sub Take away the *Recipient*,
And rectifie your *Menstrue* from the *Phlegma*.
Then pour it o' the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And set 'em macerate together. *Fac.* Yes, Sir.
And save the ground? *Sub.* No. *Terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work VVho are you?
Ana. A *faithful Brother*, if it please you.
Sub. VVhat's that?
A *Lullianist*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?
Can you *sublime* and *dulcify*? *calcine*?
Know you the *Sapor Pontick*? *Sapor Stypticke*?
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?
Ana. I understand no *Heathen* language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you *Knipper-Doling*! Is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chrysopœia*, or *Spagyrica*,
Or the *Pamphysick*, or *panarchick* knowledge,
A *Heathen* language? *Ana. Heathen Greek*, I take it.
Sub How? *Heathen Greek*?
Ana All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*.
Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, stand you forth, and speak
Like a *Philosopher*: Answer i' the language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the work. *Fac.* Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. *Sub.* This is *Heathen Greek*, to you, now?
And when comes *Vivification*? *Fac.* After *Mortification*.
Sub. VVhat's *Cohobation*? *Fac.* 'Tis the pouring
Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine Circle* of the *Seven Spheres*.
Sub. VVhat's the proper passion of Metals?
Fac. Malleation.

Sub What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?
Fac. *Antimonium.*
Sub This's *Heathen* Greek to you? And what's your *Mercury*?
Fac. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.
Sub How know you him? *Fac.* By his *Viscositie*,
His *Oleosity*, and his *Sufcitability*.
Sub. How do you *sublime* him?
Fac. With the *calce* of Egg-shells,
White Marble, *Chalk*. *Sub* Your *Magisterium*, now?
What's that? *Fac.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into dry.
Sub This's *Heathen Greek* to you still?
Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? *Fac.* 'Tis a *Stone*, and not
A *Stone*; a *Spirit*, a *Soul*, and a *Body*:
Which if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to *fly*, it *flieth*. *Sub* Enough.
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a just account unto the *Saints*:
A Deacon. *Sub.* O you are sent from Master *Wholesome*,
Your Teacher? *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholesome*,
Our very zealous *Pastor*. *Sub* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.
Ana Of what kind, Sir?
Sub. Pewter, and Brass, Andirons, and Kitchin-ware,
Metals, that we must use our Med'cine on:
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a penn'orth,
For ready money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Professors?
Sub. Why do you ask? *Ana.* Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'ld cozen else,
And if their Parents were not of the *faithful*?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your *Pastor*. Ha' you brought money
To buy more Coals?
Ana. No, surely. *Sub.* No? How so?

Ana.

Ana. The *Brethren* bid me say unto you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see *projection.*
Sub. How! *Ana.* Yo' have had,
For the Instruments, as Bricks, and Lome, and Glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for Materials,
They say, some ninety more: And they have heard since
That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg,
And a small paper of Pin-dust.
Sub. What's your Name?
Ana. My Name is *Ananias.*
Sub. Out, the Varlet
That cozen'd the *Apostles*! Hence, away,
Flee *Mischief*; had your *holy Conffiory*
No Name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked *Ananias*? send your *Elders*
Hither, to make attonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or outgoes
The fire: and down th' *Alembecks*, and the fornace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,
Or th' *Anti-christian Hierarchy* shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The *Aquity*,
Territy, and *Sulphurity*
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Face, Subtle, Drugger.

He's busie with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! What mates? What *Balan*
have we here?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*
Has brought you another piece of Gold to look on:
(We

We muſt appeaſe him. Give it me) and prays you,
u would deviſe (what is it *Nab*?) *Dau.* A ſign, Sir.
Fac. I, a good lucky one, a thriving ſign, Doctor.
Sub. I was deviſing now.
Fac. (Slight, do not ſay ſo,
will repent he ga' you any more.)
What ſay you to his *Conſtellation*, Doctor?
he *Ballance*?
Sub. No, that way is ſtale, and common.
Townſman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
poor device. No, I will have his Name
am'd in ſome myſtick Character; whoſe *Radii*,
iking the Senſes of the paſſers by,
all, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
at may reſult upon the party owns it:
thus —— *Fac. Nab*!
Sub. He firſt ſhall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
nd by it ſtanding one whoſe Name is *Dee*,
Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Dog*!
nd right anemſt him a Dog ſnarling *Er*;
here's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his ſign.
nd here's now *Myſtery*, and *Hieroglyphick*!
Fac. Abel, thou art made.
Dau. Sir, I do thank his Worſhip.
Fac. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, *Nab*.
has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.
Dau. Yes Sir;
have another thing I would impart ——
Fac. Out with it, *Nab*.
Dau. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me
rich young Widow— *Fac.* Good! a *bona roba*?
Dau. But nineteen at the moſt.
Fac. Very good, *Abel*.
Dau. Marry, ſh'is not in faſhion yet; ſhe wears
hood; but 't ſtands coop. *Fac.* No matter, *Abel*.
Dau. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*—
Fac. What! doſt thou deal, *Nab*?
Sub. I did tell you, Captain.
Dau. And Pruſtick too ſometime, Sir: for which ſhe
truſts me

With

With all her mind She's come up here of purpose
To learn the Fashion.

Fac. Good (his match too!) on, *Nab.*

Dru. And she do's strangely long to know her fortune.

Fac. Gods lid, *Nab*, send her to the Doctor hither.

Dru. Yes, I have spoke to her of his Worship already;
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage. *Fac.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought: *Nab.* thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your Windows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their Honour is their multitude of Suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou dost not know. *Dru.* No, Sir, she'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.

Fac. What, and dost thou despair, my little *Nab*,
Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the City dubb'd?
One Glass o' thy water, with a *Madam*, I know
Will have it done, *Nab* What's her Brother? a Knight?

Dru. No, Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in his land Sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern
His Sister here; and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the Countrey.

Fac. How! to quarrel?

Dru. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels,
As Gallants do, and manage 'em by Line.

Fac. 'Slid, *Nab*! The Doctor is the only man
In *Christendom* for him. He has made a Table,
With *Mathematical* Demonstrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his Sister. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happily may perswade. Go to.
'Shall give his Worship a new Damask Suit
Upon the premisses.

Nab. O, good Captain *Fac.* He ſhall,
in the honeſteſt fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
Offers, bring the Damask, and the Parties.
Dru. I'll try my power, Sir.
Fac. And thy will too, *Nab.*
Nab. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! what is't an Ounce?
Fac. He'll ſend you a pound, Doctor.
Nab. O, no. *Fac.* He will do't.
the goodeſt Soul. *Abel*, about it.
ou ſhalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
iſerable Rogue, and lives with Cheeſe,
has the worms. That was the Cauſe indeed
y he came now. He dealt with me in private,
get a Med'cine for 'em.
Nab. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Fac. A wife, a wife for one on us, my dear *Subtle*:
'll e'ne draw lots, and he that fails, ſhall have
more in Goods, the other has in Tail.
Nab. Rather the leſs. For ſhe may be ſo light
may want Grains.
Fac. I, or be ſuch a burden.
an would ſcarce endure her for the whole.
Nab. Faith, beſt let's ſee her firſt, and then determine.
Fac. Content. But *Dol* muſt ha' no breath on't.
Nab. Mum.
y, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.
Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Nab. I fear it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Theſe chaſtiſements are common to the Saints,
And ſuch rebukes we of the *ſeparation*
bear, with willing ſhoulders, as the trials
ſtand to temper our frailties.
An. In pure *Zeal*
not like the man, He is a *Heathen*,

And

And ſpeaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.
Tri. I think him a prophane perſon indeed.
Ana. He bears
The viſible mark of the Beaſt in his fore-head.
And for his *ſtone*, it is a work of darkneſs,
And with *Philoſophy* blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good *Brother*, we muſt bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the *holy Cauſe*.
Ana. Which his cannot: The *ſanctified Cauſe*
Should have a *ſanctified Courſe*.
Tri. Not always neceſſary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Inſtruments even of the greateſt works.
Beſide, we ſhould give ſomewhat to mans nature,
The place he lives in, ſtill about the fire,
And fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to Paſſion.
Where have you greater *Atheiſts* than your Cooks?
Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your Glaſs-m
More *Antichriſtian* than your Bell-founders?
What makes the Devil ſo deviliſh, I would ask y
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimſtone and *Arſnick*? We muſt give, I ſay,
Unto the motives, and the ſtirrers up
Of Humors in the blood. It may be ſo.
When as the work is done, the *ſtone* is made,
This heat of his may turn into a *Zeal*,
And ſtand up for the beauteous diſcipline,
Againſt the menſtruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome*.
We muſt await his calling, and the coming
Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him
With the *Bretheren* bleſſing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to haſten on the work,
For the reſtoring of the *ſilenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philoſopher's Stone*.
And ſo a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Aſſur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only Med'cine, for the civil Magiſtrate,
T'incline him to a feeling of the Cauſe;
And muſt be daily us'd in the Diſeaſe.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
ce since the beautiful light first shone on me:
nd I am sad my Zeal hath so offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
nd of the Spirit; I will knock first: Peace be within.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

Sub. 'Are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
er at last thread, you see; and down had gone
ur acedia, Turris circulatorius:
ick, Bolts-head, Retort, and *Pellicane*
t all been cinders. Wicked *Ananias*!
thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble
self in Spirit, and to ask your patience,
oo much Zeal hath carried him aside
m the due path. *Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie!
Tri. The *Brethren* had no purpose, verily,
give you the least Grievance: but are ready
lend their willing hands to any project
e Spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. thus it should be, now you understand.
Ana. I discours'd to unto you of our *Stone*,
d of the good that it shall bring your Cause?
v'd you, (include the main of hiring Forces
road, drawing the *Hollanders*, your Friends,
m the *Indies*, to serve you, with all their Fleet)
d even the med'cinal use shall make you a Faction,
Party in the Realm? As, put the case,
ll some great man in State, he have the Gout,
ll, you but send three drops of your *Elixir*,
ump him straight: there you have made a friend.
other has the Palsie, or the Dropsie,
akes of your incombustible stuff,

He's

He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A Lady that is paſt the feat of body,
Tho' not of mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all cure of Paintings, you reſtore
With the Oyl of *Talek*; there you have made a friend
And all her friends. A Lord that is a *Leper*,
A Knight that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire
That hath both theſe, you make 'em ſmooth and ſound
With a bare *fricace* of your Med'cine: ſtill
You increaſe your friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Chriſtmas*——

Ana. Chriſt-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet *Ananias*?

Ana. I have done. *Sub.* Or changing
His parcel gilt to maſſie Gold. You cannot
But raiſe your friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an Army in the field, to buy
The King of *France* out of his Realms, or *Spain*
Out of his *Indies*. What can you not do
Againſt Lords ſpiritual or temporal,
That ſhall oppone you? *Tri.* Verily 'tis true.
We may be temporal Lords our ſelves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded Exerciſes: or ſuck up
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
But ſuch as are not graced in a State,
May, for their Ends, be adverſe in Religion,
And get a tune to call the Flock together:
For (to ſay ſooth) a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatick people, it is your Bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane: a tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewel my Pa-
tience.
'Slight, it ſhall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, Sir.

Sub. All ſhall periſh. I have ſpoke it.

Tri. Let me find Grace Sir, in your eyes; the man
He ſtands corrected: neither did his zeal
(But as your ſelf) allow a tune loosewhere.

Which now
Sub. No,
give you
rob their
take the
and ſay, *the*
ſhall yo
celebrate
the whilſt t
bute the ſti
fore your
whether
whether
lay thei
have that
Ana. It is
Tri. Mind
do comman
peace wit
Sub. Nor ſ
and ſhorten
the next
till againſt
ſtole daily
with zealou
theſe ſo ſ
Names of
ſtaint, Lo
the whole
ſay for Glo
the *Diſcip*
ſay, that th
propagati
every notal
themſelves g
Sub. O, bu
the Art of A
the Divine S
from *Eaſt* to
out from
Ana. I hate

hich now being to'ard the Stone, we shall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy Vizard, to win widows
o give you Legacies; or make zealous wives
o rob their husbands for the *Common Cause*:
r take the start of Bonds broke but one day,
d say, *they were forfeited by Providence.*
r shall you need o're night to eat huge meals,
o celebrate your next days Fast the better:
e whilst the *Brethren* and the *Sisters* humbled,
bate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
fore your hungry Hearers scrupulous Bones;
whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
whether *Matrons of the Holy Assembly*
y lay their Hair out, or wear Doublets;
have that Idol Starch about their Linnen.
Dau. It is indeed an Idol.
Tri. Mind him not, Sir.
o command thee, Spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.
Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the *Prelates*,
d shorten so your Ears against the hearing
the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor of necessity
il against Plays, to please the Alderman,
ake daily Cur'ard you devour. Nor lie
ith zealous Rage till you are hoarse. Not one
these so singular Arts. Nor call your selves
Names of *Tribulation*, *Persecution*,
Saint, *Long-Patience*, and such like affected
the whole family, or wood of you,
y for Glory, and to catch the Ear
the *Disciple*. *Tri.* Truly, Sir, they are
ys that the *Godly Brethren* have invented
propagation of the *Glorious Cause*,
very notable means, and whereby also
mselves grow soon, and profitably famous.
Sub. O, but the *Stone*, all's idle to't! nothing!
e Art of Angels, Natures Miracle,
e Divine Secret that doth fly in Cloud's
om *East* to *West*; and whose tradition
ust from Men, but Spirits.
Dau. I hate *Traditions*:

I do not trust them—— *Tri.* Peace.
Ana. They are *Popish*, all.
I will not peace. I will not —— *Tri. Ananias.*
Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly:
may not.
Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou shalt over-come.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, else, a very faithful *Brother*,
A Botcher: and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And must, for Charity and Conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor Orphan:
Tho' I desire the *Brethren* too, good Gainers.
There they are within. When you have view'd, a
bought 'em,
And tane the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more
To do: Cast on the *Medicine*, so much Silver
As there is Tin there, so much Gold as Brass,
I'll gi' it you in by weight. *Tri.* But how long time,
Sir, must the *Saints* expect yet? *Sub.* Let me see,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence
He will be *Silver Potate*; then three days
Before he *Citronise*: some fifteen days
The *Magisterium* will be perfected.
Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias.*
Tri. What will the Orphans Goods arise to, th
you?
Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as fill'd th
Cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six Millions of 'em.
But I must ha' more Coals laid in.
Tri. How! *Sub.* Another Load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increa
Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are past
Vimus equinus, *Balnei Cineris*,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy Purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the Sa

need a present sum, I have a trick
melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
d with a tincture make you as good *Dutch* Dollars
any are in *Holland*. *Tri.* Can you so?
Sub. I, and shall 'bide the third Examination.
An. It will be joyful tidings to the *Brethren*.
Sub. But you must carry it secret. *Tri.* I, but stay,
act of coyning, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?
know no Magistrate. Or, if we did,
's forreign Coin.
Sub. It is no coining, Sir.
but casting. *Tri.* Ha? you distinguish well.
ing of Money may be lawful. *Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it so.
Sub. There is no scruple,
to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
Case of Conscience he is studied in.
Tri. I'll make a question of it to the *Brethren*.
An. The *Brethren* shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
here shall it be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon. [*Knock without.*
one's come to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
view the parcels. That's the Inventory.
come to you straight. Who is it? *Face!* Appear.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

HOw now? Good Prize?
Fac. Good Pox! Yond' cauflive Cheater
cause on. *Sub.* How then?
I ha' walk'd the round
now, and no such thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him?
Fac. Quit him? an hell would quit him too, he were
happy.
'a would you have me stalk like a Mill-Jade,
day, for one that will not yield us Grains?
saw him at all. *Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,

Had

Had been a maistry. *Fac.* Let him go black Boy,
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess the
A Noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear
Delicious Compeer, and my Party-bawd)
Who is come hither, private for his Conscience,
And brought Munition with him, six great Sloops,
Bigger than three *Dutch* Hoys, betide round trunks,
Furnish'd with Pistolets, and Pieces of Eight,
Will streight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath
(That is the colour) and to make his Battry
Upon our *Dol*, our Castle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover* Pire, our what thou wilt. Where is she
She must prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,
The Bath in chief, a Banquet and her Wit,
For she must milk his *Epididymis*.
Where is the *Doxy*? *Sub.* I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again my self. *Fac.* Are they within the
Sub. Numbring the sum. *Fac.* How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy.
Fac. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds
Mammon!
Three o' my Clark! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the *Brethren*! betide Reversions,
And States to come i' the Widow, and my *Count*!
My share to day will not be bought for forty——
Dol. What?
Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou so near?
Dol. Yes, say Lord General, how fares our Cam
Fac. As with the few that had intrench'd themsel
Safe, by their Discipline, against a world, *Dol*
And laugh'd within those Trenches, and grew fa
With thanking on the Booties, *Dol*, brought in
Daily by their small Parties. This dear hour
A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou must make his Ransom what thou wilt,
My *Dousabel*: He shall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks before he sees thee; and then
In a Down-bed as dark as any Dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy Dru
Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be taun,

As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Froſt,
Or Bees are with a Baſon; and ſo hive him
I' the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,
Till he work Honey and Wax, my little *Gods-gift*.
Dol. What is he, General? *Fac.* An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?
Dol. No. *Fac.* Nor my *Drugger*?
Dol. Neither. *Fac.* A Pox on 'em,
They are ſo long a furniſhing! Such Stinkards
Would not be ſeen upon theſe feſtival days.
How now! ha' you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* ſhall do't againſt he ha' the widow,
To furniſh houſhold. *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come. *Fac.* I pray he keep away
Till our new buſineſs be o're paſt. *Sub.* But, *Face*,
How cam'ſt thou by this Secret *Don*? *Fac.* A Spirit
Brought me the intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*, I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my means. Sweet *Dol*,
You muſt go tune your Virginal, no loſing
O' the leaſt time. And do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a Flounder; kiſs, like a Scallop, cloſe:
And tickle him with thy Mother tongue. His great
Lordſhip has not a jot of Language:
'Tis ſo the eaſier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obſcure,
And our own Coach-man, whom I have ſent as Guide,
No creature elſe. Who's that? (*One knocks.*
Sub. It is not he!
Fac. O no, not yet this hour.
Sub. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper*,
Your Clark. *Fac.* God's will then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tyre; and, Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's diſpatch him for God's ſake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.
Fac. I warrant you, take but the *Cues* I give you,
It ſhall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the Widow? *Fac.* No,
Not that I see. Away. O, Sir, you are welcome.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Face, Dapper, Drugger, Kastril.

THe Doctor is within a moving for you;
(I have had the most ado to win him to it)
He swears you'll be the darling o' the Dice:
He never heard her Highness dote till now (he says.)
Your Aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I see her Grace?
Fac. See her, and kiss her too. What, honest *Nab!*
Ha'st brought the Damask? *Nab.* No, Sir, here's *Tobacco.*
Fac. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: Thou'lt bring the Damask too?
Dru. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Master *Kastril*
I have brought to see the Doctor.
Fac. Where's the widow?
Dru. Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he says) shall come.
Fac. O, is it so? 'Good time. Is your Name *Kastril*, Sir?
Kas. I, and the best of the *Kastrils*, I'lld be sorry else
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is this Doctor?
My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any Skill? *Fac* Wherein, Sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. *Fac.* It seems, Sir, yo' are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Question!
Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise i' the Country. *Fac.* Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,

To the leaſt ſhadow of a hair: and ſhew you
An Inſtrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no ſooner ſhall you make report
Of any Quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Moſt inſtantly, and tell in what degree
Of Safety it lies in, or Mortality.
And how it may be born, whether in a *Right Line*
Or a *Half Circle*; or may elſe be caſt
Into an *Angle blunt*, if not *acute*:
All this he will demonſtrate. And then, Rules
To give and take the Lie by. *Kaſ.* How? to take it?
Fac. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll ſhew you, or in *Circle*;
But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town
Study his *Theoremes*, and diſpute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*. *Kaſ.* But does he teach
Living by the wits too? *Fac.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a ſtark Pimp,
Full o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It's not two months ſince. I'll tell you his method
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome Ordinary.
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me.
Fac. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Fac. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game? *Kaſ.* I, 'twill ſpend a man.
Fac. Spend you? It will repair you when you are ſpent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have yearly
Three hundred pounds a year?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a year!
Fac. I, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch? *Fac.* I, Sir.
And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Come to nothing, forty Marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a *fee* o' the Doctor. He will win you
Some infallible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Baron*. They will let him
Spoil at the Groom Porters all the *Chriſtmas*,
And the whole year through at every place

Where there is play, preſent him with the Chair;
The beſt Attendance, the beſt Drink; ſometimes
Two Glaſſes of *Canary*, and pay nothing;
The pureſt Linnen, and the ſharpeſt Knife,
The Partridg next his Trencher: and ſomewhere
The dainty Bed, in private, with the dainty.
You ſhall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,
As Play-houſes for a Poet; and the Maſter
Pray him aloud to name what Diſh he affects,
Which muſt be butter'd Shrimps: and thoſe that dri
To no mouth elſe, will drink to his, as being
The goodly, *preſident* Mouth of all the Board.

Kaſ. Do you not gull one?

Fac. 'Od's my life! Do you think it?
You ſhall have a caſt Commander, (can but get
In credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
For ſome two pair of either's ware, afore-hand)
Will, by moſt ſwift Poſts dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himſelf,
His Punk, and naked Boy, in excellent faſhion,
And be admir'd for't. *Kaſ.* Will the Doctor teach thi

Fac. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is go
(As men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
In a vacation, when ſmall money is ſtirring,
And Ordinaries ſuſpended till the Term,
He'll ſhew a perſpective, where on one ſide
You ſhall behold the Faces and the Perſons
Of all ſufficient young Heirs in Town,
Whoſe Bonds are currant for Commodity;
On th' other ſide, the Merchants Forms, and othe
That without help of any ſecond Broker,
(Who would expect a ſhare) will truſt ſuch parcels
In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign
Where the Commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Sope,
Hops, or Tobacco, Oat-meal, Wood, or Cheeſes.
All which you may ſo handle, to enjoy
To your own uſe, and never ſtand oblig'd.

Kaſ. I'faith! Is he ſuch a Fellow?

Fac. Why, *Nab* here knows him.

And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'ſt man!
He's ſent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counſel, and to know their Fortunes.
Kaſ. Gods will, my Suſter ſhall ſee him.
Fac. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange thing!
By the way, you muſt eat no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breeds
Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breeds Worms) but paſs it,
He told me, honeſt *Nab*, he, was ne'er at Tavern
But once in's life! *Dru.* Truth, and no more I was not.
Fac. And then he was ſo ſick ——
Dru. Could he tell you that too?
Fac. How ſhould I know it?
Dru. In troth we had been a ſhooting,
And had a piece of fat-Ram-mutton to ſupper,
That lay ſo heavy o' my ſtomack ——
Fac. And he has no head
To bear any Wine; for what with the noiſe o' the Fidlers,
And care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servants—
Dru. My head did ſo ake ——
Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good old woman ——
Dru. (Yes faith, ſhe dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure
Me with ſodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall: (me,
Coſt me but two pence. I had another ſickneſs
Is worſe than that. *Fac.* I, that was with the grief
You took't for being ſeiz'd at eighteen pence,
At the Water-work. *Dru.* In truth, and it was like
To have coſt me almoſt my life. *Fac.* Thy hair went off?
Dru. Yes, Sir, 'twas done for ſpight.
Fac. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suſter,
I'll ſee this learned Boy before I go:
And ſo ſhall ſhe. *Fac.* Sir, he is buſie now:
And if you have a Siſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may coſt more her ſooner;
And he by that time will be free. *Kaſ.* I go.
Fac. Drugger, ſhe's thine: thou Damack. (*Surly* and I

Muſt wraſtle for her.) Come on, Maſter *Dapper*.
You ſee how I turn Clients here away,
To give your Cauſe diſpatch. Ha' you perform'd
The Ceremonies were enjoin'd you?
Dap. Yes, o' the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt
Fac. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
More worſhip than you think. Your Aunt's afire,
But that ſhe will not ſhew it, t' have a fight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Graces Servants?
Dap. Yes, here are ſix ſcore *Edward* Shillings.
Fac. Good.
Dap. And an old *Harry*'s Soveraign. *Fac.* Very good.
Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth*
Groat,
Juſt twenty Nobles. *Fac.* O, you are too juſt.
I would you had had the other Noble in *Maries*.
Dap. I have ſome *Philip* and *Maries*. *Fac.* I, thoſe ſad
Are beſt of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor,

ACT III. SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle *diſguis'd like a Prieſt of* **Fairy.**

IS yet her *Graces* Couſin come? *Fac.* He is come.
Sub. And is he ſitting? *Fac.* Yes.
Sub And hath cry'd *Hum*?
Fac. Thrice, you muſt anſwer. *Dap.* Thrice.
Sub. And as oft *Buz*?
Fac. If you have, ſay. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then to her Cuz,
Hoping that he hath Vinegar'd his Senſes,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* diſpenſes,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of *Fortune*;
Which that he ſtraight put on, ſhe doth importune,
And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,

Ta nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much love as then her *Grace* did tear it)
About his Eyes, to shew he is fortunate.
[*They blind him with a Rag.*
And, trusting unto her to make his State,
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
Fac. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
(Upon her *Graces* word (Throw away your Purse.)
As she would ask it: (Handkerchiefs and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver Seal at your Wrist; her *Grace* will send
Her *Fairies* here to search you, therefore deal
Justly with her *Highness*. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Fac. All what? *Dap.* My Money, truly.
Fac. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
(Bid *Dol* play Musick.) Look, the *Elves* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
[*Dol enters with a Cittern; they pinch him.*
Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't. *Fac.*
Ti, ti,
They knew't, they say. *Sub.* *Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
Fac. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I' the t'other Pocket?
Sub. *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say.
Dap. O, o.
Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *Graces* Nephew.
Ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.
(Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the *Fairies*. Shew
That are an Innocent.
Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, to ta.* He does equivocate, she says,

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and ſwears by the Light, when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good Dark, I ha' nothing but a Half-crown Of Gold, about my Wriſt, that my Love gave me; And a Leaden Heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.

Fac. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur Your Aunts diſpleaſure for theſe Trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half crowns. You may wear your Leaden Heart ſtill. How now?

Sub. What News, *Dol*?

Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon*.

Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him till now. Where is he? *Dol.* Here, hard by. H's at the Door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol.* get his Suit. He muſt be ſent back. *Fac.* O, by no means. What ſhall we do with this ſame Puffing here, Now he's o' the Spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back a while, With ſome Device *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti.* Would her Grace ſpeak with me?

I come. Help, *Dol.* *Fac.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure*, [*He ſpeaks through the Key-hole, the other knocks.*

My Maſter's i' the way. Pleaſe you to walk Three or four Turns, but till his back be turn'd, And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her *Grace* Commends her kindly to you, Maſter *Dapper*.

Dap. I long to ſee her *Grace*. *Sub.* She now is fat At Dinner in her Bed, and has ſent you From her own private Trenchen, a dead Meale, And a piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal, And ſtay your Stomach, leſt you faint with faſting: Yet if you could hold out till the Law you (ſhe ſays) It would be better for you. *Fac.* Sir, he ſhall Hold out, and 'twere this two Hours, for her *Highneſs*, I can aſſure you that. We will not loſe All we ha' done — *Sub.* He muſt not ſee, nor ſpeak To any body, till then. *Fac.* For that we'll put, Sir, A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Fac.* Of Gingerbread. Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace* Thus far, ſhall not now crinkle for a little.

Go

Cape Sir, and let him fit you. *Sub* Where shall we now
bellow him? *Dol.* I' the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir,
I now must shew you *Fortune's* Privy Lodgings.
Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All.
Only the Fumigation's somewhat strong.
Fac. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face, Mammon, Dol.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time ——
Mam. Where's Master?
Fac. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will b' all chang'd shortly.
Mam. Into Gold?
Fac. To Gold and Silver Sir. *Mam.* Silver I care not for.
Fac. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.
Mam. Where's the Lady?
Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things
o' you,
touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit ——
Mam. Hast thou?
Fac. As she is almost in her Fit to see you.
But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,
I fear of putting her in rage — *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Fac. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man should hear or see you — *Mam* Fear not.
Fac. The very House, Sir, would run mad. You
know how scrupulous he is, and violent, (know it,
Against the least act of Sin. *Physick*, or *Mathematicks*,
Any, *State*, or *Bawdry* (as I told you)
He will endure, and never startle: But
A word of Controversie. *Mam.* I am school'd, good
Dol. DULEN.
Fac. And you must praise her House, remember that,
And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:
No Herald, nor no *Antiquary*, Lungs,

Shall do it better. Go. *Fac.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern Happineſs, to have
Dol Common for a great Lady. *Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thy ſelf, talk to her, all in Gold;
Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
Unto his *Danae*: Shew the *God* a Miſer,
Compar'd with *Mammon*. What? the *Stone* will do't.
She ſhall feel Gold, taſte Gold, hear Gold, ſleep Gold.
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my talk to her. Here ſhe comes.
Fac. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him. This is the noble Knight
I told your Ladiſhip — *Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,
I kiſs your Veſture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady
Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.
Fac. (Well ſaid, my *Guiny*-bird.)
Mam. Right noble Madam———
Fac. (O, we ſhall have moſt fierce Idolatry.)
Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.
Dol. Rather your Courteſie.
Mam. Were there nought elſe t'enlarge your Vertue
to me,
Theſe Anſwers ſpeak your Breeding, and your Blood.
Dol Blood we boaſt none, Sir, a poor Barons Daughter.
Mam. Poor! and got you? Profane not. Had you
Slept all the happy remnant of his Life (ſtaid
After that Act, lien but there ſtill, and panted,
H' had done enough to make himſelf, his Houſe,
And his Poſterity Noble. *Dol.* Sir, although
We may be ſaid to want the Gloſs and Trapings,
The Dreſs of Honour, yet we ſtrive to keep
The Seeds and the Materials. *Mam.* I do ſee
The old Ingredient, Vertue, was not loſt,
Nor the Drug Money us'd to make your Compounds.
There is a ſtrange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do reſemble
One o' the *Auſtriack* Princes. *Fac.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Iriſh* Coſtarmonger.
Mam. The Houſe of *Valois* juſt had ſuch a Noſe.

And such a Forehead yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boast. *Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all these Princes. *Fac.* I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features.
Fac. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam.* A certain Touch, or Air, &c.
That sparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.
Mam. Good Lady, gi' me leave ———
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. *Mam.* To burn i' this sweet Flame;
The *Phœnix* never knew a nobler Death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier, and destroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole Faith in question. *Mam.* By my Soul—
Dol. Nay Oaths are made o' the same air, Sir. *Mam.*
Never bestow'd upon Mortality (Nature
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces else.
Sweet Madam, le' me be particular ———
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you know your Distance.
Mam. In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to ask
How your fair Graces pass the Hours? I see
Y' are lodg'd here, i' the House of a rare Man,
An excellent Artist; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir; I study here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Distillation*. *Mam.* O, I cry your pardon.
He's a Divine Instructer, can extract
The Souls of all things by his Art; call all
The Vertues, and the Miracles of the Sun,
Into a temperate Furnace; teach dull Nature
What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emperor
Courted, above *Kelley*; sent his Medals
And Chains, t' invite him.
Dol. I, and for his Physick, Sir ———
Mam. Above the Art of *Æsculapius*,
That drew the Luvy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with these Studies, that contemplate Nature.
Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was

Was not intended to ſo dark a uſe.
Had you been crooked, foul, of ſome courſe Mold,
A Cloyſter had done well; but ſuch a Feature
That might ſtand up the Glory of a Kingdom,
To live Recluſe! is a meer *Solæciſm*,
Though in a Nunnery. It muſt not be.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my Land firſt, were I he.
Does not this Diamant better on my Finger,
Than i' the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt Pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In Chains of Adamant?
Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt Bands.
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth ſtand, this Hour, the happieſt Man in *Europe*.
Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being
The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.
Dol. Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure*!
Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have caſt mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Styles. *Dol.* You mean no Treaſon, Sir!
Mam. No, I will take away that Jealouſie.
I am the Lord of the *Philoſopher's Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?
Mam. I am the Maſter of the *Myſtery*.
This day the good old Wretch here o' the Houſe
Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think therefore thy firſt Wiſh now; let me hear it:
And it ſhall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the Ambition of our Sex.
Mam. I'm pleas'd, the Glory of her Sex ſhould know
This Nook, here, of the *Friers* is no Climate
For her to live obſcurely in, to learn
Phyſick and Surgery, for the Conſtables Wife
Of ſome odd Hundred in *Eſſex*: but come forth,

A

And taſte the Air of Palaces; eat, drink
The Toils of *Emp'ricks*, and their boaſted Practice;
Tincture of Pearl and Coral, Gold and Amber;
Be ſeen at Feaſts and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
What Miracle ſhe is? Set all the Eyes
Of Court a-fire, like a Burning-glaſs,
And work 'em into Cinders, when the Jewels
Of twenty States adorn thee, and the Light
Strikes out the Stars; that when thy Name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but ſhewing our Love,
Nero's *Poppæa* may be loſt in Story!
Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well conſent, Sir.
But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoon take notice, and both ſeiſe
You and your *Stone*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject. *Mam* If he knew it.
Dol. Your ſelf do boaſt it, Sir. *Mam*, To thee, my Life.
Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your Days in a loath'd Priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my Girl, and live
In a free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High-Country Wines, ſup Pheaſants Eggs,
And have our Cockles, boil'd in Silver Shells,
Our Shrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whoſe Cream does look like Opals; and with theſe
Delicate Meats ſet our ſelves high for Pleaſure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And ſo enjoy a Perpetuity
Of Life and Luſt. And thou ſhalt ha' thy Wardrobe
Richer than *Nature's*, ſtill to change thy ſelf,
And vary oftner, for thy Pride, than ſhe,
With *Art*, her wife and almoſt-equal Servant.
Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the Laboratory. Some fitter place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you
her?
Mam Excellent! *Laugs.* There's for thee.

Fac.

Fac. But do you hear?
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins.*
Mam. We think not on 'em.
Fac. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Face, Subtle, Kaſtril, Dame Pliant.

DOſt thou not laugh?
Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Fac.* All's clear.
Sub. The Widow is come.
Fac. And your quarrelling Diſciple?
Sub. I. *Fac.* I muſt to my Captainſhip again then.
Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.
Fac. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-bell?* *Sub.* I know not. *Fac.* We'll draw Lo
You'll ſtand to that?
Sub. What elſe? *Fac.* O, for a Suit,
To fall now like a Curtain, flap *Sub.* To th' Door, Ma
Fac. You'll have the firſt Kiſs, 'cauſe I am not
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the
Fac. Who would you ſpeak with?
Kaſ. Where's the Captain? *Fac.* Gone, Sir,
About ſome Buſineſs.
Kaſ. Gone? *Fac.* He'll return ſtraight.
But Maſter Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.
Sub. Come near, my worſhipful Boy, my *Tres F*
That is, my Boy of Land; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Luſt, and thy Deſires,
And I will ſerve and ſatisfie 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. *Kaſ.*
Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the ſword L
For what, my ſudden Boy? *Ka* . Nay, that look you
I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick!* You muſt render Cauſes, Child,
Your firſt and ſecond *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Diviſions*, *Moods*, *Figures*, and *Differences*,

four *Predicaments*, *Subſtance*, and *Accident*,
with *extern* and *intern*, with their *Cauſes*
efficient, *Material*, *Formal*, *Final*,
and ha' your *Elements* perfect—— *Kaſ.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in? *Sub.* That falſe Precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Againſt their Wills. *Kaſ.* How muſt I do then, Sir?
Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: She ſhould firſt
Have been ſaluted. I do call you Lady,
Becauſe you are to be one, ere't be long,
My ſoft and luxom Widow. [*He kiſſes her.*
Kaſ. Is ſhe, i' faith?
Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Liar.
Kaſ. How know you?
Sub. By inſpection on her Forehead,
And ſubtility of her Lip, which muſt be taſted
When, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, ſhe melts
[*He kiſſes her again.*
Like a *Myrobolane*! Here is yet a Line,
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.
Pli. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me ſee your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*:
But, moſt of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady.
But ſhall have ſome great Honour ſhortly. *Pli.* Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me! *Kaſ.* Hold your peace.
Here comes the t'other rare Man. 'Save you, Captain.
Fac. Good Maſter *Kaſtril*! Is this your Siſter? *Kaſ.* Ay, Sir.
Pleaſe you to kuſs her, and be proud to know her?
Fac. I ſhall be proud to know you, Lady. *Pli.* Brother,
He calls me Lady too. *Kaſ.* I, peace. I heard it.
Fac. The *Court* is come.
Sub. Where is he? *Fac.* At the Door.
Sub. Why, you muſt entertain him. *Fac.* What'll you do
With theſe the while?
Sub. Why, have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some ſuſtian Book, or the dark Glaſs. *Fac.* 'Fore God,

Sir

She is a delicate Dab-chick! I muſt have her.

Sub. Muſt you? I, if your Fortune will, you muſt.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently:
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonſtrations*,
Where I'll ſhew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling; my whole Method
Drawn out in Tables; and my Inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral Scales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a Straws-breadth, by Moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glaſs,
Some half an hour, but to clear your Eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Face, Subtle, Surly.

WHere are you, Doctor?

Sub. I'll come to you preſently.

Fac. I will ha' this lame Widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any Compoſition. *Sub.* What do you ſay?

Fac. Ha' you diſpos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha' ſent 'em.

Fac. Subtle, in truth, I needs muſt have this Widow.

Sub. Is that the matter?

Fac. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,
If you relent once, *Dol* ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.

Fac. Nay, thou art ſo violent now — Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canſt not ſerve ———

Sub. Who, cannot I?
'Slight, I will ſerve her with three, for a — *Fac.* Nay,
But underſtand: I'll gi' you Compoſition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee; What, ſell my Fortune?
'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
Knows it directly. *Fac.* Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
Will you go help to teach in *Don* in ſtate?

Sub. I follow you, Sir: We muſt keep *Face* in awe,

he will over-look us like a Tyrant.
in of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John!*
[*Surly like a Spaniard.*
Sur. Senores, beso las manos, á vuestras mercedes.
Sub. Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſt our anos.
Fac. Peace, *Subtle*. *Sub* Stab me; I ſhall never hold, man.
looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,
v'd in by a ſhort Cloke upon two Treſſils.
Fac. Or, what do you ſay to a Collar of Brawn, cut
neath the Souſe, and wriggled with a Knife? (down
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Spaniard*
Fac. Perhaps ſome *Fleming*, or ſome *Hollander* got him
d *Alva*'s time; *Count Egmont*'s Baſtard. *Sub.* Don,
ur ſcurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia. Sub. He ſpeaks out of a Fortification.
y God he ha' no Squibs in thoſe deep Sets.
Sur. Por dios, Senores, muy linda caſa!
Sub. What ſays he? *Fac.* Praiſes the Houſe, I think;
know no more but's Action *Sub.* Yes, the *Caſa*,
precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
cozen'd, *Diego*. *Fac.* Cozen'd, do you ſee?
worthy *Don'd*, cozen'd. *Sur. Entiendo*
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don*.
ve you brought Piſtolets, or Portagues,
y ſolemn *Don*? Don't theu feel any? *Fac.* Full.
(*He feels his Pockets.*
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*, pumped, and drawn
, as they ſay. *Fac* Milked, in truth, ſweet *Don*.
Sub. See all the Monſters; the great Lion of all, *Don*.
Sur. Con licencia, ſe puede ver á eſta Señora?
Sub. What talks he now?
Fac. O' the *Señora*. *Sub.* O, *Don*,
at is the Lioness, which you ſhall ſee
o, my *Don*. *Fac.* Slid, *Subtle*, how ſhall we do?
Sub. For what?
Fac. Why *Dol*'s employ'd, you know. *Sub.* That's true.
e Heaven, I know not: He muſt ſtay, that's all.
Fac. Stay! That he muſt not, by no means.
Sub. No! Why?

Fac.

Fac. Unleſs you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll ſuſpect it:
And then he will not pay, not half ſo well.
This is a travell'd Punk-maſter, and do's know
All the Delays; a notable hot Raſcal,
And looks already rampant. *Sub.* 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*
Muſt not be troubled. *Fac. Mammon!* in no caſe.
Sub. What ſhall we do then?
Fac Think: you muſt be ſudden.
Sur. Entiendo, que la Señnora es tan hermoſa, que codicio tener la, como la bien aventuránza de mi vida.
Fac. Mi vida? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha? (Widow
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our Venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beſide,
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt.
What doſt thou think on't, *Subtle?*
Sub. Who, I? Why ——
Fac. The Credit of our Houſe too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an Offer for my Share ere-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i'faith? *Fac.* O, by that Light
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out, for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Fac. It is the Common Cauſe; therefore bethink you
Dol elſe muſt know it, as you ſaid. *Sub.* I care not.
Sur. Señnores, por que ſe tarda tanta?
Sub. Faith I am not fit, I am old.
Fac. That's now no Reaſon, Sir.
Sur. Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.
Fac. You hear the *Don* too? By this *Air*, I call,
And looſe the Hinges: *Dol. Sub. A Pl* gue of Hell
Fac. Will you then do? *Sub.* You're a terrible Rogue
I'll think of this; Will you, Sir, call the Widow?
Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults
Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my heart, Sir
Am I diſcharg'd o' the Lot? *Fac.* As you pleaſe. *Sub.* Hand
Fac. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.

Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
arry a Whore? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch firſt.
Sur. Por eſtas honrada's barbas ——
Sub. He ſwears by his Beard.
ſpatch, and call the Brother too.
Sur. Tiengo duda, Sennores,
e no me hagan alguna traycion.
Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *preſto Sennor.* Pleaſe you
ſbatha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don*?
here, if it pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
u ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,
nd ſcrub'd, and ſub'd, dear *Don*, before you go.
u ſhall, in faith, my ſcurvy Baboon *Don*,
curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
vill the heartilier go about it now,
nd make the Widow a Punk ſo much the ſooner,
le reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
e quickly doing of it, is the grace.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Face, Kaſtrill, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Surly.

COme, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her Fortune.
Kaſ. To be a *Counteſs*, ſay you? A *Spaniſh Counteſs*, Sir?
Pli. Why, is that better than an *Engliſh Counteſs*?
Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Queſtion, Lady?
Kaſ. Nay, ſhe is a Fool, Captain, you muſt pardon her.
Fac. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns-of-Court-man,
your meer Milliner; they will tell you all.
Spaniſh Genner is the beſt Horſe; your *Spaniſh*
ap is the beſt Garb; your *Spaniſh* Beard
the beſt Cut; your *Spaniſh* Ruffs are the beſt
ar; your *Spaniſh Pavin* the beſt Dance;
ur *Spaniſh* Titillation in a Glove
e beſt Perfume. And for your *Spaniſh* Pike,
d *Spaniſh* Blade, let your poor Captain ſpeak.

Here

Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtyle you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very ſhortly.)
What will you ſay now, if ſome ——
Fac. I had told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful Brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A *Counteſs*; do not delay 'em, Sir: a *Spaniſh Counteſs*.
Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir.
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge.
Sub. Well then: Nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her Love now to her Fortune.
Pli. Truly I ſhall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Sub.* No?
Pli. Never ſin' *Eighty-eight* could I abide 'em,
And that was ſome three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you muſt love him, or be miſerable;
Chuſe which you will.
Fac. By this good Ruſh, perſwade her,
She will cry Strawberries elſe, within this Twelve-
month.
Sub. Nay, Shads and Mackerel, which is worſe.
Fac. Indeed, Sir?
Kaſ. Gods lid, you ſhall love him, or I'll kick you.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. *Kaſ.* Do,
Or by this Hand I'll maul you. *Fac.* Nay, good Sir,
Be not ſo fierce. *Sub.* No, my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when ſhe comes to taſte
The Pleaſures of a Counteſs! to be courted ——
Fac. And kiſt, and ruffled! *Sub.* I, behind the Hangings.
Fac. And then come forth in pomp!
Sub. And know her State!
Fac. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber
Back to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is ſerv'd
Upon the Knee! *Fac.* And has her Pages, Ushers,
Foot-men, and Coaches ——
Sub. Her Six Mares —— *Fac.* Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*,
Bedlam, the *China house*, —— *Fac.* Yes, and have
the Citizens gape at her, and praise her Tires!
And my Lord Goose-cap and Bands, that rides with her!
Kaſ. Moſt brave! By this Hand, you are not my Sister,
if you refuſe. *Pli* I will not refuſe, Brother.
Sub. Que es eſto, Señores que no ſe venga?
La tardanza me mata! Fac. It is the Count come?
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.
Sub. En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!
Sir. Por todos los dioſes, la mas acabada
hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
Fac. Is't not a gallant Language that they ſpeak?
Kaſ. An admirable Language! Is't not *French*?
Fac. No, *Spaniſh*, Sir. *Kaſ.* It goes like Law-*French*,
and that, they ſay, is the Courtlieſt Language. *Fac.* Laſt, (Sir.
Sir. El Sol ha perdido ſu lumbre, con el
eſtando, que trae eſta dama Val, a me dios!
Fac. He admires your Sister.
Kaſ. Muſt not ſhe make Curt'ſie?
Sub. 'Odsſo will, ſhe muſt go to him Man, and kiſs him!
'Tis the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, for the Woman
to make firſt court. *Fac* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir:
his Art knows all. *Sir. Por que no ſe acúde?*
Kaſ He ſpeaks to her, I think. *Fac.* That he does, Sir.
Sir. Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?
Kaſ. Nay, ſee: ſhe will not underſtand him! Gull.
Noddy. *Pli.* What ſay you Brother? *Kaſ.* Ats, Sutler,
to kiſs him, as the cunning Man would ha' you,
I thruſt a Pin i' your Buttocks elſe. *Fac.* O, no Sir.
Sir Señora mia, mi perſona muy indigna eſta
para a tanta Hermoſura.
Fac. Does he not uſe her bravely? *Kaſ* Bravely, i-faith!
Fac. Nay, he will uſe her better. *Kaſ.* Do you think ſo?
Sir. Señora, ſi fuera ſervida, entremos.
Kaſ. Where does he carry her?
Fac. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no thought: I muſt interpret for her.
Sub. Give *Dol* the word. Come, my neece Child,
advance.

We'll

We'll to our quarrelling Leſſon again. *Kaſ.* Agreed.
I love a *Spaniſh* Boy with all my Heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this meanes, Sir, you ſhall be Brother
To a great *Count*. *Kaſ.* I, I knew that at firſt.
This match will advance the Houſe of the *Kaſtrils*.
Sub. 'Pray God your Sifter prove but pliant.
Kaſ. Why,
Her name is fo, by her other Husband. *Sub.* How!
Kaſ. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?
Sub. No faith, Sir:
Yet, by erection of her Figure, I gueſt it.
Come, let's go practice. *Kaſ.* Yes, but do you think, Doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Dol, Mammon, Face, Subtle.

FOR, *after* Alexanders *death* — [*In her fit of talk.*
Mam. Good Lady—
Dol. *That* Perdiccas *and* Antigonus *were ſlain,*
The two that ſtood, Seluc', *and* Ptolomee ——
Mam. Madam. *Dol.* *Made up the two Legs, and the*
fourth Beaſt.
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: which after
Was call'd Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg — *Mam.* Lady
Dol. *And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.*
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg ——
Mam. Sweet Madam,
Dol. *And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall*
In the laſt Link of the fourth Chain. And theſe
Be Stars in ſtory, which none ſee, or look at ——
Mam. What ſhall I do? *Dol.* *For, as he ſays, unleſs*
We call the Rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks ——
Mam. Dear Lady. *Dol.* *To come from Salem, and from*
Athens,
And teach the People of great Britain ——
Fac. What's the matter, Sir?
Dol. *To ſpeak the tongue of Eden, and* Javan — *Mam.*

's in her fit. *Dol We shall know nothing*— *Fac.* Death, Sir,
e are undone. *Dol. Where then a learned Linguist*
ill see the ancient ti'd communion
Vowels and Consonants— *Fac.* My Master will hear!
Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras *held most high*——
Mam. Sweet honourable Lady. *Dol. To comprise*
sounds of Voyces, in few marks of Letters ——
Fac. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.
Dol. And so we may arrive by *Talmud* skill,
d prophane *Greek*, to raise the building up
Helens House against the *Ismaelite*,
g of *Thogarma* and his *Habergions*
(brown), blue, and fiery; and the force
King *Abaddon*, and the Beast of *Cittim*;
hich *Rabbi David Kimchi*, *Onkelos*,
d *Aben-Ezra* do interpret *Rome*.
Fac. How did you put her into't? *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd
a fifth *Monarchy* I would erect, [*They speak together.*
ith the *Philosophers* (by chance) and the
ls on the other four strait *Fac* Out of *Broughton*!
told you so Slid stop her Mouth. *Mam.* Is't best?
Fac. She'll never leave else. If the old Man hear her,
are but *faces*, Asher. *Sub.* What's to do there?
Fac. O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.
Mam. Where shall I hide me?
(*Upon* Subtle's *entry they disperse.*
Sub. How! what light is here!
he deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
g him again Who is he? what, my Son!
I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay good, dear Father,
re was no unchaste purpose. *Sub.* Not? and flee me,
en I come in? *Mam.* That was my error. *Sub.* Error?
t guilt, my Son. Give it the right name. No marvel,
found check in our *great work* within,
en such affairs as these were managing!
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
all the rest of our *lesse works* gone back.
ne is the instrument of wickedness, (him.
lewd false drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not

Be-

Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more fi
T' excuſe a Varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your fortunes. *Mam.* Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *work*, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?
(*A great crack and noiſe wit*

Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the *works*
Are flown *in fumo:* every Glaſs is burſt.
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, Recipients, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! Alas,
(Subtle *falls down as in a fit*
Coldneſs and death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mam*
Do the fair offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs?*
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his ſight.
(*Exit*
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad.
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, S
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.
Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs?* Will nothing be preſer
Of all our coſt? *Fac.* Faith, very little, Sir.
A peck of Coals, or ſo, which is cold comfort, Si
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am juſtly p
Fac. And ſo am I Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my hopes——
Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. O, the curſt fruits of Vice and Luſt!
(Subtle *ſeems come to h*

Mam. Good Father,
It was my fin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O juſtice,
Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the nobler Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a *Tragedy*. *Mam.* I'll go.
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may ha't yet;
A hundred pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*— *Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the reliefing ſuch as ha' their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac. I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *proviſion* left? *Fac.* All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shardes,
Will cure the Itch, though not your itch of mind, Sir.
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you. *Sub. Face.*
Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
Fac. Now to our *Don*.
Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſs*, *Face*: Sh' has been in travail
Of a young Heir for you.
Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After ſuch common hazards. *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir;
Would *Dol* were in her place, to pick his Pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
Pray you prove your ſelfe. *Sub.* For your ſake, Sir.

Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more fi
T' excuſe a Varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your fortunes. *Mam.* Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *work*, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?
(*A great crack and noiſe wit*
Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the *works*
Are flown *in fumo:* every Glaſs is burſt.
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, Recipients, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! Alas,
(Subtle *falls down as in a fw*
Coldneſs and death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mam*
Do the fair offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs!*
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his ſight.
(*One*
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad.
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, S
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.
Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs?* Will nothing be preſer
Of all our coſt? *Fac.* Faith, very little, Sir.
A peck of Coals, or ſo, which is cold comfort, Si
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am juſtly pu
Fac. And ſo am I Sir.
Mam. Call from all my hopes——
Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. O, the curſt fruits of Vice and Luſt!
(Subtle *ſeems come to*

Mam. Good Father,
It was my fin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O juſtice,
Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a *Tragedy*. *Mam.* I'll go.
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may ha't yet;
A hundred pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*— *Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *projection* left? *Fac.* All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shards,
Will cure the Itch, though not your itch of mind, Sir.
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you. *Sub. Face.*
Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
Fac. Now to our *Don*.
Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Made a *Counteſs*, *Face*: Sh' has been in travail
Of a young Heir for you.
Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir;
Would *Dol* were in her place, to pick his Pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
May you play your maſter. *Sub.* For your fake, Sir.

Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more ſi
T' excuſe a Varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your fortunes. *Mam.* Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *work*, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?
(*A great crack and noiſe wit*
Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the *works*
Are flown *in fumo:* every Glaſs is burſt.
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, *Recipients*, *Pellicanes*, *Bolt-heads*,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! Alas,
(Subtle *falls down as in a fw*
Coldneſs and death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mamm*
Do the fair offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs!*
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his ſight.
(*One kn*
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad.
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, S
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.
Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs?* Will nothing be preſer
Of all our coſt? *Fac.* Faith, very little, Sir.
A peck of Coals, or ſo, which is cold comfort, Sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am juſtly pu
Fac. And ſo am I Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my hopes——
Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. O, the curſt fruits of Vice and Luſt!
(Subtle *ſeems come to h*

Mam. Good Father,
It was my ſin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O juſtice,
Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a *Tragedy*. *Mam.* I'll go.
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may ha't yet;
A hundred pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*— *Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *projection* left? *Fac.* All flown, or ſtunks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shardes,
Will cure the Itch, though not your itch of mind, Sir.
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you. *Sub. Face.*
Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
Fac. Now to our *Don*.
Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſs*, *Face*: Sh' has been in travail
Of a young Heir for you.
Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your cafe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir;
Would *Dol* were in her place, to pick his Pockets now.
Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
I pray you prove your vertue. *Sub.* For your ſake, Sir.

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Surly, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Face.

LAdy, you see into what hands you are fain;
'Mongst what a neſt of Villains! and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap
(Through your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumſtances would ha' made a Man:
For yo'are a handſome woman: would yo'were wiſe too.
I am a Gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this *Citadel*, (not
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have
I claim ſome intereſt in your love. You are,
They ſay, a widow, rich: and I am a Batchellor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preſerv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deſerv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for theſe houſhold-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

Sub How doth my noble *Diego?*
And my dear Madam *Counteſs?* Hath the *Count*
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Dousd, methinks you look melancholick,
After your *coitum*, and ſcurvy! Truely,
I do not like the dulneſs of your Eye:
It hath a heavy caſt, 'tis *uſſee Dutch*,
And ſays you are a lumpiſh whore-maſter.
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets ſo.

[*He falls to picking of the*

Sur. Will you, *Don* Bawd, and pick-purſe? How now!
Reel you?
Stand up Sir, you ſhall find ſince I am ſo heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight. *Sub.* Help, murder!

Sur. No, Sir,
There's no ſuch thing intended. A good Cart,

And a clean Whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the *Spanish Don*, that should be cozened,
Do you see? cozened? where's your Captain *Face*?
That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all Raskal.
Fac. How, *Surly*!
Sur. O, make your approach, good Captain.
I have found from whence your Copper Rings, and Spoons
Came, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd to anoint your Boot with Brimstone,
Then rub Mens Gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,
Your looty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i' the head) another
With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo*? Then weeps *Mammon*:
Then swoons his worship. Or, he is the *Faustus*,
That casteth Figures, and can Conjure, cures
Ague, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires? while you send in—
Captain, (what is he gone?) Dam'sels with Child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting maid
With the Green-sickness? Nay Sir, you must tarry
Though he be leap't; and answer, by the Ears, Sir.

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

Face, Kastril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame Pliant, Dol.

Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they say) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor, and your Sister both are abus'd.
Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave
Whate'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
A Man, Sir, I would know?

Sur. I should be loth, Sir,
To confess so much.
Kas. Then you lye i' your Throat. *Sur.* How?.
Fac. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the *Doctor*, and would cross him,
If he knew how— *Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd.
Kas. You lye:
And 'tis no matter. *Fac.* Well said, Sir. He is
The impudent'st Raskal——
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir?
Fac. By no means: Bid him be gone.
Kas. Be gone, Sir, quickly.
Sur. This's strange! Lady, do you inform your Brother.
Fac. There is not such a foist in all the Town,
The Doctor had him presently: and finds yet,
The *Spanish Count* will come here. Bear up *Subtle*.
Sub. Yes, Sir, he must appear within this hour.
Fac. And yet this Rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, though he could not hurt it. *Kas.*
I know— Away, you talk like a foolish Mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says.
Fac. Do not believe him, Sir:
He is the lying'st Swabber! Come your ways, Sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of company.
Kas. Yes, how then, Sir?
Fac. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows all
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, *Abel.*)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd them o' the widow.
He owes this honest *Dugger*, here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tobacco*.
Dru. Yes Sir. And h' has damn'd himself three
Terms to pay me.
Fac. And what does he owe for *Lotium*?
Dru. Thirty Shillings, Sir:
And for his Syringe. *Sur.* *Hydra* of villany!
Fac. Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o' the House.
Kas. I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' Doors, you lye:
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why, this is madness, Sir,

Sir,

Not valor in you: I muſt laugh at this.
Kaſ. It is my humour: you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot*.
Dru. Or a Knight o' the *curious Coxe-comb*. Do you ſee?
Ana. Peace to the Houſhold.
Kaſ. I'll keep Peace for no Man.
Ana. Caſting of Dollers is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the Conſtable?
Sub. Peace *Ananias*. *Fac.* No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim*. *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir? *Kaſ.* I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?
Sub. Zeal in the young Gentleman,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* ſlops— *Ana.* They are prophane,
Lewd ſuperſtitious, and idolatrous Breeches.
Sur. New Raskals! *Kaſ.* Will you be gone, Sir?
Ana. Avoid *Satan*.
Thou art not of the light. That Ruff of pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: and is the ſame
With that which the unclean Birds, in *former times*,
Were ſeen to prank it with, on divers Coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like *Antichriſt*, in that lewd Hat.
Sur. I muſt give way. *Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir.
Sur. But I'll take
A courſe with you ———
Ana. Depart, proud *Spaniſh* Fiend.
Sur. Captain, and Doctor — *Ana.* Child of perdition.
Kaſ. Hence, Sir.
Did I not quarrel bravely? *Fac.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Fac. O, you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again elſe. *Kaſ.* I'll return him then
Fac. *Drugger*, this Rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determin'd that thou ſhould'ſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* Sute, and ha' carried her ſo; and he
A mad wkely ſlave, *Nab*, puts it on himſelf.
Muſt ha' brought the Damask? *Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Fac. Thou muſt borrow
A *Spaniſh* Suite. Haſt thou no credit with the Players?
Dru. Yes, Sir: did you never ſee me play the fool?
Fac. I know not, *Nab*: thou ſhalt, if I can help it.

Hieronymo's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will ſerve,
[Subtle *hath whiſper'd with him this while.*
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt 'em. *Ana.* Sir, I know
The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath ſpies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no ſcruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer, and Meditation for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of money is moſt lawful. *Sub.* True:
But here I cannot do it; if the Houſe
Shou'd chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. (*Sub.* And Faſting.)
Ana. Yea, for ſome ſitter place. The peace of mind
Reſt with theſe Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.
Fac. What did he come for?
Sub. About caſting Dollers,
Prelently out of hand. And ſo I told him,
A *Spaniſh* Miniſter came here to ſpie,
Againſt the faithful — *Fac* I conceive. Come *Subtle*,
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt diſaſter!
How wouldſt tho ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
Sub. I thank thee *Face*, for the angry Boy, i faith.
Fac. Who would ha' look't it ſhould ha' been this Raskal
Surly? He had dy'd his Beard and all. Well, Sir,
Here's Damask come to make you a Sute.
Sur. Where's *Dapper*?
Fac. He is gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* habit;
I'll be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the widow?
Fac. within, with my Lord's Siſter: Madam *Dol*
Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your favour, *Face*,
Now ſhe is honeſt I will ſtand again.
Fac. You will not offer it? *Sub.* Why?
Fac. Stand to your word,
Or — here comes *Dol*. She knows —

Sub.

Sub. You are tyrannous ſtill
Fac. Stric' for my right. How now, *Dol*? Haſt' told her,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come?
Dol. Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for! *Fac.* Who's that?
Dol. Your Maſter:
The Maſter of the Houſe. *Sub.* How, *Dol*!
Fac. She lyes.
This is ſome trick. Come, leave your quiblins, *Dorothy*.
Dol. Look out, and ſee. *Sub.* Art thou in earneſt?
Dol. 'Slight.
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day
For ſome on us. *Fac.* We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I' am afraid.
Sub. You ſaid he would not come,
While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.
Fac. No: 'twas within the Walls.
Sub. Was't ſo? Cry' you mercy:
I thought the Liberties. What ſhall we do now, *Face*?
Fac. Be ſilent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old ſhape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I' the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the Goods, and purchaſe,
That we can carry i' the two Trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ſhip you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet to morrow, and there we'll ſhare.
And *Mammon*'s Braſs and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,
Pr'y thee go heat a little Water quickly.
Subtle muſt ſhave me. All my Captains Beard
Muſt off, to make me appear ſmooth *Jeremy*,
You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll ſhave you, as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my Throat, but trim me?
Sub. You ſhall ſee, Sir.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Love-Wit, Neighbours.

HAs there been ſuch reſort, ſay you?
Nei. 1. Daily, Sir.
Nei. 2. And nightly, too.
Nei. 3. I, ſome as brave as Lords.
Nei. 4. Ladies, and Gentlewomen.
Nei. 5. Citizens Wives.
Nei. 1. And Knights. *Nei.* 6. In Coaches.
Nei. 2. Yes, and Oyſter-women.
Nei. 1. Beſide other Gallants. *Nei.* 3. Sailors wives.
Nei. 4. *Tabacco*-men.
Nei. 5. Another *Pimlico*!
Lov. What ſhould my Knave advance,
To draw this company? He hung out no Banners
Of a ſtrange Calf, with five Legs, to be ſeen?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſix Claws? *Nei.* 6. No, Sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, Sir. *Lov.* He has no gift
Of teaching i' the Noſe, that ere I knew of.
You ſaw no Bills ſet up that promis'd cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? *Nei.* 2. No ſuch thing, Sir.
Lov. Nor heard a Drum ſtrook, for Baboons, or
Puppets?
Nei. 5. Neither, Sir.
Lov. What device ſhould he bring forth now?
I love a teeming Wit as I love my nouriſhment.
'Pray God he ha' not kept ſuch open Houſe,
That he hath ſold my Hangings, and my Bedding:
I left him nothing elſe. If he have eat 'em,
A Plague o' the Mouth, ſay I. Sure he has got
Some lawdy Pictures, to call all this ging;
The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*
Of the Knights Courſer, covering the Parſons Mare;
The Boy of ſix year old, with the great Thing?
Or 't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt,
Upon a Table, or ſome Dog to dance?

When saw you him? *Nei.* 1. Who Sir, *Jeremy*?
Nei. 2. *Jeremy* Butler?
We saw him not this Month. *Lov.* How!
Nei. 4. Not these five weeks, Sir.
Nei. 6. These six weeks, at the least.
Lov. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours!
Nei. 5. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
he's slipt away. *Nei.* 6. Pray God, he be not made away.
[*He knocks.*
Lov. Ha? It's no time to question, then. *Nei.* 6. About
some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
as I sate up, a mending my Wives Stockings.
Lov. This's strange! that none will answer!
Didst thou hear
a cry, saist thou? *Nei.* 6. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
that had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.
Nei. 2. I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two
a Clock
next morning. *Lov.* These be Miracles, or you make
'em so!
A Man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
and both you heard him cry? *Nei.* 3. Yes, downward, Sir.
Lov. Thou art a wise fellow: Give me thy Hand I
pray thee.
What Trade art thou on? *Nei.* 3. A Smith, an't please your worship.
Lov. A Smith? Then lend me thy help to get this
Door open.
Nei. 3. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my Tools—
Nei. 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Love-wit, Face, Neighbours.

Will. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir?
Nei. 1, 2, 4. O, here's *Jeremy*!
Fac. Good Sir, come from the Door.
Lov. Why! what's the matter?
Fac. Yet further, you are too near yet.
Lov. I' the name of Wonder!

What means the fellow?

Fac. The Houſe, Sir, has been viſited.

Lov. What? with the Plague? ſtand thou then farther.

Fac. No, Sir,
I had it not. *Lov.* Who had it then? I left
None elſe, but thee, i'thee Houſe!

Fac. Yes, Sir, my fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttry, had it on her
A week before I ſpied it, but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the night. And ſo I ſhut
The Houſe up for a month——

Lov. How! *Fac.* Purpoſing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Roſe-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar,
And ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' known it:
Becauſe I knew the news would but afflict you, Sir.

Lov. Breathe leſs, and farther off. Why, this is ſtranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have ſtill been open—— *Fac.* How, Sir!

Lov. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all ſorts, tag-rag, been ſeen to flock here
In threaves, theſe ten weeks, as to a ſecond *Hogs-den*,
In days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*! *Fac.* Sir,
Their wiſdoms will not ſay ſo! *Lov.* To day, they ſpeak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French*-hood,
Went in, they tell me; and another was ſeen
In a Velvet Gown at the window! divers more
Paſs in and out!

Fac. They did paſs through the Doors then,
Or Walls, I aſſure their Eye-ſights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now above twenty days;
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,
I ſhould believe my Neighbours had ſeen double
Through the black-pot, and made theſe apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worſhip, for theſe three weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd.

Lov. Strange!

Nei. 1. Good faith, I think I ſaw a Coach!

Nei. 2. And I too,
I'did ha' been ſworn! *Lov.* Do you but think it no

And but one Coach? *Nei.* 4. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy* is a very honeſt fellow. *Fac.* Did you ſee me at all?

Nei. 1. No; that we are ſure on.

Nei. 2. I'll be ſworn o'that.

Lov. Fine Rogues to have your Teſtimonies built on!

Nei. 3. Is *Jeremy* come?

Nei. 1. O, yes, you may leave your Tools, We were deceiv'd, he ſays. *Nei.* 2. He has had the Keys: And the Door has been ſhut theſe three weeks.

Nei. 3. Like enough.

Lov. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings.

Fac. *Surly* come!

And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all. (How ſhall I beat them off? What ſhall I do?) Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conſcience.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours, Kaſtril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.

NO, Sir, he was a great Phyſician. This, It was no Bawdy-houſe: but a meer *Chaucel*. You knew the Lord, and his Siſter.

Mam. Nay, good *Surly*——

Sur. The happy word, *Be rich*——

Mam Play not the Tyran——

Sur. Should be to day pronounc'd to all your Friends. And where be your Andirons now? and your Braſs-pots, That ſhould ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' ſhut their Doors,

Methinks! *Sur.* I, now 'tis holy-day with them.

Mam. Rogues,

Seamers, Impoſtors, Bawds. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir?

(*Mammon and Surly knock.*

Mam. To enter, if we can. *Fac.* Another Man's Houſe? Here is the owner, Sir. Turn you to him, And ſpeak your buſineſs. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the owner?

Lov.

Lov. Yes, Sir.
Mam. And are those Knaves within your Cheaters?
Lov. What Knaves? what Cheaters?
Mam. Subtle, and his *Lungs*.
Fac. The Gentleman is distracted, Sir! No Lungs,
Nor Lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, Sir,
Within these Doors, upon my word! *Sur.* Your word,
Groom arrogant! *Fac.* Yes, Sir, I am the House-keeper,
And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.
Sur. This's a new *Face*.
Fac. You do mistake the House, Sir!
What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raskal! This is one
O the confederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Lov.* 'Pray you stay, Gentlemen.
Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant.
Mam. I, and then
We shall ha' your Doors open. *Lov.* What means this?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir.
Nei. 1. These are two o' the Gallants,
That we do think we law. *Fac.* Two o' the Fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I think the *Moon* has crasd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too? He'll make a noise,
And we'er away till he have betray'd us all.)
Kas. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the
Door anon, [*Kastril knocks.*
Punck, Cocatrice, my Sister. By this light
I'll fetch the Marshal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Castle ——
Fac. Who would you speak with, Sir?
Kas. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Pus my Sister. *Lov.* This is something, sure!
Fac. Upon my truth, the Doors were never open, Sir.
Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.
Lov. Here comes another. *Fac. Ananias* too?
And his *Pastor*? *Tri.* The Doors are shut against us.
[*They beat too at the Door.*
Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your stench it is broke forth: abomination
Is in the House. *Kas.* I, my Sister's there. *Ana.* The plag

t is become a Cage of unclean Birds.
Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Conſtable.
Tri. You ſhall do well
Ana. We'll joyn to weed them out.
Kaſ. You will not come then? Punck, device, my Sulfer!
Ana. Call her not Sifter. She's a Harlot, verily.
Kaſ. I'll raiſe the ſtreet.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, a word.
Ana. *Satan* avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.
Lov. The world's turn'd *Bedlem*.
Fac. Theſe are all broke looſe,
ut of S. *Katherines*, where they uſe to keep
he better ſort of mad-folks. *Nei.* 1. All theſe Perſons
e ſaw go in and out here. *Nei.* 2. Yes, indeed, Sir.
Nei. 3. Theſe were the Parties.
Fac. Peace, you Drunkards. Sir,
wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me leave
o touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.
Lov. It mazes me! *Fac.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
here's no ſuch thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus*.
Would I could get him away. [*Dapper cries out within.*
Dap. Maſter Captain, Maſter Doctor.
Lov. Who's that?
Fac. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.
Dap. For God's ſake, when will her *Grace* be at leiſure?
Fac. Ha!
ations, ſome Spirit o' the Air. (His Gag is melted, nd now he lets out the Throat.)
Dap. I am almoſt ſtifled——
Fac. (Would you were altogether.)
Lov. 'Tis i' the Houſe.
Fac. Liſt. *Fac.* Believe it, Sir, i' the Air!
Lov. Peace, you——
Dap. Mine Aunts *Grace* does not uſe me well.
Sub. You fool,
ace, you'll mar all.
Fac. Or you will elſe, you Rogue.
Lov. O, is it ſo? Then you converſe with Spirits!
ome Sir. No more o' your tricks, good *Jeremy*,

The

The truth, the ſhorteſt way.
Fac. Diſmiſs this Rabble, Sir.
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd.
Lov. Good Neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. Come Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent Maſter:
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeveral ſorts of wild fowl?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the Street.)
Give me but leave to make the beſt of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuſe of your Houſe:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you ſhall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you ſeven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *ſpaniſh* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the Houſe,
It was not viſited. *Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Fac.* It is true, Sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Well, let's ſee your widow.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

HOw! ha' you eaten your Gag?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my Mouth.
Sub. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.
Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady: but in troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to ſtay my ſtomach. 'Pray you
So ſatisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Captain.
Fac. How now! Is his Mouth down?
Sub. Ay, he has ſpoken!
Fac. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's
done then.
(I have been fain to ſay, the Houſe is haunted

ith Spirits, to keep Chuale back.
Sub. And haſt thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and ſing
f *Face* ſo famous, the precious King
preſent wits. *Fac.* Did you not hear the coil,
bout the Door? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)
Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd:
ll ſend her to you. *Sub.* Well Sir, your Aunt her *Grace*,
ill give you Audience preſently, on my ſute,
nd the Captains word, that you did not eat your Gag
any contempt of her *Highneſs*.
Dap. Not I. in troth, Sir.
(Dol *like the Queen of* Fairy.
Sub. Here ſhe is come. Down o' your Knees and
wriggle:
e has a ſtately preſence. Good Yet nearer,
nd bid, God ſave you. *Dap.* Madam.
Sub. And your Aunt.
Dap. And my moſt gracious Aunt, God ſave you *Grace*.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with
you:
t that ſweet Face of yours hath turn'd the Tide,
d made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.
iſe, and touch our Velvet Gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,
nd kiſs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now ſtroke that Head.
uch, Nephew, ſhalt thou win; much ſhalt thou ſpend;
uch ſhalt thou give away: much ſhalt thou lend.
Sub. (I, much, indeed.) Why do you not thank her
Grace.
Dap. I cannot ſpeak for joy.
ub. See, the kind wretch!
ur *Graces* Kinſman right. *Dol.* Give me the *Bird*.
e is your *Fly* in a Purſe, about your Neck, Coulin,
ear it, and feed it about this day ſev'night,
your right Wriſt— *Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,
nd let it ſuck but once a week: till then,
s muſt not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, Kinſman,
your ſelf worthy of the Blood you come on.
ub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolſack* Pies,
Daggar Frumety. *Dol.* Nor break his faſt,

In

In *Heaven* and *Hell*. *Sub.* She's with you every where!
Nor play with Cottar-mongers, at *mum-chance*, *tray-trip*,
God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it:)
but keep
The gallant'it Company, and the beſt Games—
Dap. Yes, Sir.
Sub. *Gleek* and *Primero*: and what you get, be true
to us.
Dap. By this Hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thouſand Pound
Before to morrow night, (if but three thouſand
Be ſtirring,) an' you will. *Dap.* I ſwear, I will then.
Sub. Your *Fly* will learn you all Games.
Fac. Ha' you done there?
Sub. Your *Grace* will command him no more duties?
Dol. No:
But come, and ſee me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred Chells of Treaſure,
And ſome twelve thouſand Acres of *Fairy* Land,
If he game well, and comely, with good Gameſters.
Sub. There's a kind Aunt! kiſs her departing part.
But you muſt ſell your forty Mark a year, now.
Dap. I, Sir, I mean. *Sub.* Or, gi't away: Tox on't.
Dap. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the Writings.
Sub. 'Tis well, away. *Fac.* Where's *Subtle*?
Sub. Here. What news?
Fac. *Drugger* is at the Door, go take his Suit,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently.
Say, he ſhall marry the widow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred pound by the ſervice! Now Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant*? *Dol.* A good dull innocent.
Sub. Here's your *Hieronymo*'s Cloke, and Hat.
Fac. Give me 'em.
Sub. And the Ruff too?
Fac. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
Sub. Now he is gone about his project *Dol*,
I told you of, for the widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct
Againſt our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?
Dol. No, but I will do't.

Sub.

Sub. Soon at night, my *Dolly*,
Then we are ſhipt, and all our Goods aboard,
ſt-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our courſe
o *Brainford*, weſtward, if thou ſaiſt the word,
nd take our leaves of this ore-weening Raskal,
his peremptory *Face*.
Dol. Content, I'am weary of him.
Sub. Thou'haſt cauſe, when the ſlave will run a wi-
ving, *Dol*,
ainſt the Inſtrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can.
Sub. Yes, tell her,
e muſt by any means addreſs ſome preſent
th' cunning Man; make him amends for wronging
s Art with her ſuſpicion; ſend a Ring,
Chain of Pearl; ſhe will be tortur'd elſe
nemely in her ſleep, ſay: and ha' ſtrange things
ne to her. Wilt thou? *Dol.* Yes.
Sub. My fine flitter-mouſe,
y Bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the *Pigeon*,
hen we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
d ſay, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.
[*They kiſs.*
Fac. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
the good paſſage of our ſtock affairs.
Fac. Dapper has brought his Parſon; take him in, *Subtle*,
d ſend *Nab* back again to waſh his Face.
Sub. I will: and ſhave himſelf?
Fac. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, what ere it is!
Fac. A trick, that *Dol* ſhall ſpend ten pound a
Mouth by.
rgone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir.
Fac. I'll go bellow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her,
inſtantly.
Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
en her of all thou canſt. To deceive him
s deceit, but Juſtice, that would break
th an inextricable tye as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.
Fac. Come, my ventures,

You

You ha' packt up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.

Sub. Here. *Fac.* Let's see 'em. Where's the money?

Sub. Here,

In this. *Fac.* *Mammon*'s ten pound: eight score before. The *Brethrens* money, this. *Druggers*, and *Dappers*. What Paper's that?

Dol. The Jewel of the waiting Maids,

That stole it from her Lady, to know certain——

Fac. If he should have precedence of her Mistris?

Dol. Yes.

Fac. What Box is that?

Sub. The Fish-wives Rings, I think:

And th' Ale-wives single money. Is't not *Dol*?

Dol. Yes: and the whistle, that the Sailors Wife Brought you to know an' her Husband were with *Wa*.

Fac. We'll wet it to morrow? and our Silver-beaker And Tavern Cups. Where be the *French* Peti-coats, And Girdler, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i' the Trunk, And the Bolts of Lawn.

Fac. Is *Druggers* Damask there?

And the *Tabacco*? *Sub.* Yes. *Fac.* Give me the Keys.

Dol. Why you the Keys!

Sub. No matter, *Dol*: because

We shall not open 'em before he comes.

Fac. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed: Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, *Dol*.

Dol. No!

Fac. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my Ma Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em; Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures: I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners, Both he, and she, be satisfied: for here Determines the *Indenture tripartite*, 'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol*, and *Face*. All I can do Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back-side; Or lend you a Sheet to save your Velvet Gown, *Dol*. Here will be Officers presently: bethink you, Of some course suddainly to scape the Dock: For thither you'll come else. Hark you, Thunder.

(*Some knock.*

Sub. You are a precious Fiend!
Off. Open the Door.
Fac. Dol, I am sorry for thee i-faith. But hearst thou?
shall go hard, but I will place thee some-where:
hou shalt ha' my Letter to Mistris *Amo*.
Dol. Hang you ——
Fac. Or Madam *Cæsarean*.
Dol. Pox upon you, Rogue,
ould I had but time to beat thee. *Fac. Subtle*,
t's know where you set up next; I'll send you
ustomer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
hat new course ha' you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my self:
at I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
d haunt thee i' the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

ACT V. SCENE V.

ne-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Dapper, Pliant.

WHat do you mean, my Masters?
Mam. Open your Door,
eaters, Bawds, Conjurers.
Off. Or we'll break it open.
Lov. What Warrant have you?
Off. Warrant enough, Sir, doubt not:
e'll not open it. *Lov.* Is there an Officer, there?
Off. Yes, two or three for failing.
Lov. Have but patience,
d I will open it straight. *Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?
s a marriage? perfect? *Lov.* Yes, my Brain.
Fac. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your self,
Off. Down with the Door. (*Sir.*
Off. 'Slight, ding it open. *Lov.* Hold:
Gentlemen, what means this violence?
Mam. Where is this Collier?
Sur. And my Captain *Face*?
Mam. Thefe day-Owls.

Sur.

Sur. That are birding in Mens Purſes.
Mam. Madam *Suppoſitory.*
Kaſ. Doxey, my Siſter. *Ana.* Locuſts
Of the foul Pit. *Tri.* Profane as *Bel* and the Dragon.
Ana. Worſe than the Graſhoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot ſtay this violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.
Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you
Mam. The *Chimical* cozener. (ſeek?
Sur. And the Captain *Pander*.
Kaſ. The *Nun* my Siſter.
Mam. Madam *Rabbi*. *Ana.* Scorpions,
And Caterpillers. *Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my ſtaff — *Ana.* They are the veſſels
Of Pride, Luſt, and the Cart. *Lov.* Good Zeal, lie ſtill
A little while. *Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias*.
Lov. The Houſe is mine here, and the Doors are open:
If there be any ſuch Perſons as you ſeek for,
Uſe your authority, ſearch on o' Gods Name.
I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat maz'd me; till my Man here, (fearing
My more diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent part, let out my Houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my known averſion
From any Air o' the Town, while there was Sickne
To a Doctor, and a Captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they g
(*They*

Lov. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I and
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Furnace;
The Ceiling fill'd with *Poeſies* of the Candle:
And *Madam*, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the Walls.
Onely one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a widow —
Kaſ. I, that's my Siſter. I'll go thump her. W
is ſhe?
Lov. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but
When he came to't, neglected her ſo grolly,

hat I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?
Lov. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
ood faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
ou ſwore, and told her, you had tane the pains
o dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
nowed a Sute, and Ruff, all for her love;
nd then did nothing. What an over-ſight,
nd want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
ell fare an old Harquebuzier, yet,
ould prime his Powder, and give fire, and hit,
ll in a twinckling. *Mam.* The whole nett are fled!
Lov. What ſort of Birds were they?
[Mammon *comes forth.*
Mam. A kind of Choughs,
thievish Daws, Sir, that have pickt my Purſe
eight-ſcore and ten pounds, within theſe five weeks,
ide my firſt Materials; and my Goods,
ut lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
ay have home yet. *Lov.* Think you ſo Sir? *Mam.* I.
Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine own ſtuff?
Lov. Sir, I can take no knowledg,
at they are yours, but by publick means.
you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,
any formal Writ out of a Court,
at you did cozen your ſelf, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loſe 'em. *Lov.* That you ſhall not, Sir,
me, in troth. Upon theſe terms they are yours.
hat ſhould they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?
Mam. No.
annot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?
Lov. What a great loſs in hope have you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has.
he, I, he would ha' built
e City new; and made a Ditch about it
Silver, ſhould have run with Cream from *Hogſden*;
at every Sunday in *Moor-fields*, the youngkers,
d tits, and tom boys ſhould have fed on, *gratis*.
Mam. I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
e end o' the world, within theſe two months. *Surly*,
What!

What! in a dream? *Sur.* Muſt I needs cheat my ſelf,
With that lame fooliſh vice of honeſty!
Come let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Fac. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you word
Unto your Lodging: for in troth, they were ſtrangers
To me, I thought 'em honeſt, as my ſelf, Sir.
[*They come forth.*
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not loſe all yet. Go,
And get ſome Carts— *Lov.* For what, my zealous
Friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Lov.* What is that portion?
Ana. The Goods, ſometimes the Orphans, that the *Brethren*
Bought with their Silver Pence.
Lov. What, thoſe i' the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims? *Ana.* I do deſie
The wicked *Mammon*, ſo do all the *Brethren*.
Thou prophane Man, I ask thee, with what conſcience
Thou canſt advance that Idol againſt us,
That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings numbred,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the ſecond day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the Table dormant,
The year of the laſt patience of the *Saints*,
Six hundred and ten?
Lov. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you,
But if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.
Tri. Be patient *Ananias*. *Ana* I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,
That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Lov.* I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
Againſt thy Houſe: may Dogs defile thy Walls,
And Waſps, and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This ſeat of falſhood, and this cave of cozʼnage.
Lov. Another too? *Dru.* Not I Sir, I am no *Brother*.
[*Drugger enters, and he beats him a*
Lov. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?

Fac. No, this was *Abel* Drugger. Good Sir, Go,
[*To the Parson.*
nd ſatisfie him; tell him, all is done:
ſtaid too long a waſhing of his Face.
e Doctor, he ſhall hear of him at *Weſtchester*;
nd of the Captain, tell him, at *Plimouth*, or
ne good Port-town elſe, lying for a wind.
you get off the angry Child, now, Sir——
Kaſ. Come on, you yew, you have match'd moſt
ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Siſter.*
d not I ſay, I would never ha' you tupt
t by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady-*Tom*?
light, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
ath, mun' you marry with a Pox? *Lov.* You lye, Boy;
ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you.
Kaſ. Anon?
Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, Sirrah.
y do you not buckle to your Tools?
Kaſ. Gods light!
is is a fine old Boy, as ere I ſaw!
Lov. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,
e ſtands my Dove: ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! I cannot chuſe, i-faith!
d I ſhould be hang'd for't. Suſter, I proteſt,
nour thee for this match. *Lov.* O, do you ſo, Sir?
Kaſ. Yes, an' thou canſt take *Tabacco*, and drink,
old Boy,
give her five hundred Pound more to her marriage,
n her own State. *Lov.* Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.
ac. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir. *Lov.* We will.
ll be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.
Kaſ. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a
Jery-Boy!
e let's in, I pr'y thee, and take our whiffs.
ov. Whiff in with your Siſter, brother Boy. That
Matter
had receiv'd ſuch happineſs by a Servant,
ch a Widow, and with ſo much Wealth,

Were

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servants wit,
And help his Fortune, though with ſome ſmall Grain
Of his own Candor. Therefore, Gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I have out-ſtript
An old Mans gravity, or ſtrict Canon, think
What a young Wife, and a good Brain may do:
Stretch ages truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy ſelf, Knave. *Fac.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger* all
With whom I traded; yet I put my ſelf
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new Gueſts.

THE END.

THE

HISTORY

OF

Timon of *ATHENS*,

THE

MAN-HATER.

As it is ACTED

BY

ler MAJESTY'S Servants.

Made into a

PLAY.

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

LONDON:

ted and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near the *Water-side*.

Perſons Names.

TIMON *of* Athens,		Mr. *Betterton*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian Capt.*		Mr. *Smith*
Apemantus, *a Rigid Philoſopher.*		Mr. *Harris*
Nicias,	*Senators of* Athens.	Mr. *Sandford*
Phæax,		Mr. *Underhill*
Ælius,		Mr. *Leigh*
Cleon,		Mr. *Norris*
Iſander,		Mr. *Percival*
Iſidore,		Mr. *Gillo*
Thraſillus,		
Demetrius, Timon's *Steward.*		Mr. *Medbur*
Diphilus, *Servant to* Timon.		Mr. *Bowman*
Old Man.		Mr. *Richard*
Poet.		Mr. *Jevon*
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Muſician.		
Merchant.		
Evandra,		Mrs. *Better*
Meliſſa,		Mrs. *Shadw*
Chloe,		Mrs. *Gibbs*
Thais,	*Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.	Mrs. *Seymo*
Phrinias,		Mrs. *La-G*
Servants.		
Meſſengers.		
Several Maſquerades.		
Soldiers.		

SCENE *ATHENS.*

PR

PROLOGUE
To *TIMON.*

SInce the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for brisk Wits o' th' Town,
We mean such as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
As you do Mistresses for others use:
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
Though for three Months it finds you what to say.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail,
Poor Eccho's can repeat Wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own,
Till some into their emptiness be blown.
Yet ——
To be thought Wits and Judges they've so glad,
And labour for't as if they were Wit mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o' th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation.
Some Scribblers will Wit their Whole Business make,
For labour'd Dullness grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a partous Judge will seem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand ways the Name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Faces of the Age,
And meddle not with Sense upon the stage;

PROLOGUE.

To you our Poet no one Line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with Ease.
In th' Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary *Wits you will despise,*
And none but lusty Sinewy *Writers prize.*
Old English Shakespear-*stomachs you have still,*
And judge as our Fore fathers writ with Skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brass,
With all the Would-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.
Try it to day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.

TIM

TIMON of ATHENS:

OR, THE

MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

HOW ſtrange is it to ſee my Riotous Lord
With careleſs Luxury betray himſelf!
To Feaſt and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how faſt his Treaſure
w ſlowly flows, and when I warn'd him of (ebbs.
following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
ipt my growing honeſty i' th' Bud,
d kill'd it quite; and well for me he did ſo.
was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
now like Evil Counſellors I comply,
ll him in his ſoft Lethargick Life.
like ſuch curſed Politicians can
e in the headlong ruine, and will riſe by't:
at vaſt rewards to nauſeous Flatterers,
Pimps, and Women, what Eſtates he gives!
d ſhall I have no ſhare? Be gone all Honeſty,
u fooliſh, ſlender, threadbare, ſtarving thing, be gone!

Enter Poet.

ere's a Fellow Horſe-leech: How now Poet, how
goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon*
viſible?

Dem. He'll come out ſuddenly, what have you to
preſent him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muſe :
She's in travail daily for his honour.
Dem. For your own profit, you groſs flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [*Aside.*
Himſelf up to my Lord's Table,
Which he ſeldom fails : nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not bluſh to own
The ſordid Scribler.
Poet. The laſt thing I preſented my Noble Lord was
Put this is in Heroick Style. (Epigram
Dem. What d'ye mean by Style? that of good Sense
is all alike ;
That is to ſay, with apt and eaſie words, not one too
little or too much :
And this I think good Style.
Poet. O Sir, you are wide o' th' matter! apt and eaſie
Heroick muſt be lofty and high ſounding ;
No eaſie language in Heroick Verſe ;
'Tis moſt unfit : for ſhould I name a Lyon,
I muſt not in Heroicks call him ſo!
Dem. What then ?
Poet. I'd as ſoon call him an Aſs. No thus——
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beaſts.
Dem. That's lofty, is it ?
Poet. O yes! but a Lyon would ſound ſo baldly,
Endur'd, and a Bull too——but (to
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race :
Ah! ——how that ſounds!
Dem. Then I perceiv ſound's the great matter in
Poet. Ever while you live. (
Dem. How would you ſound a Fox as you call it
Poet. A Fox is but a ſcurvy Beaſt for Heroick Ver
Dem. Hum — is it ſo? how will a Raven do in
Poet. Oh very well, Sir. (
That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl.
Dem. An excellent ſound ——But let me ſee
Piece.
Poet I'll read it—— 'Tis a good Morrow to the
Timon.
Dem. Do you make good Morrow ſound loftily?
Poet. Oh very ——

The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance:
Phœbus *already quaffs the morning dew,*
Each does his daily leaſe of life renew.
Now you ſhall hear Deſcription, 'tis the very life of Poetry.
He darts his beams on the Larks moſſie Houſe.
And from his quiet Tenement does rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which ſings its lump of body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the ſteep Air
With warbling throat, and makes each note a ſtair.
There's rapture for you! hah! ——.

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the ſollicitous Lover ſtraight alarms,*
Who too long ſlumber'd in his Celia's *Arms:*
And now the ſwelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads ſtagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles haſte:
Already now the moving ſhops are plac'd
By thoſe who crop the treaſures of the fields,
And all thoſe Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think are now? Why —— Nothing but Herb-Women: theſe are fine lofty expreſſions for Herb-Women: Ha! —— *Already now*, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis deſcription though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to deſcribe to him that 'tis about the
fourth hour in the Morning — I'll in and let him
Know in three words 'tis the ſeventh. [*Exit* Demetrius.

Enter Muſician.

Poet. Good Morning Sir, whither this way?

Muſ. To preſent his Honour with a piece of Muſick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will ſoon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility ——
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Univerſal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, *and ſeveral others.*

Jewell. Good Morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.
Dem. Now they begin to ſwarm about the Houſe!
Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?
Magick of bounty —— Theſe familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.
Merch. 'Tis a ſplendid Jewel.
Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent Water.
Poet. What have you there, Sir?
Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry
But you preſent a ſpeaking Poem.
Poet. I have a little thing ſlipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint ſhews not it ſelf
Till it be ſtruck; one gentle flame provokes
It ſelf. ——
Dem. You write ſo ſcurvily, the Devil's in any Man
You, but your ſelf. (that provoke
Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.
Paint. So, ſo.
Dem. Now muſt theſe Raſcals be preſented all,
As if they had ſaved his Honour, or his Life;
And I muſt have a feeling in the buſineſs.
Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.
Poet. How this Lord is follow'd!
[*Enter more who paſs on*
Paint. See more, well, he's a noble Spirit!
Jewell. A moſt worthy Lord!
Poet. What a cloud of Viſitors his bounty draws!
Dem. You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlippery Creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, preſent
Their ſervices to Lord *Timon*'s proſp'rous Fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does ſubdue
All ſorts of tempers, from the ſmooth fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philoſophical Churl
Who hates the World, and does almoſt abhor
Himſelf ——
Paint. He is a moſt excellent Lord, and makes (
moſt Picture!
Poet. The joy of all Mankind, deſerves a *Homer* (
Jewel. A moſt accompliſh'd Perſon! (this Pa
Poet. The Glory of the Age!
Paint. Above all Parallel! De

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor,
would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Musick.*
Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away:

Enter Timon *and Senators,* Timon *addressing himself courteously to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your self, and hate too much of your
Own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.
Alcius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.
Isidore. Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.
Phaax. You load us with too many Obligations.
Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on.
'Tis yours, because you lik'd him.
Phaax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.
Tim. My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know, my Lord, no Man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, methinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be
weary.
Alcius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!
Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!
Phaax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.
Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.
Lucul. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.
Timon. None but the Sun and He oblige without
prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius Imprison'd! say you?
Mess. Yes, my good Lord five Talents is his Debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict,
He begs your Letter to those cruel Men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.
Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off

My Friend when moſt he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deſerves my help;
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.
Meſſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him to your ſervice.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his Ranſom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after—— tell him ſo.
Meſſ All happineſs to your honour. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Enter an Old Athenian.
Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, Good Father.
Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus.*
Tim. I have ſo, that is he.
Old Man. That Fellow there by night frequents my
I am a Man that from my firſt have been (Houſe
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Eſtate deſerves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.
Tim. Go on.
Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o' th' youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearеſt coſt.
This Man attempts her love; pray, my good, Lord
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.
Tim. The Man is honeſt.
Old Man. His honeſty rewards him in himſelf;
It muſt not bear my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old Man. She is young and apt.
Tim. Do you love her?
Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of mi
Old Man. If to her Marriage my conſent be wanti
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will make
The Beggars of the ſtreet My Heirs e'er ſhe
Shall have a drachma.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine has ſerv'd me long
There is a duty from a Maſter too,
To build his Fortune I will ſtrain a little,
What e'er your Daughters Portion weighs, this
M

Man's shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so, my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and She is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promise.

Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my Knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprising favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of return,
That were but Merchandizing, a meer Trade
Of putting kindness out to Use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my Friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome. I like it, and you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel!

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wear-
Tim. Well mock't. (ing.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all Men think.

Apem. Scum of all Flatterers wilt thou still persist
In filthy gain to guild and varnish o'er
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes, and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou'rt a Fool,

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good Morrow to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle: stay for thy good Morrow
While thou art *Timon*'s Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
They're all base Fawners; what a coil is here
With sailing, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the Legs they make

Are

Are worth the ſumms they coſt you; Friendſhip's full
Of dregs, baſe filthy dregs.
Thus honeſt Fools lay out their wealth for Cringes.
Ælius. Do you know us, Fellow?
Apem. Did I not call you by your names?
Tim. Thou preacheſt againſt Vice, and thou thy ſelf
art proud, *Apemantus.*
Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon.*
Tim. Why ſo?
Apem. To give belief to flattering Knaves and Poets,
And to be ſtill my ſelf my greateſt Flatterer:
What ſhould Great Men be proud of ſtead of noiſe,
And pomp and ſhow, and holding up their heads,
And cocking up their Noſes; pleas'd to ſee
Baſe ſmiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to 'em?
Did they but ſee their own ridiculous Folly,
Their mean and abſurd Vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within ſome dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every Fool ſhould find 'em.
Tim. Thou haſt too much ſowrneſs in thy blood.
Poet. Hang him,—ne'er mind him——
Apem. What is this fooliſh animal Man, that we
Should magnifie him ſo? a little warm,
And walking Earth that will be aſhes ſoon.
We come into the World crying and ſqualling,
And ſo much of our time's conſum'd in driv'ling Infan-
In ignorance, ſleep, diſeaſe and trouble, that (cy,
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.
Phaax. A Preaching Fool.
Apem. A Fool? If thou hadſt half my Wit thou'd'ſt
Thy ſelf an Aſs! Is it not truth I ſpeak? (find
Are not all the arts and ſubtleties of Men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverſions, all their Sports, little enough
To paſs away their happieſt hours with,
And make a heavy Life be born with Patience?
Tim. I, with the help of my Friends, will make mine
Than what your melancholy frames. (eaſier
Apem. How little doſt thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'ſt ſuch great felicity in Fools and
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long (Knaves,
Find

find 'em such thin, such poor and empty shadows,
That thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.
Tim. I do not think so.
Thaax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*, and let him be whipt!
Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often suffer,
Whilst Injurers, Oppressors and desertless Fools,
Swell in their brief Authority, look big
And strut in Furs; 'tis a foul shame,
But 'tis a loathsome Age, —— it has been long
Impostumating with its Villany;
And now the swelling's broken out
In most contagious Ulcers; no place free
From the destructive Pestilence of manners.
But upon't, 'tis time the World should end!
Tim. Do not rail so —— 'tis to little purpose.
Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-Lecture,
And I'll be gone ——
Tim. Whither?
Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian*'s Brains,
Tim. Why? That's a deed thou'lt dye for, *Apemantus*.
Apem. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the Law.
Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost thou like this Picture?
Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill neither lie, drink, nor Whore,
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;
Has since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with Man's nature,
He is but mere outside; Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.
Alcus. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain.
Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'st thou this Jewel?
Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a Man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?
Apem. What Fools esteem it, it is not worth my thinking.

Lo,

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!
That must set infinite value on a Bauble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst;
Or hunger? No it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor Man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!
What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of Use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel two Men a day for flattering
Till I had beaten the whole Senate. (aside.

Phæax. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his
Licentious Tongue.

Tim. No, the Man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleasant. You must dine with me, *Apem.*

Apem. I devour no Lords. (maintains.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
And varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, and get
Great Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
The World, and tells a tale,

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! most welcome to my
Arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happiness
Did spring! your Matchless Daughter, fair *Melissa.*

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens!* the chief de-
light
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vow
Were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till the
blest day
When we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a Thousand Years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to complete
All thy Calamities, that plague of Love,
That most unmanly madness of the mind,
That specious Cheat, as false as Friendship is?

Did'st tho
Thou look
Thy own
Tim. Pe
Apem.
Tim. Co
Garde
And refre
I am trans
There is n
Unless it
Upon the
Ælius.
Though w
Isidor.
Phæax.
Poet. T
Jewel.
Tim. W
Apem. S
make
joynts to
Love amo
They hate
As if they
Tim. Ha
are ch
And cloud
Evan. M
The most
The only
My dream
With a co
Tim. W
Evand.
I have bee
It is too t
Tim. Wha

Did'ſt thou but ſee how like a ſniveling thing
Thou look'ſt and talk'ſt, thou would'ſt abhor, or laugh
Thy own admir'd Image. (at
Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this ſubject.
Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men ſhould be*
Deaf to good Counſel, not to Flattery.
Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now viſit our Gardens,
And refreſh our ſelves with ſome cool Wines and Fruit:
I am tranſported with your Viſits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unleſs it be in that he can more beſtow
Upon the Men he loves.
Ælius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your
Though without a Dowry? (Friendſhip,
Iſidor. Moſt worthy *Timon!* who has a Life you may
Phaax. We are all your Slaves. (not call your own?
Poet. The joy of all Mankind.
Jewel. Great ſpirit of Nobleneſs.
Tim. We muſt not part this day, my Friends.
Apem. So, ſo, crouching Slaves, Aches contract and make your ſupple
joynts to wither; that there ſhould be ſo little
Love among theſe Knaves, yet all this Courteſie!
They hate and ſcorn each other, yet they kiſs
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Evandra. *Re-enter* Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with ſome grief that misbecomes 'em.
Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were ſaluted
The moſt unhappy News, the diſmal'ſt ſtory, (with
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold ſweat o'r all my Limbs.
Tim. What was it, Madam?
Evand. You ſpeak not with the kindneſs you were
I have been us'd to tenderer words than theſe: (wont,
It is too true, and I am miſerable!
Tim. What is't diſturbs you ſo? too well I gueſs [*Aſide.*

Evan.

Evand. I hear I am to loſe your Love, which was
The only Earthly Bleſſing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I muſt ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evand. Meliſſa will not ſuffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'ſt bluſh at thy Ingratitude!
Had I ſo much towards thee, I ne'er ſhou'd ſhow
My Face without confuſion: Such a guilt,
As if I had deſtroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Eſtate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold reſpects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind ſo far above return,
That 'tis beyond expreſſion.

Evan Call to mind
Whoſe Race I ſprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth,
And my unſpotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thouſand times has ſworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all theſe,
The only treaſures a poor Maid poſſeſt,
I ſacrific'd to you, and rather choſe
To throw my ſelf away, than you ſhou'd be
Uneaſie in your wiſhes; ſince which happy,
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one ſingle wiſh beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far ſoe'er their large Circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My end the only thing could fill my Mind.

Tim. She ſtrikes me to the heart! I would I had not
ſeen her. [*Aſide.*

Evan. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you ſo, that had
My Eyes offended you, I with theſe fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots, and caſt them from me:
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can ſay this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to Marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heaven can
witneſs

y many long repeated acts of Love,
nd Bounty I have shew'd you———
Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon*!
am not yet so mean, but I contemn
our transitory dirt, and all rewards,
ut that of Love; your Person was the bound
f all my Thoughts and Wishes, in return
ou have lov'd me! Oh miserable sound!
would you never had, or always would.
Tim. Man is not Master of his Appetites,
eav'n sways our mind to Love.
Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
ow many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
ernal Love; Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
ou of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever:
y Love's as much too much as your's too little.
Tim. If you love me, you'll love my Happiness,
Melissa's Beauty and her Love to me
as so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.
Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
y dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
ave wisht I might have found my happiness
within anothers Arms? No, no, it is
Love a contradiction.
Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.
Evan. Besides, *Melissa*'s beauty
not believ'd to exceed my little flock;
en modesty may praise it self when 'tis
pers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
ll mercenary; base, 'tis Marriage-Love:
gives her person, but in vile exchange
does demand your liberty: But I
uld generously give without mean bargaining:
tuted to your honour, and lost mine,
all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
ould have lost my Love, and cast it on
barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.
Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off.
Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake me so,
threw down all my leaves my hopeful blossoms.

Full'd

Pull'd down my Branches ; but this latter tempeſt of
Strikes at my root, and I muſt wither now, (your hate
Like a deſertleſs, ſapleſs Tree : muſt fall ———
Tim. You are ſecure againſt all Injuries
While I have breath ———
Evan. And yet you do the greateſt.
Tim. You ſhall be ſo much Partner of my Fortune
As will ſecure you full reſpect from all,
And may ſuppport your Quality in what pomp you can
Evan. I am not of ſo courſe a Mould, or have (deſire.
So groſs a mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours without you ———
But, oh thou too dear perjur'd Man, I cou'd
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathſome Dun-
Before the ſtately gilded fretted Roofs, (geon
The Pomp, the Noiſe, the Show, the Revelling,
And all the glittering ſplendour of a Palace.
Tim. I by reſiſtleſs fate am hurry'd on ———
Evan. A vulgar, mean excuſe for doing ill.
Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd ——
Evan. It had a pre-engagement.
Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry and to preſerve my Race.
Evan. Suppoſe your Wife be falſe ; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens* ;) and ſuffer others to graft upon
Your ſtock ; where is your Race ? weak vulgar
Tim. Her honour will not ſuffer her.
Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour
Tim Her love will then ſecure her ; which is as fervent
Evan As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that late *Corropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandize, to traffick hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's ſecure ?
Now her great ſign of Love is, ſhe's content
To bind you in the ſtrongeſt Chains, and to
A ſlavery, nought can manumize you from
But death : And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without thoſe vile conditions ——
Tim. Why are not our deſires within our power ?
Or why ſhould we be puniſh'd for obeying them ?

But we cannot create our own affections;
They'r mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatsoever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle——but what security of Love from her can be like mine? Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not First lifted o'er the Threshold, and then Led by my Parents to *Minerva*'s Temple: No young unyok'd Heifers blood was offer'd To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parcæ*: No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch; Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then; Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted By my dear Mothers Torches to your Bed: Are these slight things, the Bonds of truth and constancy
I came all Love into your Arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cause my death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Melissa*,
For I shall dye to see another have
Possession of all that e'er I wisht for on Earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa*: ——

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some comfort left; Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'll grow stronger, Your lawful Gratitude and Love will rise, And quell the other Rebellion in you; Use all the endeavours which you can, and if They fail in my relief, I'll dye to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be Womanish; pray retire, I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear; Farewel: but will you never see *Melissa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.

Evan. I will—will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How

How happy were Mankind in Conſtancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celeſtial Spirits !
O could we meet with the ſame tremblings ſtill,
Thoſe panting Joys, thoſe furious Deſires,
Thoſe happy Trances which we found at firſt ! But, oh !
Unhappy Man, whoſe moſt tranſporting joy,
Feeds on ſuch luſcious food as ſoon will cloy,
And that which ſhou'd preſerve, does it deſtroy. [*Exit* Timon.

ACT II.

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. WHat think'ſt thou, *Chloe* ? will this Dreſs become me ?

Chlo. Oh, moſt exceedingly ! This pretty curl
Does give you ſuch a killing Grace, I ſwear
That all the youth at the Lord *Timon*'s Mask will dye

Mel. No : But doſt thou think ſo, *Chloe* ? I love (for you
To make thoſe Fellows dye for me, and I
All the while look ſo ſcornfully, and then with my
Head on one ſide, with a languiſhing Eye I do ſo
Kill 'em again : Prithee, what do they ſay of me, *Chloe* ?

Chlo. Say ! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddeſs, their Deſtiny, and talk of *Cupid*'s Flames,
And Darts, and Wounds ! Oh the rareſt language,
'Twould make one dye to hear it ; and ever now
And then ſteal ſome gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they dye for me ?

Chlo. Oh yes, the fineſt, propereſt Gentlemen —

Mel. But there are not many that dye for me ? hush —

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Theſſalus*, *Eumolpides*, *Memnon*, and indeed all that ſee your Ladyſhip.

Mel. I'll ſwear ? how is my Complexion to day ? h

Chlo. O moſt fragrant ! 'tis a rare white waſh this. (*Chl*

Mel. I think it is the beſt I ever bought ; had I n
Lay on ſome more red, *Chloe* ? (*La*

Chlo. A little more would do well ; it make
So pretty, and ſo plump, Madam. (*Lo*

Mel. I have been too long this Morning in dreſſing
Chl

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.
Mel. No more! well, if I were ſure to be thus pretty but ſeven years, I'd be content to dye then on that condition.
Chlo. The Gods forbid.
Mel. I'll ſwear I would; but doſt thou think, *Timon* will like me in this dreſs?
Chlo. Oh he dyes for you in any dreſs, Madam!
Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new habit to day; he deſerves the Oſtraciſm! a Villain, to diſorder me ſo; I am afraid it has done harm to my complexion: I have dreamt of it theſe two nights, and ſhall not recover it this Week ———
Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deſerves death from your Eyes.
Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not *Timon* perceive my diſorder? —hah ———
Chlo. Oh no, but you ſpeak as if you made this killing preparation for none but *Timon*.
Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the young Blades follow, kiſs my hand, admire, adore me, and dye for me: but I muſt have but one favour'd ſervant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I muſt look after it in the reſt.
Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many Admirers as I could.
Mel. Ah ſo would I — but favour one alone. So, I am reſolv'd nothing ſhall corrupt my honeſty; thoſe Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*, and that undoes us, 'tis our intereſt to be honeſt.
Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain ſee any of thoſe Admirers make me a Whore.
Mel. *Timon* loves me honeſtly and is rich ———
Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*: he is the rareſt Perſon!
Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he was the beautiful'ſt Man, the fineſt wit in *Athens*, the beſt Companion, fulleſt of mirth and pleaſure, and the prettieſt ways he had to pleaſe Ladies would make his Enemies rejoyce to ſee him. (dies,
Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this ſtill.
Mel. Ah, but he has been long baniſh'd for breaking *Mercury's* Images,

Images, and prophaning the myſteries of *Proſerpine*;
Beſides, the people took his Eſtate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I ſwear:
I vow methinks I look ſo pretty to day, I could
Kiſs my ſelf, *Chloe*.

Chlo. Oh dear Madam—I could look on you for ever:
What a World of Murder you'll commit to day! (ob

Mel. Doſt thou think ſo? ha? no, no ———

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs
Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Deſire his preſence.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
A freſh I am wounded every time I ſee her:
All happineſs to beautiful *Meliſſa*.

Mel. I ſhall want none in you, my deareſt Lord.

Tim. Sweeteſt of Creatures, in whom all th' Excel-
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is ſeen unmixt; (lenc
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am ſure has no allay, 'tis of
So ſtrong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it

Tim. Dear charming ſweet, thy value is ſo great,
No Kingdom upon Earth ſhould buy thee from me:
But I have ſtill an Enemy with you,
That guards me from my happineſs; a Vow
Againſt the Law of Nature, againſt Love,
The beſt of Nature, and the higheſt Law.

Mel. It will be but a Week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us; ſtill the time
Seems longer to us: But my dear *Meliſſa*,
Why ſhould we bind our ſelves with Vows and Oaths
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberty's ſo narrow, that we need not
Find Fetters for our ſelves: No we ſhould ſeize
On pleaſure wherſoever we can find it,
Leſt at another time we miſs it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a raſh one.

Mel. Thou fooliſh Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; doſt think I will
Be Marry'd like ſome vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the firſt offer, as if ſhe
Were deſperate of having any other.
Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your Vow?
Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once ſecure, I'll keep
A Vow to you, that would not to my ſelf?
Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Meliſſa*,
To interrupt our Joys; let us make ſure
O'th' preſent minute, for the reſt, perhaps,
May not be ours.
Mel. It is not fit it ſhou'd, if I ſhou'd break a Vow:
No, you ſhall never find a change in me,
All the fixt ſtars ſhall ſooner ſtray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may aſſure you of my Love; if not,
Upon my Knees I ſwear ———
Were I the Queen of all the Univerſe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to Rags and Miſery,
I would not change my love to him.
Tim. And here I Vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be diſſolv'd,
Should the firm Centre ſhake, ſhould Earthquakes rage
With ſuch a fury to diſorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their firſt Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the ſame,
The ſame Adorer of *Meliſſa*!
Mel. This is ſo great a Bleſſing, Heav'n can't add to it.
Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Meliſſa*, the laſt mark
Of all my hopes and wiſhes, ſo I prize thee,
That I cou'd dye for thee.

Enter a Servant *of* Timon's.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your Lord-ſhip's Gueſts wait your wiſht Preſence: the Lord *Lucius* is already there.
Tim. Let's haſte to wait on him, *Meliſſa*.
Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*
Enter, Poet, Apemantus, Servants *ſetting things in order for the Feaſt.*

Poet.

Poet. His Honour will ſoon be here, I have prepar'd
They are all ready. (the Maskers
Apem. How now, *Poet*? what piece of foppery
Haſt thou to preſent to *Timon*?
Poet. Thou art a ſenceleſs ſnarling Stoick,
And haſt no taſte of Poetry.
Apem. Thy Poetry's inſipid, none can taſte it:
Thou art a wordy fooliſh Scribler, who
Writ'ſt nothing but high-ſounding frothy ſtuff;
Thou ſpread'ſt, and beat'ſt out thy poor little ſence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'ſt impertinent deſcription,
And when thou haſt a rapture, it is not
The ſacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like Madmens thoughts, and this thou call'ſt Poetical.
Poet. You are judge! ſhall dull Philoſophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick ſpirits of the Age?
Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there ſuch eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? their moſt unreaſonable heads
Are whimſical, and fantaſtick as Fidlers,
They are the ſcorn and laughter of all witty Men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgment of a Gander.
Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phædax, *and the other Senators.*
Poet. You are a baſe ſnarling Critick; write your
Self, do and you dare.
Apem. I confeſs 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a Man
Of ſence to write to an Age that likes your ſpurious
Nici. What time of the day is't *Apemantus*? (ſtuff.
Apem. Time to be honeſt.
Ælius. That time ſerves alway.
Apem. Then what excuſe haſt thou,
That would'ſt thus long omit it?
Ifid. You ſtay to be at the Lord *Timon*'s Feaſt.
Apem. Yes, to ſee Meat fill Knaves, and Wine he
Cleon. Well, fare thee well. (Fool
Apem. Thou art an Aſs to bid me farewel.
Cleon. Why ſo?

Ape

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty
return thee one good wish for it. (to
Phaax. Go hang thy self.
Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to
thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on Earth.
Phaax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will spurn thee from me.
Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a Dog
the heels of the Ass.
Nici. He's opposite to all humanity ———
Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timon*'s bounty.
Phaax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will ———
Ibid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if
the God of Wealth were but his Steward. (*Plutus*
Phaax. No Meed but he repays sev'n-fold above
itself, no gift but breeds the giver such
return as does exceed his wishes.
Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd Man.
Phaax. Long may he live with prosperous Fortunes.
but I fear it ———
Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors of their Interest. (ditors,
Phaax. I fear it is too true ———
Well, 'tis pitty: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon *with* Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, *and a great Train with him.*

Here he comes. My Noble Lord.
Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!
Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.
Tim. You over joy me with your presence! is there
on Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well
fill'd with good and faithful Friends, like you?
Melissa! be pleas'd to know my Friends:
Apemantus! thou'rt welcome.
Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'st me not,
I lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think

On the ebb of your Estate, and flow of Debts;
How many prodigal bits do Slaves and Flatterers
gorge?
And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*;
And when the Means is gone that buys this praise,
The breath is gone whereof the praise is made.
Tim. It is not so with my Estate.
Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
So the Gods bless me.
When all your Offices have been oppress
With riotous Feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken spilth of Wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels,
Or roaring singing Drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and set my Eyes
At flow for thee, because I find something in
Thee that might be worthy —— but as thou art I
Hate and scorn thee.
Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Estate, I
Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The dearest loving Friends that ever Man was blest
with.
Nici. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to
We love and honour you! (shew how
Æli. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.
Hand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.
Phan. Yes, all our selves, if you'd put us to a
Tryal, then we were perfect.
Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all;
Shall I distrust my Friends? I have often wisht
My self poorer that I might use you —— We are
born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unless we use 'em, are like sweet Instruments hung
Up in cases: But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers Fortunes! Trust me, my joy brings wat
to my Eyes.
Phan. Joy had the like conception in my Eyes.
Apem. Ho, ho, ho ——— I laugh to think
That it conceiv'd a Bastard.
Tim. What dost thou laugh for?

Ap

Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
These Flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers
Would drop from off you.
Cleon. Silence the Dog.
Phaax. Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.
Apem. Of what vile Earth, of what mean dirt
A Lord is kneaded!
Tim. The Man I think is honest, and his humour hurts us not.
Apem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*
Mel This is an odd snarling Fellow; I like him.
Apem. If I could without lying, I'd say the same of thee.
Mel. Why? prethee what dost thou think of *me?*
Tim. He'll snarl at thee.
Mel. No matter.
Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life; (Lat.n,
am thinking how handsome that Skull will
e when all the Flesh is off; that face thou art
o proud of, is a poor, vain, transitory thing,
nd shortly will be good for nothing.
Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor Fellow.
Tim. No more of this, be not so sullen; I'll be kind
o thee and better thy Condition.
Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too,
here would be none left to rail at thee, and then
hou'dst sin the fatter: *Timon*, thou giv'st so long,
hou'lt shortly give thy self away.
Tim. I'll hear no more:
et him have a Table by himself.
Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water,
ch as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink
fore Eating and Drinking grew an Art.
The Meat is serv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.
Tim. Sit, Dear *Melissa*, this is your Feast:
nd all you see is yours:
nd all that you can wish for shall be so.

Come, ſit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at firſt to ſet a gloſs
On feigned Deeds, and hollow hearted Welcomes,
Recanting Goodneſs, ſorry e'er 'tis ſhown:
True Friendſhip needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me. [*They ſit.*
Will you not have ſome Meat, *Apemantus*?

Apem. I ſcorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter ye: Ye Gods what a number of Men
Eat *Timon*! and yet he ſees 'em not.
It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one Man's Bloud, and all the madneſs is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder Men dare truſt themſelves with Men;
Methinks they ſhould invite them without Knives,
'Twere ſafer far. That Fellow that ſits next him,
Now parts Bread with him, pledges his Breath
In a divided Draught, may next day kill him;
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
I ſhou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Leſt they ſhou'd ſpy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
Great Men ſhould drink with Harneſs on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Meliſſa*'s health go round.

Alcib. Let it flow this way ——

[*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets ſound.*

Apem. How this pomp ſhows to a little Oyl and Roots!
Theſe healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phaax. Peace, Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner.
Here's honeſt Water ne'er left man i' th' mire,
This and my Root will ſtill keep down
My ſawcy and preſumptuous Fleſh,
That it never ſhall get the better of me ——

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my ſelf,
Grant I may never be ſo fond
To truſt Man on his Oath or Bond;

Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a Goaler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I stood need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
Great Men sin, and I eat Root.

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus.*

Nici. Our Noble Lord *Timon*'s health, let it go round, And Drums and Trumpets sound. [*Kettle Drums, &c.*

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise the splendor,
The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
We make our selves Fools to disport our selves,
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madness, these fill up
The Scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you that are of the Council of four hundred, (you, in the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council, And any thing in *Athens.*

Tim. I speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phanx.*

Phanx. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades,*
Whose Enemies you have been, and whose Friends
(beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;
Not openly because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he sollicites his recallment with you,
There lives not on this Earth a Man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;
He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile,
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedæmonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.

How many famous Battles has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The Government from the insulting Vulgar;
Whose Wisdom's Blindness, and whose Power is Mad-
And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks (ness:
You in return should take off his hard Sentence
Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phan. Is there a thing on Earth you would com-
That we would disobey? (mand us

Alci. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Alim. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon*!

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy Countries Friend now? *Timon*,
His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Hid. Hang him, we never mind him.

Hand. When will he speak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man that's better than A Beast, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee. Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out To please and court all thy distempered Appetites! They spend their flatteries to devour those Men Upon whose Age they'll void it up again With poysonous spite and envy. Who lives that's not depraved, or else depraves? Who dies that bear not some spurns to their Graves Of their Friends giving? I should fear that those Who now are going to dance before me, Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more —— be gone.

Apem. Thou may'ſt be ſure I will not ſtay to ſee
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'ſt not hear me, thou wilt curſe thy ſelf
for't.

Tim. I do not think ſo —— fare thee well.

[*Exit* Apemantus.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are ſome Ladies maſqu'd deſire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades.*

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how ſhall I love him,
When he's reſtor'd to his Eſtate and Country?
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I ſhall chuſe him firſt of any Man;
How lucky 'tis I ſhould put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra *with Ladies Maſqu'd.*

Tim. Ladies, you do my Houſe and me great honour;
I ſhould be glad you would unmask, that I
Might ſee to whom I owe the Obligation.

1. Lad. We ask your Pardon, we are ſtoln out upon Curioſity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleaſure, Ladies, ſhall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing ſo much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my happineſs,
And of my Life; her Face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor ſpeech, nor motion ſo:
Her ſmiles, her amorous looks, ſhe puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never ſhews her ſelf; How blind is Love
That cannot ſee this Vanity! [*Maſque begins.*

Enter Shepherds *and* Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the Chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songſters of the Grove*
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.

Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fill the Air,
Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound*
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.
Retornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires*
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.
Chorus with Flutes. *But Winter puts out their desire,*
And half the year they want Loves fire.
Retornella.

Full Chorus. *But ah how much are our delights more dear,*
For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the *Manades* and *Ægipanes*.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie*
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,*
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.

Chorus with Hout-boy. *Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his (fool*
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws (contrad
If within his right hand he can have a (Bowl.

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,*
Your swell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains over night and your Senses resign
And forget all you did the next Morning.

Nymph. *With dull aking Noddles live on in a mist,*
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist
The Empire he slights he'd destroy.

4 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts should ake,*
His childish Empire we despise;

Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,*
And takes the Terrour off from War;
To Loves afflictions it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,*
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,*
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Love's Chains despise.

Retornella.

Nymphs *and* Shephards. *Love rules the World.*
Bænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs *and* Shephards. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Bænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus *and* Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.

General. *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join.*
Chorus. *To sound the loud praises of Love and good Wine.*
Wine gives the vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down;
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and I'll reward you well: let us retire into my next apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you, and where I will distribute some small Presents, to testifie my Love and Gratitude.

Isaac. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus, my *Melissa*, will we always spend our time in Pleasures; but who e'er enjoys more, has all this life affords sum'd up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?
Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your pre- (sence,
And accept of a Collation.
1. *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and must leave you.
Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.
Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.
Tim. Be pleased, Madam, to retire with your Father,
I'll wait on you instantly. [To *Melissa.*
[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Evandra.
Who are you, Madam?
Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.
Tim. Evandra! What confusion am I in!
Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind
To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.
Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.
Evan. They'll be my last, and therefore give 'em room.
I am hastning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'er shall interrupt your joys again,
Unless the Memory of me should make
You drop some tears upon my dust; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you so, that she cou'd die to make
You happy.
Tim. Ah dear *Evandra!* that would make
Me wretched far below all misery;
I'd rather kill my self than hear that news:
I call the Gods to witness, there's not one
On Earth I more esteem.
Evan. Esteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preserve
My fading Life, I see your Passion's grown
Too headstrong for you. Oh, my dearest *Timon!*
I, while I have any breath, must call you so;
Had you once struggled for my sake,
And striven to oppose the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I should have dy'd contented.

But Oh! falſe to your ſelf, to all my hopes,
And me, you ſuckt the ſubtile poyſon in
So greedily, you would not ſtay to taſte it.
Tim. She moves me ſtrongly; I have found from her
The trueſt and tendereſt Love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.
Evan. I find you're gone too far in the diſeaſe
T' admit a Cure: I will perſwade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.
Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you ſtill:
I can love two at once, truſt me I can.
Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you ſo, I cannot live to ſee
That dear, that moſt ador'd Perſon in anothers Arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Meliſſa*.
No, dear falſe Man, you ſoon ſhall be at reſt,
I came but to receive a parting Kiſs:
You'll not deny me that?
Tim. I will not part with you; we'll be Friends for ever.
Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the laſt, I'll never ſee you more;
And may *Meliſſa* ever love you, as
The Excellence of your Form deſerves; and may
She pleaſe you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.
Tim. Gods! Why ſhould I not love this Woman beſt?
She has deſerv'd beyond all meaſure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are; } *Aſide.*
But I have had her Love already.
Oh moſt accurſed Charm, that thus perverts me!
To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.
Evan. I'll have but one laſt look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh, I could devour it with my Eyes: but I'll
Remove it from thee, I ne'er
Shall die contented while I look on thee.
Tim. Be patient till I give thee ſatisfaction.
Evan. No, deareſt Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my ſelf.
[*Offers to ſtab her ſelf.*
Tim.

Tim. Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'ſt my life,
Preſerve thy own; for here I ſwear, that minute
When thou attempt'ſt thy life, I will loſe mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any miſchief on her ſelf:
She's agitated by a dang'rous Paſſion.
My dear! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home!
As ſoon as ever my Company is gone,
I'll ſee thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot hope — farewel for ever.

[*Ex.* Diph. *and* Evan.

Tim. I muſt reſolve on ſomething for her comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not loſe her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty ———
O miſerable ſtate of humane life!
We ſlight all the injoyments which we have;
And thoſe things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I ſpoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord: I beg your Lordſhip hear
I have buſineſs that concerns you nearly— (me ſpeak.

Tim. Some other time; of late thou doſt perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of buſineſs,
That mortal Foe to pleaſure, I'll not hear it.

[*Ex.* Timon.

Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His Money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; leſt he ſhou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his ſervice. Well!
Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than ſuch who do e'en Enemies exceed. [*Ex.* Demet.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Timon *and* Demetrius.

Tim. *Demetrius*! How comes it
That I have been thus incounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjust detention of Money long since due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my State fully before me?
Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid 'em before you—you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more close, and was rebuk'd for't.
Tim. You should have prest it further.
Dem. What e'er I durst I did, it was my interest,
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
O my good Lord, the World is but a World,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. Have you no Money in the Treasury?
Dem. Not enough to supply the Riot of two meals.
Tim. Let all my Land be sold.
Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
What which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.
Dem. How many times have I sorrow'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.
Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.
Dem. It grieves me to consider 'amongst what Parasites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,

When

When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shalt find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in Friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my Fortune.
Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 *Serv.* My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*, you to *Ifander*
And *Ælius*, you to *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of Money. Let thy request
Be fifty Talents, from each Man.

1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to send me 500 Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate Slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.
[*Ex. Dem.*

Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against my pas-
Have I been ever free, and those been open (sage?
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne'er kept Men out, but smil'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Goaler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my Friends will never fail me. [*Ex.*

Scene is the Porch, or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus *speaking to the people and several Senators.*

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases
Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable Wretch
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,

The Fool will find out ſomething to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deſerve my precepts, you ſhall have Mean while, if I'll be honeſt, I muſt rail at you.('em,

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phaax. Our Government is too remiſs in ſuffering the Licence of Philoſophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lording who's puft up,
And ſwells with the opinion of his greatneſs;
He's an Aſs. For why does he reſpect himſelf ſo,
But to make others do it? wretched Aſs!
By the ſame means he ſeeks reſpect, he loſes it.
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and ſtink,
Like other Men, and die and rot ſo too;
What then ſhou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word ſome other Men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? a word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was
[*Enter* Timon's *three Servants.*
By blindneſs or partiality i' th' Government.
If for deſert, he loſes it in Pride;
Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himſelf; himſelf ſhou'd then reward 'em.
Or but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one
There was Villany in the getting of that dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have Knaves for his Anceſtors.

Phaax. Hang thee thou ſnarling Raſcal, the Govern-
To blame in ſuffering thee to rail ſo long. (ment's

Apem. The Government's to blame
In ſuffering the things I rail at.
In ſuffering Judges without Beards, or Law,
Secretaries that can't write;
Generals that durſt not fight, Ambaſſadors that can't ſpeak ſence;
Block-heads to be great Miniſters, and Lord it over witty Men;
Suffering great Men to ſell their Country for filthy
Old limping Senators ſell their Souls (bribes,

For

For vile Extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;
And Magiſtrates to Pimp for their own Daughters.
Ruine of Orphans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes,
Inceſts, Adulteries, and Unnatural ſins,
Fill all your dwelling, here's the ſhame of Government,
And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,
And ſear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,
That is ſo froward it cannot bear Mens words.

Ælius. Well, babling, Philoſophical Raſcal,
We ſhall make you tremble one day.

Apem. Never.
Sordid great Man! it is not in your power,
I fear not Man no more than I can love him.
'Twere better for us that wild Beaſts poſſeſt
The Empire of the Earth, they'd uſe Men better,
Than they do one another. They'd ne'er prey
On Man, but for neceſſity of Nature.
Man undoes Man in wantonneſs and ſport,
Brutes are much honeſter than he; my Dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
He is in earneſt; but a Man ſhall ſmile,
And wiſh my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, ſay'ſt thou?

1 *Serv.* Yes! he ſays he's proud he has occaſion
To make uſe of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that?
Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me,
But here are other Lords can do it.
I honour him ſo, that if he will, I'll ſell my Land for him;
But prethee excuſe me to him, I am
In great haſte at this time. [*Ex.* Cleon.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How Monſtrous and deform'd
Thing is baſe ingratitude! Here's *Phaax.* My Lord? (
Phaax. Oh! one of Lord *Timon*'s Men? a gift I warrant you.
Why this hits right. I Dreamt of a Silver Baſon and
Ewer to night. How does that honourable compleat,
Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord?

Phaax. I am heartily glad, what haſt thou
Under thy Cloak, honeſt youth?

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* An empty Box, which by my Lord's Command,
I come to entreat your Honour to supply with fifty Ta-
He has instant need of. He bids me say (lents
He does not doubt your Friendship.
Phaax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord!
He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good a
House,
'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him,
And told him of it, and come again to Supper for
That purpose to have him spend less, but 'twould not
I am sorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful (do:
And of good parts.
1 *Serv.* Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.
Phaax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou
know'st
What's reason. And canst use thy time well, if the time
use
Thee well—'Tis no time to lend Money, Thou are wise
Here's Money for thee—good Lad wink at me and say
Thou saw'st me not.
1 *Serv.* Is't Possible the World should differ so,
And we alive that liv'd in't?
Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves
To Feast with thy Luxurious Lord? (again
1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to say, I did not see
Apem Is't come to that already? (him.
Life lavish *Phaax*, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.
Phaax. Peace, Dog.
Apem. Thou worse! thou Trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou hast *Timon*'s meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
And dost deny him Money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?
2 *Serv.* My Noble Lord,
Ufand Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest Friend?
2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, he has sent ——
Lau. Hah—what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd
Unto him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? hah,
What has he sent?
2 *Serv.* He has sent me to tell you he has occasion

To

To uſe your Friendſhip, he has inſtant need
Of fifty Talents———

Iſan. Is that the buſineſs? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.

2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty,
But is aſſur'd of your Honour's Friendſhip.

Iſan. Thou art not ſure in earneſt?

2 *Serv.* Upon my life I am.

Iſan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I?
To diſfurniſh my ſelf upon ſo good a time,
When I might have ſhown how much I love
And honour him: This is the greateſt affliction
E'er fell upon me: the Gods can witneſs for me,
I was juſt ſending to my Lord my ſelf:
I have no power to ſerve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the beſt;
Beaſt that I am, that the firſt good occaſion
Shou'd not be in my power to wiſe; I beg
A thouſand pardons.——Tell him ſo———

Apem. Thou art an Excellent Summer Friend!
How often haſt thou dipt i' th' diſh with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purſe,
Supported thy Eſtate; when e'er thou drink'ſt,
His Silver kiſſes thy Baſe Lips, thou ride'ſt upon
His Horſes, ly'ſt on his Beds.

Iſan. Peace, or I'll Knock thy brains out. [*Ex. Iſa.*

2 *Serv.* My Lord *Thraſillus*———

Thra. He's come to borrow, I muſt ſhun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 *Serv.* Yes, my Lord, and has ſent me———

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haſt—
But I'll wait on him if I can poſſible. [*Ex. Thr.*

Apem. Good Fool, go home.
Doſt think to find a grateful Man in *Athens*?

3 *Serv.* If my Lord's occaſions did not preſs
Very much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he ſend to me? I am poor.
There's *Pheax*, *Cleon*, *Iſidore*, *Thraſillus*, and *Lauder*,
And many Men that owe their Fortunes to him.

3 *Serv.* They have been Touch'd and found baſe Me-
tle. *Ælius.*

Ælius. Have they deni'd him; and muſt you come
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? 'tis a great ſlight, (to me?
Muſt I be at laſt ſought to? he might have conſider'd
3 *Serv.* I ſee he did not know you. (who I am.
Ælius. I was the firſt that e'er receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honour's ſake,
But at preſent I cannot poſſibly ſupply him:
Beſides, my Father made me ſwear upon
His Death, I never ſhould lend Money.
I've kept the Oath e'er ſince. Fare thee well.
[*Ex.* Ælius.

3 *Serv.* They all fly us!

Apem. The Barbarous Herd of mankind ſhun
One in affliction, and turn him out as
Deer to one that's hunted, go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curſe himſelf,
That would not hear me: bid him live on root
And water, and know himſelf; he had better
Have ſhun'd Mankind than be deſerted by them.
[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* ſo loſt i' th'
With what amazement will the news of this (World?
So ſudden alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians*?

Chloe. It is for certain true? (me

Mel. Certain as Death or Fate! my Father has a ſtu'd
Of it, that he is a Bankrupt: his Credit gone, and all
His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will ſwallow
This well I am inform'd. I'll Stand upon my Guard. (him.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below deſires Admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be the Lord *Timon*, or any one
By I am not well. I will not be ſeen: (from him,
Sure I be not.

Chloe. I warrant you. [*Ex.* Chloe.

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, baſe Poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades*
Recall'd he would adore me ſtill,
And wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades *in diſguiſe, and* Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in diſguiſe, I know him not.

Alcib.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls off his disguise.*

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more wel-
To me than the return of the Suns heat (come
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkness

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul, my Li-
And all that's precious on the Earth, I have (berty
Within my Arms: This Treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From Banishment or Slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I Triumph'd for thee,
All day I sigh'd and wisht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou Entertain'dst my Sleeps,
And whensoe'er I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was Valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy lo-
Is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiss and take my Soul; another and
'Twill fally out; Oh! I could fix whole Ages on
Thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools
That keep a senseless Pother in the World for pow'r,
And Pomp, and Noise, and lose substantial bliss.

Mel. There is no bliss but love: and but for that
The World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a gr-
Have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father
Prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* safety that thou did-
I had neglected all my Conquests which (n-
Preserved this base ungrateful Town; for I
In thee shou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'st have been Life, Liberty, Country, and Estate

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes, (-
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in h-
They soon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the Memory of *Melissa*
Gave Vigour to my Art, and made me Conquer.

Mel. Oh, Let Ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.
Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their usurious bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houses, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,
Or Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.
Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my vertue
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other Man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love,
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.
Alcib. And here
I swear, that could I Conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An Oath more Sacred far to me, than all
The sick Deities which Knavish Priests invent,
Give to the poor deluded Rabble.
Cleo. Madam! Your Father is come in.
Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet
Forgotten his Enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the *Lacedæmonians*, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
He'll not forgive.
Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and Servant.*

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus?
What large professions did all these make but yesterday?
And they all refuse to lend, say you?
Ser. The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers'd,

Diſperſt, and then at ſight of one of us
They would ſtop, ſtart, turn ſhort, paſs by, or ſeem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies ;
And who ſuſpected not when they were mov'd,
Came off with baſe excuſes.

Tim. Ye Gods ! what will become of *Timon* ? I'll go to 'em
My ſelf, they will not have the face to uſe me ſo.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius !* what news bring'ſt thou from the Senate ?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Juſt Gods ! it cannot be.

Dem. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would, are ſorry ; you are Honourable
But yet they could have wiſht ; they know not,
Something has been amiſs ; a noble nature
May catch a wrench ; would all were well ; 'tis pity ;
And ſo intending other Serious matters.
After diſtaſtful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half caps and cold careleſs Nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy, Old Men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em ;
Their Blood is Cak'd and cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again toward Earth
Is faſhion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav n keep my Wits ! or is't a Bleſſing to be mad ?
Demetrius, follow me ; I'll try 'em all my ſelf.

Dem. The Senate is aſſembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers, Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this ſwarm of Raſcals
Each looking big, and with the viſage of demand ? [*aside.*

1. *Cred.* We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

Dem. If Money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lords meat ?

Then

Then they would ſmile and fawn upon him,
And ſwallow the intereſt down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon *and Servants.*

Tim. If *Meliſſa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her
1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill. (ſuddenly.
2 *Cred.* Here's mine.
3 *Cred.* And mine.
4 *Cred.* My Maſter's.
Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits. Knock me down;
Leave me to the waſte. What would you have, you
1 *Cred.* We ask our due. (Harpyes?
Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.
4 *Cred.* My Maſters is thirty Talents.
Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.
2 *Cred.* Five thouſand Crowns is mine.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?
3 *Cred.* My Lord.
1 *Cred.* My Lord.
Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you?
The Gods conſume, confound, and rot you all.
1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?
2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.
3 *Cred.* Let's go, he'll Murder ſome of us.
Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.
Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preſerve my Wits, you Gods.
Dem. My Lord, be patient; paſſion mends it not.
[*Lampridius croſſes the ſtage and ſhuns* Timon.
Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Priſon.
His Father dead ſince, and he rich.
Now the Villain ſhuns me.

Enter Phaax.

Oh my good Friend *Phaax.*
Phaax. Oh my Lord — I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip.
I have a ſudden occaſion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you inſtantly. [*Ex.* Phaax.
Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.
Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to ſee
How I can ſerve your Lordſhip in the Command

I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex* Cleon.
Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.
Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.
Tim. There are not many sure so bad.
How have I lov'd these Men, and shewn 'em kindness,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!
[*Enter* Diphilus *seeing* Timon, *muffles his Face and turns away.*
Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to
The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an Estate too?
And now he hides himself, and steals from me?
How much is a Dog more generous than a Man;
Oblige him once, he'll keep you Company,
Ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius*? my Lord —— *Ælius.*
Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would speak
With him —— [Dem *goes to him, he turns back.*
Do you not know me, *Ælius*?
Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!
Tim. Think you I have the Plague?
Ælius. No, my Lord.
Tim. Why do you shun me then?
Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship with my life.
Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me Money,
Wou'd Venture his life for me.
Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
To supply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a Debtor,
If I receive any, your Lordship shall command it.
[*Ex.* Ælius.
Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knees of the
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little. (*Athenians.*

Enter Thrasilius.

Thras. Who's there? *Timon*? [*Runs to him.*
Tim There's another Villain.

Enter Hander.

How is't, *Hander*?
Hand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon*!
Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful
An Object? is poverty contagious? *Hand.*

Ifland. Your Lordſhip ever ſhall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not ſerve you
When you ſent your Servant. I am expected at the Se-
I humbly ask your pardon; I'll ſell all I have (nate.
But I'll ſupply you ſoon. [*Ex.* Iſander.

Tim. Smooth Tongue, diſſembling, weeping Knave, fare-
wel.
And farewel all Mankind! It ſhall be ſo — *Demetrius*!
Go to all theſe fellows. Tell 'em I'm ſupply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [*Ex.* Demetrius.

Tim. I have one reſerve can never fail me,
And while *Melliſſa*'s kind I can't be miſerable;
She has a vaſt Fortune in her own diſpoſal.
The Sun will ſooner leave his courſe
Than ſhe deſert me.

Enter firſt Servant.

Is *Melliſſa* at home?

1 *Serv.* She is, my Lord; but will not ſee you.

Tim. What does the Raſcal ſay?
Damn'd Villain to belye her ſo? [*Strikes him.*

1 *Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis truth. She ſays ſhe will not ſee
An Woman told me firſt ſo. And when I would not (you.
believe her, ſhe came and told me ſo her ſelf;
That ſhe had no buſineſs with you; deſir'd you would
not trouble her; ſhe had affairs of Conſequence; *&c.*

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art fain indeed; fallen from all
ages of Happineſs. Earth, open and ſwallow the (thy
laſt miſerable wretch that thou did'ſt ever bear.

Enter Meliſſa.

1 *S.* My Lord, *Melliſſa*'s Paſſing by.

Tim. Oh dear *Melliſſa*!

M. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not ſee your *Timon*?
Did not you lend me word ſo?

C *Exit*

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy and am so now; I must obey my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were reduc'd
To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Uni-
She would not change her love? (verse,

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd. [*Ex* Mel.

Tim. Some Mountains cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O straggling Senses whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon*! *I* have heard and felt all thy affli-
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more; (ctions
Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man!

Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?

Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens*! Forest of two Legg'd Beasts;
Plague, Civil War, and Famine, be thy Lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious Brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his Mothers curs'd Womb;
And kill the Hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.

Evan. *Timon*! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has
To its Eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelms me;
It covers me all o'er with shame and blushes.
Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra*!
I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. O my dear Lord! this sight will break my heart
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind;
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My sorrows are not found, I never can
Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated so injuriously as her ——— [*Aside.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose
Your self. All that I have was and is yours; I wish
It never had been, that yet I might have shewn
By stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou art too good that thou should'st e'er partake
Of my misfortunes ———
And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aside.*
Further, *Evandra*, go to thy own House,
I am once to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An Entertainment, but such a one as shall befit 'em,
And then I'll see thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear.

[*Ex.* Timon *and* Evandra.

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Iſander, Iſidore, Thraſillus, Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward aſſur'd Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Iſand. That I doubt—but 'tis well at preſent By his new feaſting.

Ælius. I am ſorry I was not furniſh'd when he ſent to me.

Iſid. I am ſick of that grief, now I ſee how all things go.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! how is't with you all! How I rejoyce to ſee you! Come, ſerve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never ſo well as When your Lordſhip is ſo.

Ælius. I am ſick with ſhame that I Should be ſo unfortunate a Beggar when you ſent to me

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal; I have No need of any ſums; my Eſtate is in good health ſtill.

Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuſe You Lordſhip, were it in his power? Command half My Eſtate! I am ſorry I was ſo in haſt. I could Not ſtay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now Pray uſe me———I hope he will not take me at my word. [*Aſide.*

Iſan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord that I could Not ſerve you. Now my Lord command me--I am able

Tim. I beſeech you do not think on't: I know ye love me, All of ye.

Phæax. Equal with our ſelves, my dear Lord.

Tim. If you had ſent but two hours before to me (That now I have Money pray command it. [illegible] for Heav'ns ſake; think you I diſtru[illegible] Friends! you are the beſt of Friends. [illegible]er ſhall drive me from you, and ſhou[illegible] I hope it never will, [illegible]ommand all yours.

Pha[illegible]

Phanx. I shall think my self happy enough if you But command my utmost *Drachma.* (would

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve Lord I would with Life and Fortune. (*Timon,*

Ifan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Ifid. Not a Man in *Athens.*

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship May not call your own.

Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who has such Kind, such hearty Friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Dishes.

Ifan. Royal chear I warrant you.

Phanx. Doubt not of that; if money or The Season can afford it.

Ifid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's sit! make it Not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we agree Upon our Places.

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base ungrateful Man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd; were you Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forsake ye: take the meat be lov'd more than the Man that gives it. An assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there twelve Women let a dozen of 'em be —— as they are. confound, I beseech you all, the Senators of Athens, together with the common people. What is amiss make fit for destruction; for these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes: A Feast fit for such venomous Knaves.

Phanx. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.

You knot of mouth Friends, Vapours, Lukewarm Knaves; Soft smiling, smooth detested Parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,

You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves; an everlasting Leproſie
Cruſt you quite o'er; what, doſt thou ſteal away!
Sott take thy Phyſick firſt, and thou and thou; may I
Lend thee Money —— borrow none. (will

Phaax. What means your Lordſhip? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I, he'll Murder us.

Alius. This is raging madneſs; fly, fly [*They run off.*

Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feaſt,*
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn Houſe, ſink Athens, *henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, *Man and all humanity.* [*Ex.* Timon.

ACT IV.

Timon *Solus.*

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! O thou Wal
That girdleſt in thoſe Wolves! Sink in th
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den (Earth
Of ſavage Beaſts; ye Nations all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minuter in their ſtead. To general filths
Convert o' th' inſtant green Virginity;
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold faſt,
Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters Throats. Bound Servants ſteal
Large handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid to thy Maſters Bed,
Miſtreſs to the Brother. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Juſtice, Truth,
Domeſtick awe, Night reſt, and Neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries and Trades,
Degrees, Obſervations, Cuſtoms and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confuſion live. Plagues incident to Men,

Your potent and infectious Feavours heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of your Youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive
And drown themſelves in riot. Itches, Blains,
Sow all the *Athenians* Boſoms, and their Crop
Be general Leproſie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society, as their Friendſhip, may
Be merely Poiſon. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou moſt deteſted Town, and ſudden
Ruine ſwallow thee. [*Ex.* Tim.

Scene the Senate-Houſe, all the Senate ſitting——
Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?
Alcib. You ſee, my reverend Lords, what confidence
I place in you, that durſt expoſe my Perſon
Before my Sentence be recall'd: I am not now
Petitioner for my ſelf; I leave my caſe
To your good and generous Natures, when you ſhall
Think I've deſerv'd your favour for my ſervice.
I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly:
'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*.
'Tis *Thraſilulus*, who in heat of blood,
Has ſtept into the Law above his depth.
Nic. True, he has kill'd a Man.
Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuſe
All mercy. He is a Man (letting his Fate alide) of comely
Vertues, nor did he foil the fact with Cowardice;
But with a noble fury did revenge
His injur'd reputation.
Phan. You ſtrive to make an ugly deed look fair.
Nic. As if you'd bring Man-ſlaughter into faſhion,
And Valour did conſiſt in quarrelling.

Elin. That is a baſe and illegitimate Valour:
He's truly Valiant that can wiſely ſuffer.
Iſan. All ſingle Combates are deteſtable,
And Courage that's not warranted by Law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpuniſhed.
Iſid. If Injuries be evil, Death is moſt ill,
And then what folly is it for the leſs Ill
To hazard life the chiefeſt good?
Cleon. There's no ſuch Courage as in bearing wrong,
Alcib. If there be ſuch Valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more Valiant
That ſtay at home. And the Aſs a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
Loaden with Irons, wiſer than the Judge.
Nic. You cannot make groſs ſins look clean
With Eloquence.
Alcib. Why ſo fond Men expoſe themſelves to Battle,
And not endure all threats, and ſleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?
Come, my Lords——be pittiful and good.
Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.
Alcib. The utmoſt law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreameſt guilt,
But in defence of Honour.
Phaax. Honour! is any Honour to be ſought for
But the Honour of our Country?
Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him,
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault——had they but Courage for it!
Cleon. You ſpeak in vain.
Alcib. If you will not excuſe his Crime, conſider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His ſervice at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
Are bribes ſufficient for his Life.
Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he ſhould be puniſh'd.
Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return
For Soldiers toils, faſting and watching;
The many cruel hardſhips which they ſuffer;

The

The multitude of Hazards, Blood, and loſs
Of Limbs?

Iſan. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has ſlain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of Valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Iſid. H' have given too many.

Elius. He is a known Rioter, he has a ſin
That often drowns him; in that Beaſtly fury
He has committed outrages.

Phaax. Such as we ſhall not name, ſince others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In ſhort,
His Days are foul, and Nights are dangerous;
And he muſt dye.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you ſervice: if not for his deſerts;
Conſider all my actions, Lords, and joyn 'em
With his ——— your reverend Ages love ſecurity,
And therefore ſhou'd cheriſh thoſe that give it you.

Phaax. You are too bold — he dies. No more———

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who *I* am?

Cleon. What ſays he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Iſan. Conſider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. *I* cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Muſt *I* ſue for ſuch common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y' are inſolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and deſtructive Vices; Whoredoms,
Blaſphanemeſs, giddy-headed Paſſions.

Phaax. Your breaking *Mercury*'s Statues, and mocking
The Myſteries of ſacred *Proſerpine*.

Alcib. Inſolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to
Your malice vented in a place (ſee
Where honeſt Men would only think
On publick Intereſt. 'Tis baſe, and in another place
You would not ſpeak thus.

Nic. How ſay you!

Alcib. *I* thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the Rites of

Proſerpine: Theſe things are mockery to Men
Of ſence. What folly 'tis to Worſhip Statues when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phæax. How dare you talk thus? you have been a

Alcib. Could any but the baſeſt of Mankind (Rebel?
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this againſt me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainſt the common People. And you all
Are Rebels againſt them.

Nic. Ceaſe your Inſolence! we ſided not with *Spartans*.

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian*
Rabble but that?

Phæax. It was well done to get your Friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his abſence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his Breed
But what is that to th' matter now in hand? (for him.
You have provck'd me, Lords, and I muſt tell you,
It is by me you ſit in ſafety here.

Phæax. by you, bold Man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful Man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I muſt tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tiſſaphernes* from
The *Spartans* aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of Rubbiſh, I ſtopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tiſſapherne*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the beſt Mens hands;
Would you were ſo; I ſent *Piſander* then
To form his Ariſtocracy, and promis'd
The *Perſian* General Forces to aſſiſt you;
And when you had this pow'r, you call me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be ſilenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleaſure, Lords
Did not your Army in the Iſle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuſe me General?

And

And would have march't to your deſtruction,
Which I diverted ? in that time your Foes
Would ſoon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Helleſpont*, and all the other Iſles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept ſome back by force,
And by fair words others, in which *Thraſybulus*,
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudeſt voice of all the *Athenians*
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army ;
And thus we kept 'em from you Lords, and now
Athens a ſecond time was ſav'd by me.
Phæax. 'Tis a ſhame that we ſhould ſuffer this !
Alcib. 'Tis a ſhame theſe things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred Sail
Of the *Phœnicians* from the Aid of the *Lacedæmonians*,
Won from 'em a Sea Battle,
Before the City of *Abidus* ;
In ſpight of *Pharnabazus*'s mighty Power.
Think on my Victory at *Cizicum*, where I
Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City ;
I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke,
Won *Silibræa* on the *Helleſpont* ;
And then *Byzantium* : Thus not only *I*
Diverted the Torrent of the Armies Fury
From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
And all the while you ſafely told your Money,
And let it out upon extorted Intereſt ;
Muſt I be after all poorly deny'd his Life,
Who has ſo often ventur'd it for you ?
Phæax. He dies, and you deſerve it, but our Sentence
For your Inſolence, we Baniſh you ;
If you be two hours more within theſe Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all conſent ?
All Sen. All, all !
Alcib. All, all ! *I* am glad *I* know you all !
Baniſh me ! Baniſh your Dotage ! Your Extortion !
Baniſh your foul Corruptions and ſelf Ends !
Out the baſe Spirit of a Common-wealth !
A Tyrant is much better than four hundred ;
The worſt of Kings would be aſham'd of this :

I

I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balsom the ill natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment!
A good Man would not stay with you, *I* Embrace my Sentence:
'Tis a Cause that's worthy of me. [*Exit.* Alcib.

Nic. Was ever ——— heard such daring Insolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?

All Sen. Ay, ay!

Timon *in the Woods digging.*

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marshes, and from
Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence,
And let the poisonous exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all Flatterers,
And so is all Mankind.
For every degree of Fortune's smooth'd
And sooth'd by that below it; the learn'd Pate
Ducks to the Golden Fool; There's nothing level
In our conditions, but base Villany;
Therefore be abhorr'd each Man, and all Society;
Earth yields me Roots; thou common Whore of Mankind,
That put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious Gold! enough
To purchase my Estate again: Let me see further
What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There ay,
I will use none, 'twill bring me Flatterers.
I'll send a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vast Mass I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. *I* think *I* see a Passenger
Not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate.

[*Exit* Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall *I* seek my unhappy Lord?
But *I* will find him or will lose my Life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of Man,
Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!

Ha

Ha! here is a Spade! ſure this belongs to ſome one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there?
What beaſt art thou that com'ſt to trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to ſeek
The poor diſtreſſed *Timon*, did you ſee him?
Tim. If thou be'ſt Born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'ſt thou hither to diſturb his Mind?
He has forſworn all Company?
Evan. Is this my Lord, Oh dreadful Transformation!
My deareſt Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'ſt upon two Legs, and haſt a Face
Erect towards Heaven; and all ſuch Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honeſt,
Thoſe Creatures that are ſo, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.
Evan. He's much diſtracted ſure?
Have you forgotten your poor *Evandra*?
Tim. No! I remember there was ſuch a one,
Who I us'd ill! Why doſt thou follow miſery?
And add to it? Prithee be gone.
Evan. Theſe cruel Words will break my heart,
I come not to increaſe thy Miſery, but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon*! Why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?
Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.
Evan. I have converted part of my Eſtate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the Remainder
Thou ſoon ſhalt have.
Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I ſhall be flatter'd.
Evan. Comfort thy ſelf and quit this ſavage life;
We have enough in ſpite of all the baſeneſs
Of th' *Athenians*, let not thoſe Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions; we'll live free.
Tim. If thou diſſwa'd me from this Life, Thou hat'ſt me;
For all the Principalities on Earth,
I would not change this Spade! Prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'ſt me but in vain.

Evan.

Evan. Be not so cruel.
Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.
Tim. I'll never change my Life:
What would'st thou do with me?
Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?
Tim. You must not stay with me?
Evan. Oh too unkind!
I offer'd thee all my Prosperity——
And thou most niggardly deniest me part
O. thy Afflictions.
Tim. Ah soft *Evandra*! is not the bleak Air
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend Trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appointest 'em? Will the Brook
Candied with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?
Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.
Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unsound, my Brain will be distracted.
Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.
Tim. It was a Comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with Roots and Water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.
Evan. To Death if you command.
Tim. I have forsworn all Humane Conversation.
Evan. And so have I but thine.
Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.
Evan. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.
Tim. Rise, my *Evandra*!
I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honest; if they ask me more
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll shew thee Wealth I have found with digging,

To purchaſe all my Land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.
Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.
Tim. Well ſaid *Evandra*! Look, here is enough
To make Black White, Foul Fair, Wrong Right;
Baſe Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.
Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Prieſts
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leproſie ador'd, place Thieves
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothleſs, warp'd and wither'd Wi-
Marry again. This can embalm and ſweeten (dows
Such as the Spittle-Houſe and ulcerous Creatures
Would caſt the Gorge at: this can defile
The pureſt Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.
Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it,
There 'twill ſleep, and do no hired Miſchief.
Tim. Now Earth for a Root.
Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all
And of ſuch vile corrupting Metal, as
Man, her proud arrogant —— Child is made of,
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the
guiſed Neut
And Eye-leſs venom'd Worm, with all
The loatſome Births the quickning Sun does ſhine
on.
Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous boſom ſome poor Roots;
Heal up thy fertile Womb to all things elſe;
Dry up thy Marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and Paſture,
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquoriſh draughts
And unctuous morſels greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.
But hold a while —— I am faint and weary.
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.
Evan. Repoſe your ſelf, my deareſt love, thus —— your head
Upon my lap, and when thou haſt refreſht
Thy ſelf, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Exit

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my Cave.
[*Ex.* Evan.

Apem. I was directed hither, Men report
That thou affect'ſt my Manners, and doſt uſe 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then becauſe I would not keep a Dog
Should Imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, ſprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This ſlave-like Habit, and theſe Looks of Care?
Thy ſordid Flatt'rers yet wear Silk, lie ſoft,
Hug their diſeas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each great Man's Breath blow off thy Cap.
Praiſe his moſt monſtrous Deformities,
And call his fouleſt Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Doſt thou love to hear thy ſelf prate?

Apem. No; but thou ſhou'd'ſt hear me ſpeak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech, and ſpit at thee.

Apem. Do not aſſume my Likeneſs to diſgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd uſe the Copy
As the Original ſhou'd be us'd.

Apem. How ſhou'd it be us'd?

Tim. It ſhould be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool.
Art thou proud ſtill?
Call any of thoſe Creatures whoſe nak'd Natures
Live in all the ſpight of angry Heav'n,
Whoſe bare un-houſed Trunks
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou ſhalt find——

Tim. An Aſs of thee——

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did——

Tim. I hate thee worſe——

Apem. Why ſo?

Tim. Thou flattereſt miſery.

Apem.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch ——
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.
Apem. If thou dost put on this sour life and habit
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thoud'st be a Courtier again.
Tim. Slave thou ly'st, 'tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on Earth.
Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this filling still,
Never compleat, that always at high with;
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being,
Thou should'st desire to die being miserable.
Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.
Apem. I am contented with my poverty.
Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not snarl so if thou (wert.
But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee,
For thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortune's tender arms
With favour never clasp't, but bred a Dog;
Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded
To all the sweet Degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou would'st have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lusts, and never learnt
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'st pursu'd the alluring Game before thee.
Apem. Thou ly'st ——— I would have liv'd just as
I do.
Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self!
Thou well canst bear what thou hast been bred to;
But for me who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of all
Men,
At duty more than I could frame Employments for,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Fall from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this

Who

Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy Nature did commence in ſuff'rance. Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curſe, (Men?
Curſe then thy Father, who in ſpight put ſtuff
To ſome She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Aſs!

The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didſt know, but the extremity of both ends;
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curioſity;
Thou in thy Rags know'ſt none.

Tim. Be gone thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy ſelf away.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing elſe to do I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy ſelf,
Thou ſhou'd'ſt not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miſerable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curſe: no miſery
That I could wiſh thee but thou haſt already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Iſſue of a Mangy Dog.
I ſwoun to ſee thee.

Apem. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy (Skull.

Apem. Farewel, Beaſt,

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou haſt found a Maſs
Of Treaſure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my ſight.

[*Ex. Apem.*

Choler will kill me if I see Mankind!
Come forth, *Evandra*; Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat Roots and drink at that fresh Spring?
Our Feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I should be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring Brook,
And then repose a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter *and* Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place, it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Musi. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' has found an infinite store of Gold.
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,
We tender all our services to him. ——

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Musi. If we shou'd not ——

Re-enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Musi. Let's hide our selves, and see how he will take it. [*A Symphony.*

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I have Gold; but that their disappointment would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back ——

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon* ——

Musi. Our noble Master ——

Paint. My most Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty
And hearing you were strip'd, your Friends fell off,

For

For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd
We come to do you service.
Muf. We are not of so base a mould, we should
Desert our noble Patron!
Tim. Most honest Men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water?
Poet. Whate'er we can, we will to do you service.
Tim. Good Men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have Gold enough! speak truth, y' are honest.
Poet. So it is said, but therefore came not we.
Muf. Not we, my Lord.
Paint. We thought not of it.
Tim. You are Good Med, but have one Monstrous (fault.
Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it.
Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.
Paint. Who is that, my Lord?
Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves. [*He stones 'em.*
Poet. Fly, fly,——— [*All run out.*
Tim. How sick am I of this false World?
I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outragious Sea may wash my Corps.
Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together must determine.
Tim. There is no rest without it; Prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.
Evan. I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy ——— [*They lie down.*

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.
It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.
Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.
Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm
Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deserting him

His

Has made him thus Melancholy.
Chlo. If he be not, you'll promiſe Love in vain.
Mel. If he be not, my Promiſe ſhall be vain;
For I'll be ſure to break it: Thus you ſaw
When *Alcibiades* was baniſh'd laſt,
I would not ſee him; I am always true
To Intereſt and my Self. There Lord *Timon* lies!
Tim. What Wretch art thou come to diſturb me?
Mel. I am one that loves thee ſo, I cannot loſe thee,
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and Her arms
Who cannot live without thee.
Evan. It is *Meliſſa*! Prithee liſten not
To her deſtructive *Syren*'s Voice.
Tim. Fear not.
Mel. Doſt thou not know thy dear *Meliſſa*?
To whom thou mad'ſt ſuch Vows!
Tim. O yes! I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, proud, inconſtant fooliſh Thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She ſwore eternal love to me, ſoon after
She would not ſee me, ſhun'd me, ſlighted me.
Mel. Ah now I ſee thou never lov'dſt me, *Timon*,
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didſt love me, if thou hadſt
Thou wouldſt have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World——but thou art falſe I ſee,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miſerable.
Evan. Mind not that Crocodile's Tears,
She would betray thee.
Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind?
Had I ſo much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er ſeen thee more:
Ah *Timon*! could'ſt thou have been kind, I could
Rather have beg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;
But thou art loſt, and haſt forgotten all thy Oaths.
Evan. Why ſhou'd you ſtrive to invade another's Right?

He's

He's mine, for ever mine: Theſe arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made him ſo?
No, ——— Thou art his Concubine, diſhoneſt Thing;
I would enjoy him honeſtly.

Tim. Peace, Screech Owl: There is much more Ho-
In this one Woman than in all thy Sex (nesty
Blended together; our Hearts are one;
And ſhe is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen
Of all the Univerſe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falſe! Proud! Affected! vain fantaſtick thing,
Be gone, I would not ſee thee unleſs I were a Baſilisk:
Thou boaſt'ſt that thou art honeſt of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honeſt:
Thou haſt a vile corrupted filthy Mind ———

Mel. I am no Whore, as ſhe is.

Tim. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe's none: But thou art one in
thy Soul:
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beaſt—— [*Ex.* Mel. *and* Chloe.

Evan. Let me kiſs thy hand, my deareſt Lord,
If it were poſſible more dear than ever.

Tim. *Let's now go ſeek ſome reſt within thy Cave,*
If any we can have without the Grave. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Tim. NOW, after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his everlaſting Manſion
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
Where every day the ſwelling Surge ſhall waſh him;
There he ſhall reſt from all the Villanies,
Betraying Smiles, or th' oppreſſing Frowns

C

Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot loſe thee yet,
Throw off this dire conſuming Melancholy.
Oh could'ſt thou love as I do, thou'dſt not have
Another wiſh but me. There is no ſtate on Earth
Which I can envy while I have thee within
Theſe Arms —— take Comfort to thee, think not yet
Of Death —— leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'ſt thou in Death we ſhall not think,
And know, and love, better than we can here?
O yes, *Evandra*! There our Happineſs
Will be without a Wiſh —— I feel my long Sickneſs
Of Health and Living now begin to mend,
And nothing will bring me all things:
Thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on Earth, would make me wiſh
To play my part upon the troubleſome Stage,
Where Folly, Madneſs, Falſhood, and Cruelty,
Are the only actions repreſented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
Without one erring Thought, the Gods can witneſs;
And as my Life was true, my Death ſhall be,
If I one minute after thee ſurvive,
The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be *Meliſſa*'s Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!
Thy Kindneſs covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deſerv'd ſo little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wiſh the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phœax, Iſidore, Iſander, Cleon, Thraſillus, *and* Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nic. How does the Worthy *Timon*!
It grieves our Hearts to ſee thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phœax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee.
Caſt from thee this ſad Grief, moſt Noble *Timon*,
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with

Their

Their Love, and do with one consenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would send 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They should deny thee thy Request: they do
Confess their Fault; the Publick Body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us ———

Tim. A very scurvey sample of that Body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you
Of all Mankind.

Thras. And equal with our selves.

Ibid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Ifan. We would stake our Lives for you.

Phæax. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surprise me, even to
Lend me a Fool's Heart and Womens Eyes,
And I'll bewcep these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phæax. The Senate has reserv'd some special Dignity
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a savage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just Assistance.

Phæax. We all know thou art worthy
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kil. my Country Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,

That *Timon* cares not: But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up pureſt Virgins to the Stain
Of beaſtly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not
And let him tak't at worſt; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to anſwer; for my ſelf
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moſt reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em ſo!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phæax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Miſanthropos*.

Phæax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not ſerve
Your Country with ſome of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they ſhall be welcome.

Nic. I am ſure they will, my Noble Lord.

Tim. I will inſtruct 'em how to eaſe their Griefs;
Their fears of Hoſtile Strokes, their Aches, Loſſes,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Veſſel muſt ſuſtain
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.

Phæax. How, my good Lord? this kind Care is No-
Tim. Why even thus —— (ble.
I will point out the moſt convenient Trees
Of all this Wood, to hang themſelves upon.
And ſo farewel, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves, be gone.
Let me not ſee the Face of Man more,
I had rather ſee a Tiger faſting ——

Nic. He's loſt to all our Purpoſes.

Phæax. Let's ſend a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confeſs his Treaſure;
And put him to the Torture if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let's away. (*Drums.*

Ælius. What Drums are thoſe?

Phæax. They muſt belong to *Alcibiades*!

Their Love, and do with one consenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would send 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They should deny thee thy Request: they do
Confess their Fault; the Publick Body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us ———

Tim. A very scurvey sample of that Body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you
Of all Mankind.

Thras. And equal with our selves.

Ifid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Ifæu. We would stake our Lives for you.

Phæax. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surprise me, even to
Lend me a Fool's Heart and Womens Eyes,
And I'll bewcep these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phæax. The Senate has reserv'd some special Dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a savage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just Assistance.

Phæax. We all know thou art worthy
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,

That *Timon* cares not: But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up pureſt Virgins to the Stain
Of beaſtly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not
And let him tak't at worſt; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to anſwer; for my ſelf
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moſt reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em ſo!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phan. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Miſanthropos*.

Phan. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not ſerve
Your Country with ſome of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they ſhall be welcome.

Nic. I am ſure they will, my Noble Lord.

Tim. I will inſtruct 'em how to eaſe their Griefs;
Their fears of Hoſtile Strokes, their Aches, Loſſes,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Veſſel muſt ſuſtain
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.

Phan. How, my good Lord? this kind Care is No-
Tim. Why even thus —— (ble.
I will point out the moſt convenient Trees
About this Wood, to hang themſelves upon.
And ſo farewel, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves, be gone.
Let me not ſee the Face of Man more,
But rather ſee a Tiger faſting ——

Nic. He's loſt to all our Purpoſes.

Phan. Let's ſend a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confeſs his Treaſure;
And put him to the Torture if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let's away. (*Drums.*

Ælius. What Drums are thoſe?

Phan. They muſt belong to *Alcibiades*!

To Horſe and fly, or we ſhall chance to be taken. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'ſt ſuffer by the Rage of luſtful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades *with* Phryne *and* Thais, *two Whores.*

Alcib. Command a Halt, and ſend a Meſſenger
To ſummon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A two legg'd Beaſt as thou art, Cankers gnaw
For ſhewing me the Face of Man again. (thee

Alcib. Is Man ſo hateful to thee! What art thou?

Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wiſh thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Againſt yon Curſed Town; go on!
It is a worthy cauſe.

Alcib. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee, I am ſorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occaſion to redreſs 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition.
For all you e'er ſhall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Man's blood the Earth; die it well.
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then muſt War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What Friendſhip ſhall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promiſe me Friendſhip and perform none
If thou wilt not promiſe, thou art no Man:
If thou doſt perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to ſee thy miſery.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, alus'd by a brace of Harlot
What doſt thou fight with Women by thy ſide?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of t
day

With Men. I refresh my self at night with Women.
Tim. These false Whores of thine have more De-
In 'em, than thy Sword. (struction
Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so——
Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A snarling Rascal.
Tim. Be Whores still, they love you not that use
Employ all your salt hours to ruine Youth, (you.
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of Sense and Action.
Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores,
We are Mistresses to *Alcibiades.*
Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscal it,
Ye have been so to many.
Thais. Out, on you Dog.
Alcib. Pray pardon him;
His wits are lost in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's some for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?
Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye:
But I'll not herd with Men; yet I love thee
Better than all Men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.
Alcib. I've sent to Summon *Athens*; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.
Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on!
Here's Gold for thee; stay I'll fetch thee more.
Alcib. What Mystery is this? where thou'd he have
this.
Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving Suck:
Spare not the Babe whose dimpled Smiles,
From Fools exhaust their Mercy; think 'twill be

A Rogue or Whore e'er long if thou ſhould'ſt ſpare it.
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whoſe Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Ply. Haſt thou more Gold, good *Timon*? give us ſome.

Thais. What Pity 'tis he ſhould be thus Melancholy! He is a fine Perſon now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am ſure you Do ſtore of Miſchief, I'd not give you any: (will
Here! be ſure you be Whores ſtill,
And who with Pious Breath ſeeks to convert ye,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them! betray with them, Whore ſtill;
Paint till a Horſe may mire upon your Faces———
A Pox on Wrinkles, I ſay.

Thais. Well, more Gold, ſay what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Conſumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins and Shoulders;
Crack the Lawyer's Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead falſe Title more.
Entice the luſtful and diſſembling Prieſts,
That ſcold againſt the quality of Fleſh,
And not believe themſelves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lalcavious, rampant Whores.
Do you Damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Ply. More Coined, and more Money, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More Whore! more Miſchief ſtill,
I've given you Earneſt.

Alcib. We too diſturb him! farewel,
If I thrive well, I will viſit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I never ſhall ſee thee more:
I feel Death's happy ſtroak upon me now,
He has laid his Icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.

Confound

Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [*Ex.* Timon.
Alcib. Now march, sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the Terrour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, usurious Senate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Ælius, Cleon, Thrasillus, Isidore, Isander, *upon the works of* Athens.

Nic. What shall we do to appease his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.
Phæax. We must e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.
Ælius. He is a Man of easie nature, soon won by soothings.
Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.
Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens*.
Isan. And then wo to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.
Nic. What will become of you and me *Phæax*.
We have been Enemies to him long I tremble for it.
Phæax. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the Town to him.
Nic. If we resist he'll use a Conqueror's Power,
And nothing then will Escape the fury of
The Headstrong Soldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terrour into me! Heav'n, help all.

[*Enter* Herald.

Enter Alcibiades, *and his Army.*

Alcib. What answer make they to my Summons?
Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.
Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hah! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Soldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your Ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.
Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing less.

Phaax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.
Nic. We'ave been ungrateful, and are much aſham'd on't,
Your Lordſhip ſhall tread upon our Necks if you think (good;
We cannot but condemn our ſelves;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generoſity.
Phaax. March, Noble Lord, into our City
With all the Banners ſpread; we are thy Slaves,
Æliu. Your Footſtools.
Iſid. What ever you will make us.
Thraſ. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibiades*:
But leave your Rage behind you.
Iſan. Set but your Foot againſt our Gates, and they
Shall open——ſo you will enter like a Friend.
Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations.
For if I ſet my Battering Rams to work,
You muſt expect no Mercy.
Nic. We will, my good Lord——
They all come down, Nic. *preſents* Alcibiades *the Keys upon his Knees.*
Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.
Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you ſhow'd
To *Thraſibulus*, ſuch monſtrous Ingratitude
Will make your Villanous Names grow Odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your ſelves
To whom Vertue is ſo.
Phaax. 'Twas the whole Senate's Voice.
Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wreſted the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worſe than they;
But moſt of you deſerve the Oſtraciſm:
Some of you are ſuch Rogues you'd ſhame the Gibbet.
Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our Necks, but pardon us.
Phaax. We'll be your Slaves if you'll forgive us.
Alcib. Can you forgive *Thraſibulus* when he's dead?
Muſt we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards, and our

Toils,

Toils, hard weary Marching! Watching! Faſting!
Such dreadful Hardſhips, lying out ſuch Nights,
A Beaſt could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purſy-Lazy-Knaves, that ſnort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Muſt we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæax. Ceaſe to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon Pardon us, good *Alcibiades.*

Timaſ. We heartily repent.

Iſid. We'll kiſs thy Feet, good Lord.

Iſan Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You ſix of the foremoſt here muſt meet me
In the Αγυξ, where I'll order the συλλογος
To aſſemble all the People——
And on your Knees Preſent your ſelves
With Halters 'bout your Necks!

Phæax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib Diſpute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houſes, and extirpate all
Your Race——March on.
Give order that not a Man ſhall break his Ranks,
Or ſhall offend the regular Courſe of Juſtice,
On Penalty of Death—March on—— [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon *and* Evandra *coming out of the* Cave.

Evan Oh my dear Lord! why do you ſtoop and bend
Like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew, whoſe yielding Stalks
Cannot ſupport 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, ſweet *Evandra,*
I have taken the beſt Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.

Evan. Oh my dear *Timon!* muſt we then part?

That I should live to see this fatal Day?
Had Death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.
Tim. My poor *Evandra!* lead me to my Grave!
Lest Death o'ertake me—— he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last Office thou
Canst do for *Timon.*
Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?
Tim. Lay me gently down in my last Tenement.
Death's the truest Friend.
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finisht! Now, my best *Evandra,*
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,
Live, and live happy after me: and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it—quickly, strive to forget me.
Evan. Oh! *Timon!* Think'st thou I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.
Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee,
After my Death; my Soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from all harm.
Evan. Life is the greatest harm, when thou art dead.
Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?
Evan. It is a Blessing to share any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'st pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?
Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra!*
Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! Dearest! Kind! Constant Thing on Earth,
Farewel. [*Dies.*
Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the World were so.

I

I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall not o'ertake him in his Flight.
Timon, I come, ſtay for me,
Farewel, baſe World. [*Stabs her ſelf. Dies.*

Enter Alcibiades, Phrynie, *and* Thais, *his Officers and Soldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees aſſembling.*

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bleſs thee.
Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Meliſſa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to ſee the utmoſt day ſhe wiſht for,
Her *Alcibiades* return with Conqueſt
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.
Alcib. What Gay, Vain Prating Thing is this?
Mel. How, my Lord! do you queſtion who *Meliſſa* (is?
And give her ſuch foul Titles?
Alcib. I know *Meliſſa*, and therefore give her ſuch Titles:
For when the Senate baniſht me;
She would not ſee me, tho' upon her Knees
Before ſhe had ſworn Eternal Love to me;
I ſee thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.
Mel. I ne'er refus'd to ſee you, Heav'n can witneſs!
Who ever told you ſo, betray'd me baſely:
Not ſee you! ſure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuſe before you: You make me aſtoniſh'd!
Alcib. All this you ſwore to *Timon*; and next day
Deſpis'd him——I have been inform'd
Of all your Falſhood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honeſt faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes againſt thy Poiſon——Love;
Thy baſe falſe Love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, Faithful, Loving Whore, better than

A thousand base, Ill-natur'd honest Women?
Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades.*
Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.
Mel. How have I merited this Scorn — Farewel,
I'll never see you more. [*Exit.*
Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus.

How now! what means this Violence?
1 *Sold.* My Lord! this snarling Villanous Philoso-
With open mouth rail'd at the Army; (pher,
He said the General was a Villain: shall we cut his
Throat?
Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?
Apem. I always speak my Thoughts: not all
The Swords o' th' Army beat against my Throat
Can fright me from the Truth ——
Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?
Apem. 'Tis true, this base Town deserves thy
And all the Terrour and the Punishment, (Scourge,
Thou can'st inflict upon it: the Deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private Revenge,
Base Passion, headstrong Lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not banish'd thee, thou would'st have suf-
fer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their Oppression,
And would'st have join'd in them.
Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.
Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor
love thee,
All thy good Parts thou drown'st in Vice and Riot,
In Passion and Vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests —— when a poor Rabble

Of

Of Idle Rogues who elſe had been in Jayls,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How falſe is Soldiers Honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day
With daring Impudence Men go to Murther
Mankind ——— but in the greateſt Actions of their Lives
The getting Men, they ſneak and hide themſelves i' th' dark:
I ſcorn your Folly and your Madneſs.

Alcib. Thou art a ſnarling Cur.

1 *Sold.* Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his ſake I ſpare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* loſe his Pains in thee!
Hadſt thou obſerv'd his Principles thou'dſt been honeſt.

Enter Nicias, Thraſillus, Phænix, Iſidore, Iſander, Ælius, *and* Cleon, *with Halters about their Necks.*

Nic. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.

Phæn. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades.*

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have uſed me baſely?

All. We have, but we are very ſorry.

Alcib. I ſhould do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer! but thouſand ſuch baſe Lives
As yours would not weigh with his! go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are aſſembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them.

[*He aſcends the Pulpit.*

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjuſt Sentence paſt upon me,
In the Return of which I have ſubdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual Toil, and numberleſs Dangers

Stretcht

Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I will not recount the many Enterprises,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther should declare my self; I come
First to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,
From the most Insupportable Yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Estate, which has unjustly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confess, I, in Revenge of your Decree
Against me, set up them, but never thought
They would have been such curs'd Tyrants to you,
Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
With most licentious Acts; making their Wills,
Their base corrupted Wills, the Scope of Justice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.
Thus when a few shall Lord it o'er the rest,
They govern for themselves and not the People.
They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increase
Their private Stores; but when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they will do themselves no harm;
Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the Government
Shall devolve upon the People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Long live Alcibiades, *Liberty, Liberty*, &c.
[Alcib. *dejected.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inscription.
Alcib. I'll read it.

How

Here lies a wretched Corpse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon my Name, a Plague Consume you Caitiffs left.

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the most flourishing Man
Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou still had'st been so,
Had not these smiling flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
And Murder'd thee with base Ingratitude.
His Death pull'd on the poor *Ecandra*'s too;
That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
Now all repair to their respective Homes,
Their several Trades, their Business and Diversions;
And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battles, be you secure at home.
May Athens *flourish with a lasting Peace;*
And may its Wealth and Power ever increase.

All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! *Liberty Liberty,* &c.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

IF there were hopes that ancient ſolid Wit
Might pleaſe within our new fantaſtick Pit;
This Play might then ſupport the Critick ſhock,
The Scien grafted upon Shakeſpear's Stock;
For join'd with his our Poet's part might thrive,
Kept by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more ſubſtantial Engliſh Plays,
Than good old Hoſpitality you praiſe;
The Time ſhall come when true old Sence ſhall riſe
In Judgment over all your Vanities.
Slight Kickſhaw Wit o' th' Stage, French Meats at Feaſts
Now daily tantalize the hungry Gueſts;
While the old Engliſh Cheer us'd to remain,
And many hungry Gueſts would ſuſtain.
At theſe thin Feaſts each Morſel's ſwallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Gueſts Stomach's gone.
At theſe new faſhion'd Feaſts you're but a Taſt,
With Meat or Wit you ſcarce can break a Faſt.
This Jantee Slightneſs to the French we owe,
And that makes all ſlight Wits admire 'em ſo.
They're of our Level, and with little Pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear Engliſh Wit there's uſe of Brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In Want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And which is moſt, in Cloaths we'll ne'er ſubmit,
Their Ships or Ways o'er ours ſhall ne'er advance,
For our Third Rates ſhall match the Firſt of France.
With Engliſh Judges this may bear the Teſt,
Who will for Shakeſpear's Part forgive the reſt.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others ſay,
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dreſs at) come,
Or 'cauſe they cannot read or think at home;

Each here deux yeux *and am'rous Looks imparts,*
Levels Crevats *and* Perriwigs *at Hearts;*
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
No Passion ——
But for their own Dear Persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own Sence or Persons like.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
They, for Evandra's *sake, will sure be kind;*
At least all those to Constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.